FORGET ME NOT;

A

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

FOR

MDCCCXXIX.

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold.
L. E. L.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC SHOBERL.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY R. ACKERMANN.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

PREFACE.

Six years have elapsed since the Forget Me Not furnished the first model for a new class of publications in this country; and during that period it has undeviatingly pursued the even tenor of its way. Its conductors, without advancing any lofty pretensions to exaggerate its merits, or descending to choleric vituperation against those who have followed in their footsteps, have been content to secure for it those advantages which were to be derived from the kindness and talents of their numerous literary contributors, the abilities of the artists employed in its embellishment, and the exercise of their own judgment and industry, which have been extended to matters usually considered of minor importance, and abandoned to the care of subordinate agents. The pains bestowed, for example, on the typographical department, have prevented those inaccuracies and that waste of space so conspicuous in some other works of this kind, and ranked the

later volumes of the Forget Me Not among the most correct productions that have ever issued from the press. At the same time, a jealous vigilance in the selection of contributions, and in the removal of blemishes in style and language, has been exerted with such success that public opinion has been induced to assign to this Miscellany a decided literary pre-eminence above all its competitors.

Strong as may have been the claims of the work in former years to this distinction, the Editor cannot forbear expressing his conviction that they are surpassed by those which the present volume prefers; and he entertains, without fear of disappointment, the sanguine anticipation that the verdict of the Public will confirm his opinion. A glance, indeed, at its contents—comprising more than ONE HUNDRED poems and prose contributions, the authors of many of which rank among the most eminent of our living writers, and FOURTEEN line engravings, finished with the utmost care by the first artists, from original designs by distinguished painters—can scarcely fail to produce an impression of its superiority: and such a display may well justify a feeling of exultation which the Editor is disposed to indulge, in presenting to the world this portion of a work, which has been received from its first establishment with the most unequivocal marks of

favour. That feeling, however, is not unmingled with regret, on account of the absolute necessity under which he has found himself to omit a great number of excellent compositions; and he begs the writers to attribute their exclusion solely to the impossibility of crowding materials sufficient to fill two or three volumes into the compass of one. Many of these articles he hopes still to be able to introduce.

The Publisher and Editor join to express their grateful acknowledgments to all those by whose literary aid they have been favoured, as well as to the artists to whose talents this volume owes its embellishments; and to George Morant, Esq. their particular thanks are due, for the loan of Prout's admirable picture of Vicenza, which has furnished the subject of one of the engravings.

LIST OF THE PLATES.

1. MARCUS CURTIUS. By H. LE KEUX, from a design by J. MARTIN - - - *to face the Title.*
2. Ellen Strathallan. By J. AGAR, from a design by Miss L. SHARPE - - - Page 31
3. The Faithful Guardian. By H. C. SHENTON, from a design by J. COOPER, R. A. - - - 65
4. Fathime and Euphrosyne. By S. DAVENPORT, from a design by H. CORBOULD - - - - 95
5. View on the Ganges. By E. FINDEN, from a design by W. DANIELL, R. A. - - - - 127
6. Constancy. By F. J. PORTBURY, from a design by P. STEPHANOFF - - - - 157
7. Eddystone Light-House. By R. WALLIS, from a design by S. OWEN - - - - 181
8. Frolic in a Palace. By F. ENGLEHEART, from a design by A. E. CHALON, R. A. - - 209
9. The Proposal. By W. HUMPHRYS, from a design by J. STEPHANOFF - - - - 245
10. Vicenza. By A. R. FREEBAIRN, from a design by S. PROUT - - - - - 273
11. The Schoolboy. By WM. FINDEN, from a design by H. THOMSON, R. A. - . - - 293
12. The Cottage Kitchen By J. ROMNEY, from a design by W. F. WITHERINGTON - - - 329
13. The Blind Piper. By H. C. SHENTON, from a design by L. CLENNELL - - - - 365
14. Alice. By J. GOODYEAR, from a design by C. R. LESLIE, R. A. - - - - 403

CONTENTS.

	Page
MARCUS CURTIUS	1
Mont Blanc. By the Rev. CHARLES STRONG	6
The Retreat. By JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.	7
The Sculptured Children. On Chantrey's Monument at Lichfield. By Mrs. HEMANS	11
The Hour too Many	13
Langsyne. By DELTA	23
St. Mary of the Lows. By JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd	25
The Christian. By M. E. BEAUFORT	29
Ellen Strathallan. A Fairy Legend. By Mrs. PICKERSGILL	31
From an Absentee. By BARRY CORNWALL	38
Recollections of Père la Chaise	39
The Guiding Star. By the late EDWARD KNIGHT, Esq. of Drury Lane Theatre	52
Xerxes. By CHARLES SWAIN, Esq. Author of *Metrical Essays on Subjects of History and Imagination*	53
A Father's Legacy to his Children. By JAMES KENNEY, Esq.	56
Eliza Carthago. By Mrs. BOWDICH	57
The Faithful Guardian. By JOHN BIRD, Esq.	65
Epitaph on a Gnat, found crushed on the Leaf of a Lady's Album. By JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq.	67
Song. By JOHN CLARE	68
Terence O'Flaherty. By A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN	69
Phaon in Sicily	83

	Page
Tintagel Castle. By John Michell, Esq.	85
Impromptu on Waste. By the late E. Knight, Esq.	88
The Enthusiast on the Waters. By the Rev. Richard Polwhele	89
To the New Year. By the Rev. George Downes, A. M.	92
The Village of Scheveling. A Dutch Legend of 1580. By Charles Swain, Esq.	93
The Euthanasia. A Story of Modern Greece	95
Lights and Shades	120
To the Altar of St. George's Church, Hanover Square. By James Bird, Esq.	121
St. Peter walking on the Sea. By Mrs. Henry Rolls	122
Ballad. By Miss Emma Roberts	124
To a Wood-Dove. By Mrs. Bray, Author of *De Foix*, &c.	125
Sonnet. By Mrs. Emmerson	126
Banks of the Ganges. By Captain M'Naghten	127
The Prophet in the Wilderness. Lines on an Engraving, by Martin. By the Author of *Nugæ Sacræ*, &c.	130
The Cornet's Widow. By John Bird, Esq.	131
To the Sea	144
On a Portrait. By Delta	145
Woman's Eye. By the Rev. J. H. Caunter, B. D.	148
The Zanteote Lovers	149
Constancy. By James Bird, Esq.	157
Constancy. By Charles Swain, Esq.	162
Friendship. By the Rev. Francis Skurray, B. D. Author of *Bidcombe Hill*	164
The Houri. A Persian Tale. By the late Henry Neele, Esq.	165
To the Moss Rose. By Miss Agnes Strickland, Author of *Worcester Field*, &c.	178
The Spell	180
The Light-House. By the Rev. George Woodley	181
Time's Takings and Leavings. By Bernard Barton	183

	Page
The Funeral Boat. A Legend. By Miss LOUISA STUART COSTELLO - - - - -	185
Sunset. By the Rev. CHARLES STRONG - -	192
Giuseppe Guercino - - - -	193
Song - - - - - -	208
Frolic in a Palace. By W. H. HARRISON, Esq. -	209
St. Andrew's. By the Author of *Tales and Sketches* -	215
On the Reappearance of the Seventh Pleiad. By Miss ISABEL HILL, Author of *Constance, Zaphna, &c.*	216
Lost and Won. A Village Sketch. By Miss MARY RUSSELL MITFORD - - - -	217
The Vale of Ide. By JOHN BOWRING, Esq. - -	228
Bridal Greetings. By JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq. -	229
Concha Veneris. By the Rev. RICHARD POLWHELE -	230
Sir Baldred's Farewell. By DELTA - - -	231
The Rainbow - - - - -	233
Truth, Youth, and Age. An Apologue. By CHARLES SWAIN, Esq. - - - - -	234
The Musician of Augsburg. By DERWENT CONWAY, Author of *Solitary Walks through Many Lands* -	235
Sonnet. By RICHARD HOWITT - - -	244
The Proposal. By Mrs. CORNWELL BARON WILSON	245
The Warrior's Death. By FREDERIC SHOBERL, Jun.	249
Rebecca parting with Jacob. By Miss EMILY TAYLOR	251
The Maid of the Beryl. By Mrs. HOFLAND - -	253
The Destroyer. By Miss ELIZA RENNIE - -	267
Man - - - - - - -	269
The Tears of the Dead. By Mrs. HARRIET DOWNING	271
On a Child killed by Lightning. By JOHN CLARE -	272
The Magician of Vicenza - - - -	273
Reason's Victory. By Miss AGNES STRICKLAND -	283
Presumption Reproved. By W. H. HARRISON, Esq. -	285
Woman's Love. By Mrs. COCKLE - - -	289
To Poesy - - - - - -	291
Memorials of a Schoolfellow. By the Rev. HENRY STEBBING, A. M. - - - -	293

Page
Woman and Music. By Wm. Cooke Stafford, Esq. 304
On a Heavy Fall of Snow. By the Rev. W. B. Clarke 305
On Sickness. By the Author of *Nugæ Sacræ* - - 307
The Sonneteer - - - - - 308
Eastern Apologues. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. The Divinity of Song—The Beauty of Women—Maxims of Sadac, the Son of Azor - - - 309
The Matrimonial Rule. Inscribed in the Album of a Young Lady on the Eve of Marriage. By the Editor of Forget Me Not - - - - 324
To a Butterfly. By the Rev. George Woodley - 325
Last Lines. By Charles Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. 326
Farewell to a Friend, on his Departure for America - 327
To Beauty. By the Rev. Charles Strong - - 328
The Country Kitchen. By Miss Mitford - - 329
The Wish. By the Editor of Forget Me Not - 330
The Goldsmith of Westcheap. By the Author of *London in the Olden Time* - - - - 331
The Blind Piper. By Delta - - - - 365
On the Wreck of a Vessel. By Montague Seymour - 368
The Rover's Farewell to his Mistress. By Miss Susannah Strickland - - - - - 369
Ovid in Pontus. By Barry Cornwall - - 370
The Maniac. By the Rev. J. Hobart Caunter, B. D. 371
Lydford Bridge. By N. T. Carrington - - 380
The Red Flag at the Fore. By the Old Sailor - 383
Sonnet composed off Ætolia. By Charles Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. - - - - 402
Alice. By W. H. Harrison, Esq. - - - 403
On the Recitation of *Palestine*, a Prize Poem, by Reginald Heber. By Miss Lætitia Jermyn - - 410
To an Evening Star. By F. Muller - - 411
Remembrance. By Miss Keating - - - 413
Remorse. By Nicholas Michell - - - 415
Song. By James Kenney, Esq. - - - 418

MARCUS CURTIUS.

By an earthquake, a gulf of immense depth was suddenly opened in the Roman forum. To fill it baffled the efforts of the whole population. The oracle declared that the richest treasure of Rome alone could close the gulf, which must otherwise swallow up the city. Marcus Curtius, a distinguished warrior, at length came forward, and, declaring that arms and courage were the true treasures of a people, sprang with his horse into the gulf, which immediately closed.

LIV. l. vii. c. 6.

IT is night—a starless night!—
Cries of frenzy and affright,
Sudden shriek, and hollow groan,
Clashing shield, and trumpet blown,
Ring, as if the Roman wall
Trembled at the fiery Gaul.

Through the rushing rain and haze
Shows the struggling torch's blaze
Visages of fear and wonder,
Upturn'd to the rolling thunder.
What are through the tempest bright'ning?—
Sons and sovereigns of the lightning.

What distains the heaven's high floor?—
There are vision'd floods of gore,
Lances crashing, flags unfurl'd,
Warriors from their chargers hurl'd,
Helmets empty, bucklers broken—
Rome, behold the bloody token,
When the lust of blood shall blind thee,
Of the fate that yet shall bind thee!

When the sign of wo was shown,
With a deep and dying moan,
Far away the tempest swept:
Yet, of all the myriads, slept,
Through that fateful night, not one.
On the mountain's topmost stone,
With his mystic staff and globe,
Stood the Augur in his robe,
Like a spirit in its shroud,
Watching bird, and star, and cloud.
On his turrets' marble height
Gazed the noble through the night:
Sat the peasant by his lamp:
Rome was like a fearful camp
Leaguered by a deadly foe:
Footsteps, ceaseless as the flow
Of waters from their mountains gushing,
Through the sullen night were rushing:
All darkness, deep as death, but where
The Capitol, in middle air,

Sent from its altar's golden frame
The whirling pyramid of flame.

Lingering morn at length has come:—
Rome—its light but shows thy doom!
In thy centre gapes a grave—
Tomb of all thy bright and brave—
Onward, onward, still distending,
Tower and temple o'er it bending:
Down, ten thousand fathoms deep,
Rolls the palace, heap on heap:
Down go temple, down go tower—
Still the mighty jaws devour!
Stands the priest upon the brink—
Down the priest and altar sink.
O'er the gulf the Tuscan seer
Weaves the spells that spirits fear:
On the flame the victim lies—
Down go seer and sacrifice.
Bleeds upon the brink the slave—
Onward, onward, spreads the grave!

Lo, who comes! with streaming hair,
Naked feet, and bosom bare;
Thoughts of immortality
Flashing in her splendid eye;
Maddening with the oracle—
Hark the sibyl's fearful spell!—
"What shall fill that sullen tomb,
But thy noblest treasure, Rome?"

To the cavern rush the crowd,
Each with glittering burdens bow'd:
Living sculptures; golden urns;
Spices, from where morning burns
On the new awaken'd globe;
Tyrian canopy and robe;
Ivory armlet; Indian gem;
Mandrake's midnight-gather'd stem.
Down the depth the treasures fly,
Never more for human eye:
Still, like a gigantic wound,
Spreads and spreads the black profound.

Hark, the clattering of a steed,
Rushing at his wildest speed!
Who sits upon that charger's back,
With bloody spur, and bridle slack,
And plume bedabbled with the rain,
And cuirass mark'd with many a stain
Of weary travel through the night,
As from some field of fear and flight,
Or city wrapt in sudden flame,
That solitary warrior came?

The crowd before his speed divide:
"Forbear!" the haughty rider cried.
"What's richer than the miser's hoard?
The patriot soldier and his sword!
Rome, wouldst thou fill that yawning grave—
What treasure hast thou like the brave?"

On rush'd the steed; with one fierce bound
The warrior reach'd the trembling ground.

One voice alone arose—the cry
That hearts can give but once, and die!
As if the spear his life-blood drank,
The hero's fiery spirit sank;
A cloud was on his eye of pride;
Before him knelt his weeping bride!

Rome, thy tale had then been told!—
Then thy youthful—then thy old—
All had made that gulf their bed;
Wolf and dog had o'er them fed;
Slave and robber held the land;
All thy beauty, weeds and sand;
On thy neck th' eternal chain—
Heard he but that voice again.

Wild as the ocean on the shore,
Uprose the wond'ring myriads' roar;
When, standing on the crumbling ledge,
Gazed the dark warrior from the edge;
Then, wheeling for the narrow space
Of Death and Glory's final race,
Like the red thunderbolt burst on!
A flash—a bound—a plunge—he's gone!
Back on the boldest of the bold
Instant the mighty cavern roll'd.

Long did the yearly victim bleed
Where slept the warrior and his steed.
And many a trophy was o'erthrown,
Ere lay in wreck the old gray stone,
On which the rude and simple rhyme
Mark'd for mankind the spot sublime.
But, though the old gray stone be past,
Still shall the glorious record last;
Still, Marcus Curtius, shall thy name
Be to the world a beacon-flame;
Still, through the clouds of Time afar,
Shine on, an ever brightening star.

MONT BLANC.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

Chief of the giant mountains! awful form!
Alp! on whose brow, wreathed with eternal snows,
Suns smite in vain, when radiant summer glows,
And harvests ripen through thy valleys warm;
Oft I behold thee girdled with the storm;
Oft, when the moon her quiet splendour throws
O'er thy vast solitudes, and darkly shows
The scars and ruins which thy sides deform.
Thy pure ascent, so free from earthly stain,
Seems meet approach to that immortal state
Where Peace unclouded holds her starry reign.
The few who climb thee, with strange joy elate,
Thus mingling with the skies, forget their pain,
Like pilgrims fresh-arriv'd at heaven's own gate.

Chamouni, 1821.

THE RETREAT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

The following lines were named from a pleasure-house, in the grounds of a gentleman in Lincolnshire, where the writer found some verses addressed to himself on his arrival there in September 18**.

A STRANGER sat down in the lonely Retreat:—
Though kindness had welcomed him there,
Yet, weary with travel, and fainting with heat,
His bosom was sadden'd with care;
That sinking of spirit *they* only can know
Whose joys are all chasten'd by fears;
The streams of whose comfort, though deeply they flow,
Still wind through the valley of tears.

What ails thee, O stranger? but open thine eye,
A paradise bursts on thy view;
The sun in his glory is marching on high
Through cloudless and infinite blue:
The woods, in their wildest luxuriance display'd,
Are stretching their coverts of green,
While bright, from the depth of their innermost shade,
Yon mirror of waters is seen.

There richly reflected, the mansion, the lawn,
The banks and the foliage appear,
By Nature's own pencil enchantingly drawn—
A landscape enshrined in a sphere!

While the fish in their element sport to and fro,
  Quick-glancing, or gliding at ease,
The birds seem to fly in a concave below
  Through a vista of down-growing trees.

The current, unrippled by volatile airs,
  Now glitters, now darkens along;
And yonder o'erflowing incessantly bears
  Symphonious accordance to song;
The song of the ring-dove enamour'd, that floats
  Like soft-melting murmurs of grief;
The song of the redbreast, in ominous notes,
  Foretelling the fall of the leaf;

The song of the bee, in its serpentine flight,
  From blossom to blossom that roves;
The song of the wind in the silence of night,
  When it wakens or hushes the groves:
And sweet, through the chorus of rapture and love,
  Which God in his temple attends,
With the song of all nature, beneath and above,
  The voice of these waters ascends!

The beauty, the music, the bliss, of that scene,
  With ravishing sympathy stole
Through the stranger's dark bosom, illumin'd his mien,
  And soothed and exalted his soul.
Cold, gloomy forebodings then vanish away,
  His terrors to extasies turn,

As the vapours of night, at the dawning of day,
With splendour and loveliness burn.

The stranger reposed in the lonely Retreat,
Now smiling at phantoms gone by:
When, lo! a new welcome, in numbers most sweet,
Saluted his ear through his eye;
It came to his eye, but it went to his soul—
Some Muse, as she wander'd that way,
Had dropt from her bosom a mystical scroll,
Whose secrets I dare not betray.

Strange tones, we are told, the pale mariner hears,
When the mermaids ascend from their caves,
And sing where the moon, newly-risen, appears
A column of gold on the waves:
And wild notes of wonder the shepherd entrance,
Who, dreaming, beholds in the vale,
By torch-light of glowworms, the fairies that dance
To minstrelsy piped in the gale.

Not less to that stranger mysteriously brought,
With harmony deep and refined,
In language of silence and music of thought,
Those numbers were heard in his mind:
He listen'd and wonder'd, he trembled and wept,
While transport with tenderness vied,
It seem'd as the harp of a seraph were swept
By a spirit that sung at his side.

All ceased in a moment—and nothing was heard,
  And nothing was seen through the wood,
But the twittering cry of a fugitive bird,
  And the sunset that blazed on the flood:
He rose, for the shadows of evening grew long,
  And narrow the glimpses between:
The owlet in ambush was whooping his song,
  And the gossamer waved on the green.

Oft pausing, and hearkening, and turning his eye,
  He left the sequester'd Retreat;
As the stars in succession awoke through the sky,
  And the moon of the harvest shone sweet;
So pure was her lustre, so lovely and bright,
  So soft on the landscape it lay,
The shadows appear'd but the slumber of light,
  And the night-scene a dream of the day.

He walk'd to the mansion—though silent his tongue,
  And his heart with its fulness opprest,
His spirit within him melodiously sung
  The feelings that throbb'd in his breast:—
" O ye, who inherit this privileged spot,
  All blooming like Eden of yore,
What earth can afford is already your lot,
  With the promise of life evermore!

" Here, oft as to strangers your table is spread,
  May angels sit down at the board!

Here, oft as the poor to your dwelling are led,
  Be charity shown to your Lord!
Thus walking with God in your paradise here,
  In humble communion of love,
At length may your spirits, when Christ shall appear,
  Be caught up to glory above!"

THE SCULPTURED CHILDREN.

ON CHANTREY'S MONUMENT AT LICHFIELD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Thus lay
The gentle babes, thus girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms.

SHAKSPEARE.

Fair images of sleep!
Hallow'd, and soft, and deep!
On whose calm lids the dreamy quiet lies,
Like moonlight on shut bells
Of flowers in mossy dells,
Fill'd with the hush of night and summer skies;

How many hearts have felt
Your silent beauty melt
Their strength to gushing tenderness away!
How many sudden tears,
From depths of buried years
All freshly bursting, have confess'd your sway!

How many eyes will shed
Still, o'er your marble bed,
Such drops, from Memory's troubled fountains wrung!

While Hope hath blights to bear,
While Love breathes mortal air,
While roses perish ere to glory sprung.

Yet, from a voiceless home,
If some sad mother come
To bend and linger o'er your lovely rest;
As o'er the cheek's warm glow,
And the soft breathings low
Of babes, that grew and faded on her breast;

If then the dovelike tone
Of those faint murmurs gone,
O'er her sick sense too piercingly return;
If for the soft bright hair,
And brow and bosom fair,
And life, now dust, her soul too deeply yearn;

O gentlest forms! entwin'd
Like tendrils, which the wind
May wave, so clasp'd, but never can unlink;
Send from your calm profound
A still small voice, a sound
Of hope, forbidding that lone heart to sink.

By all the pure, meek mind
In your pale beauty shrined,
By childhood's love—too bright a bloom to die!
O'er her worn spirit shed,
O fairest, holiest Dead!
The Faith, Trust, Light, of Immortality!

THE HOUR TOO MANY.

Hail, land of the kangaroo!—paradise of the bush-ranger!—purgatory of England!—happy scene, where the sheep-stealer is metamorphosed into the shepherd; the highwayman is the guardian of the road; the dandy is delicate no more, and earns his daily bread; and the Court of Chancery is unknown—hail to thee, soil of larceny and love! of pickpockets and principle! of every fraud under heaven, and primeval virtue! daughter of jails, and mother of empires!—hail to thee, New South Wales!

In all my years—and I am now no boy; and in all my travels—and I am now at the antipodes; I have never heard any maxim so often as, that time is short; yet no maxim that ever dropt from human lips is further from the truth. I appeal to the experience of mankind—to the three hundred heirs of the British peerage, whom their gouty fathers keep out of their honours and estates—to the six hundred and sixty-eight candidates for seats in parliament, which they must wait for till the present sitters die; or turn rebellious to their noble patrons, or their borough patrons, or their Jew patrons; or plunge into joint-stock ruin, and expatriate themselves, for the astonishment of all other countries, and the benefit of their own;—to the six thousand five hundred heroes of the half-pay, longing for tardy war;—to the hundred thousand promissory excisemen lying on the soul of the chancellor of the exchequer, and pining for the mor-

tality of every gauger from the Lizard to the Orkneys;—and, to club the whole discomfort into one, to the entire race of the fine and superfine, who breathe the vital air, from five thousand a year to twenty times the rental, the unhappy population of the realms of indolence included in Bond-street, St. James's, and the squares.

For my own part, in all my experience of European deficiencies, I have never found any deficiency of time. Money went like the wind; champagne grew scanty; the trust of tailors ran down to the dregs; the smiles of my fair flirts grew rare as diamonds: every thing became as dry, dull, and stagnant as the Serpentine in summer; but time never failed me. I had a perpetual abundance of a commodity which the philosophers told me was beyond price. I had not merely enough for myself, but enough to give to others; until I discovered the fact, that it was as little a favourite with others as myself, and that, whatever the plausible might say, there was nothing on earth for which they would not be more obliged to me than a donation of my superfluous time.

But now let me give a sketch of my story. A single fact is worth a hundred reflections.

The first consciousness that I remember, was that of having a superabundance of time; and my first ingenuity was demanded for getting rid of the encumbrance. I had always an hour, that perplexed my skill to know what to do with this treasure. A schoolboy

turn for long excursions in any direction but that of my pedagogue, indicative of a future general officer; a naturalist-taste for bird-nesting, which, in maturer years, would have made me one of the wonders of the Linnæan Society; a passion for investigating the inside of every thing, from a Catherine-wheel to a China-closet, which would yet have intitled me to the honours of an F. R. S.; and an original vigour in the plunder of orchards, which undoubtedly might have laid the foundation of a first lord of the treasury; were nature's helps to get rid of this oppressive bounty. But though I fought the enemy with perpetual vigour and perpetual variety, he was not to be put to flight by a stripling; and I went to the university as far from being a conqueror as ever.

At Oxford I found the superabundance of this great gift acknowledged with an openness worthy of English candour, and combated with the dexterity of an experience five hundred years old. Port-drinking, flirtation, lounging, the invention of new ties to cravats, and new tricks on proctors; billiards, boxing, and barmaids; seventeen ways of mulling sherry, and as many dozen ways of raising "the supplies," were adopted with an adroitness that must have baffled all but the invincible. Yet Time was master at last; and he always indulged me with a liberality that would have driven a less resolute spirit to the bottom of the Isis.

At length I gave way; left the university with my blessing and my debts; and rushed up to London, as the

grand *place d'armes*, the central spot from which the enemy was excluded by the united strength, wit, and wisdom, of a million and a half of men.

I might as well have staid bird-nesting in Berkshire. I found the happiest contrivances against the universal invader fail. Pigeon-matches; public dinners; coffee-houses; blue-stocking *reunions;* private morning quadrille practice, with public evening exhibitions of their fruits; dilettanti breakfasts, with a bronze Hercules standing among the bread and butter, or a reposing cast of Venus, fresh from Pompeii, as black and nude as a negress disporting on the banks of the Senegal, but dear and delicate to the eyes of taste; Sunday mornings at Tattersal's, jockeying till the churches let out their population and the time for visits was come; and Sunday evening routs at *the* duchess's, with a cotillon by the *vraies danseuses* of the opera, followed by a concert, a round game, and a *select* supper for the initiated; the whole failed. I had always an hour too much—sixty mortal minutes, and every one of them an hour in itself, that I could never squeeze down.

> "Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,
> And make two lovers happy,"

may have been called a not over-modest request; but I can vouch for at least one half of it being the daily prayer of some thousands of the best dressed people that the sun ever summoned to a day of twenty-four hours long.

On feeling the symptoms of this horary visitation, I regularly rushed into the streets, on the principle that some alleviation of misery is always to be found in fellow suffering. This maxim I invariably found false, like every other piece of the boasted wisdom of mankind. I found the suffering infinitely increased by the association with my fellow-fashionables. A man might as well have fled from his chamber to enjoy comfort in the wards of an hospital.

In one of my marches up and down the *pavé* of St. James's-street, that treadmill of gentlemen convicted in the penalty of having nothing to do, I lounged into the little hotel of the Guards, that stands beside the great hotel of the gamblers, like a babe under its mamma's wing—the likeness admirable, though the scale diminutive. That "hour too many" cost me three games of billiards, my bachelor's house, and one thousand pounds. This price of sixty minutes startled me alittle; and, for a week, I meditated with some seriousness on the superior gaiety of a life spent in paving the streets, driving a waggon, or answering the knocker of a door.

But the "hour" again overflowed me. I was walking it off in Regent-street, when an old fellow-victim met me, and prescribed a trot to Newmarket. The prescription was taken, and the hour was certainly got rid of. But the remedy was costly; for my betting-book left me minus ten thousand pounds.

I returned to town like a patient from a watering-

place; relieved of every thing but the disease that took me there. My last shilling remained among the noble blacklegs; but nothing could rob me of a fragment of my superfluous time, and I brought even a tenfold allowance of it back. But every disease has a crisis; and when a lounge through the streets became at once useless and inconvenient—when the novelty of being cut by all my noble friends, and of being sedulously followed by that generation who, unlike the fickle world, reserve their tipstaff attentions for the day of adversity, had lost its zest, and I was thinking whether time was to be better fought off by a plunge to the bottom of the Thames, or by the muzzle of one of Manton's hair-triggers—I was saved by a plunge into the King's Bench.

There life was new, friendship was undisguised, my coat was not an object of scorn, my exploits were fashion, my duns were inadmissible, and my very captors were turned into my humble servants. There, too, my nature, always social, had its full indulgence, for there I found, rather to my surprise, nine-tenths of my most accomplished acquaintance. But the enemy still made his way, and I had learned to yawn, in spite of billiards and ball-playing, when *the* Act let me loose into the great world again. Good-luck too had prepared a surprise for my *debut*. I had scarcely exhibited myself in the streets, when I discovered that every man of my *set* was grown utterly blind whenever I happened to walk on the same side of the way, and that

I might as well have been buried a century. I was absurd enough to be indignant; for nothing can be more childish than any delicacy, when a man cannot bet on the rubber. But one morning a knock came to my attic-door, which startled me by its professional vigour. An attorney entered. I had now nothing to fear, for the man whom no one will trust cannot well be in debt; and for once I faced an attorney without a palpitation. His intelligence was flattering. An old uncle of mine, who had worn out all that was human about him in amassing fifty thousand pounds, and finally died of starving himself, had expired with the pen in his hand, in the very act of leaving his thousands to pay the national debt. But fate, propitious to me, had dried up his ink-bottle; the expense of replenishing it would have broken his heart, of itself; and the attorney's announcement to me was, that the will, after blinding the solicitor to the treasury and three of his clerks, was pronounced to be altogether illegible.

The fact that I was the nearest of kin got into the newspapers; and, in my first drive down St. James's, I had the pleasure of discovering that I had cured a vast number of my friends of their calamitous defect of vision. But, if the "post equitem sedet atra cura" was the maxim in the days of Augustus; the man who drives the slower cabriolet in the days of George the Fourth cannot expect to escape. The "hour too many" overtook me in the first week. On one memorable evening I saw it coming, just as I turned the

corner of Piccadilly; fair flight was hopeless, and I took refuge in that snug asylum on the right hand of St. James's-street, which has since expanded into a palace. I stoutly battled the foe, for I "took no note of time" during the next day and night; and when at last I walked forth into the air, I found that I had relieved myself of the burthen of three-fourths of my reversion. A weak mind, on such an occasion, would have cursed the cards, and talked of taking care of the fragment of his property; but mine was of the higher order, and I determined on revenge. I had my revenge, and saw my winners ruined. They had their consolation, and, at the close of a six-months' campaign, saw me walk into the streets a beggar. I grew desperate, and was voted dangerous. I realized the charge by fastening upon a noble lord who had been one of the most adroit in pigeoning me. His life was "too valuable to his country," or himself, to allow him to meet a fellow, whose life was of no use to any living thing; and, through patriotism and the fear of being shot, he kept out of my way. I raged, threatened to post his lordship, and was in the very act of writing out the form of the placard declaring the noble heir of the noble house of ——— a cheat and a scoundrel, when, by the twopenny-post, I received a notice from the Horse Guards that I was on that day to appear in the Gazette as ensign in his majesty's ——— regiment, then serving in the Peninsula, with orders to join without delay.

This was enough from his lordship, and was certainly better for me than running the chance of damages in the King's Bench, for provoking his majesty's subjects to a breach of the peace. I was gazetted; tried on my uniform before the mirror, entirely approved of my appearance, and wrote my last letter to my last flirt. The Portsmouth mail was to start at eight. I had an hour to spare, and sallied into the street. I met an honest-faced old acquaintance, as much at a loss as myself to slay the hour. We were driven by a shower into shelter. The rattle of dice was heard within a green baize covered door. We could not stay for ever shivering on the outside. Fortune favoured me; in half an hour I was master of a thousand pounds: it would have been obvious folly and ingratitude to check the torrent of success for the paltry prospects of an ensigncy. I played on, and won on. The clock struck eight. I will own that I trembled as the first sound caught my ear. But whether nervous or not, from that instant the torrent was checked. The loss and gain became alternate. Wine was brought in; I played in furious scorn of consequences. I saw the board covered with gold. I swept it into my stake, I soon saw my stake reduced to nothing. My eyes were dazzled; my hand shook, my brain was on fire. I sang, danced, roared with exultation or despair. How the night closed I know not; but I found myself at last in a narrow room, surrounded with squalidness, its only light from a high-barred window, and its only furni-

ture the wooden tressel on which I lay fierce, weary, and feverish, as if I lay on the rack.

From this couch of the desperate, I was carried into the presence of a magistrate to hear that, in the *melée* of the night before, I had, in my rage, charged my honest-faced acquaintance with palpable cheating; and, having made good my charge by showing the loaded dice in his hand, had knocked him down with a violence that made his recovery more than doubtful. He had seen my name in the Gazette, and had watched me for the express purpose of final plunder. The wretch died. I was brought to trial, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to seven years' expatriation.

Fortunate sentence! On my arrival in New South Wales, as I was found a perfect gentleman, and fit for nothing, there was no resource but to make me try the labour of my hands. Fortunate labour! From six at morning till six at night, I had the spade, or the plough, in my hands. I dragged carts, I delved rocks, I hewed trees; I had not a moment to spare. The appetite that once grew languid over venison now felt the exquisite delight of junk beef. The thirst that scorned champagne was now enraptured with spring water. The sleep that had left me many a night tossing withinside the curtains of a hundred and fifty guinea Parisian bed, now came on the roughest piece of turf, and made the planks of my cabin softer than down. I can now run as fast as one of my Newmarket stud, pull down a buffalo, and catch a kangaroo by the tail in fair field.

Health, vigour, appetite, and activity, are my superabundance now. I have every thing but time. My banishment expires to-morrow; but I shall never recross the sea. This is my country. Since I set my foot upon its shore, I have never had a moment to yawn. In this land of real and substantial life, the spectre that haunted my joyless days dares not be seen —the "hour too many" is no more.

LANGSYNE.

BY DELTA.

LANGSYNE!—how doth the word come back
With magic meaning to the heart,
As Memory roams the sunny track,
From which Hope's dreams were loath to part!—
No joy like by-past joy appears;
For what is gone we peak and pine.
Were life spun out a thousand years,
It could not match Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the days of childhood warm,
When, tottering by a mother's knee,
Each sight and sound had power to charm,
And hope was high, and thought was free.
Langsyne!—the merry schoolboy days—
How sweetly then life's sun did shine!
Oh! for the glorious pranks and plays,
The raptures of Langsyne!

Langsyne!—yes, in the sound, I hear
The rustling of the summer grove;
And view those angel features near
Which first awoke the heart to love.
How sweet it is, in pensive mood,
At windless midnight to recline,
And fill the mental solitude
With spectres from Langsyne!

Langsyne!—ah where are they who shared
With us its pleasures bright and blithe?
Kindly with some hath fortune fared;
And some have bow'd beneath the scythe
Of death; while others scatter'd far
O'er foreign lands at fate repine,
Oft wandering forth, 'neath twilight's star,
To muse on dear Langsyne!

Langsyne!—the heart can never be
Again so full of guileless truth;
Langsyne! the eyes no more shall see,
Ah no! the rainbow hopes of youth.
Langsyne! with thee resides a spell
To raise the spirit, and refine.
Farewell!—there can be no farewell
To thee, loved, lost Langsyne!

ST. MARY OF THE LOWS.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

O LONE St. Mary of the waves,
  In ruin lies thine ancient aisle,
While o'er thy green and lowly graves
  The moorcocks bay and plovers wail;
  But mountain-spirits on the gale
Oft o'er thee sound the requiem dread,
  And warrior shades and spectres pale
Still linger by the quiet dead.

Yes, many a chief of ancient days
  Sleeps in thy cold and hallow'd soil,
Hearts that would thread the forest maze
  Alike for spousal or for spoil,
  That wist not, ween'd not, to recoil
Before the might of mortal foe,
  But thirsted for the border-broil,
The shout, the clang, the overthrow.

Here lie those who, o'er flood and field,
  Were hunted as the osprey's brood,
Who braved the power of man, and seal'd
  Their testimonies with their blood:
  But long as waves that wilder'd flood
Their sacred memory shall be dear,
  And all the virtuous and the good
O'er their low graves shall drop the tear.

Here sleeps the last of all the race
  Of these old heroes of the hill,
Stern as the storm in heart and face;
  Gainsay'd in faith or principle,
  Then would the fire of heaven fill
The orbit of his faded eye,
  Yet all within was kindness still,
Benevolence and simplicity.

GRIEVE, thou shalt hold a sacred cell
  In hearts with sin and sorrow tost,
While thousands, with their funeral-knell,
  Roll down the tide of darkness lost;
  For thou wert Truth's and Honour's boast,
Firm champion of Religion's sway—
  Who knew thee best revered thee most,
Thou emblem of a former day!

Here lie old forest bowmen good;
  Ranger and stalker sleep together,
Who for the red-deer's stately brood
  Watch'd, in despite of want and weather,
  Beneath the hoary hills of heather:
Even Scotts, and Kerrs, and Pringles, blended
  In peaceful slumbers, rest together,
Whose fathers there to death contended!

Here lie the peaceful, simple race,
  The first old tenants of the wild,

Who stored the mountains of the chace
With flocks and herds—whose manners mild
Changed the baronial castles, piled
In every glen, into the cot,
And the rude mountaineer beguiled,
Indignant, to his peaceful lot.

Here rural beauty low reposes,
The blushing cheek and beaming eye,
The dimpling smile, the lip of roses,
Attractors of the burning sigh,
And love's delicious pangs that lie
Enswathed in pleasure's mellow mine:
Maid, lover, parent, low and high,
Are mingled in thy lonely shrine.

And here lies one—here I must turn
From all the noble and sublime,
And o'er thy new but sacred urn
Shed the heath-flower and mountain-thyme,
And floods of sorrow, while I chime
Above thy dust one requiem.
Love was thine error, not thy crime,
Thou mildest, sweetest, mortal gem!

For ever hallowed be thy bed,
Beneath the dark and hoary steep;
Thy breast may flowerets overspread,
And angels of the morning weep

In sighs of heaven above thy sleep,
And tear-drops of embalming dew;
Thy vesper-hymn be from the deep,
Thy matin from the æther blue!

I dare not of that holy shade
That's pass'd away one thought allow,
Not even a dream that might degrade
The mercy before which I bow:
Eternal God, what is it now?
Thus asks my heart, but the reply
I aim not, wish not, to foreknow;
'T is veiled within eternity.

But O, this earthly flesh and heart
Still cling to the dear form beneath,
As when I saw its soul depart,
As when I saw it calm in death:
The dead rose and funereal wreath
Above the breast of virgin snow,
Far lovelier than in life and breath,
I saw it then and see it now.

That her fair form shall e'er decay
One thought I may not entertain;
As she was on her dying day,
To me she ever will remain:
When Time's last shiver o'er his reign
Shall close this scene of sin and sorrow,

How calm, how lovely, how serene,
That form shall rise upon the morrow!

Frail man! of all the arrows wounding
Thy mortal heart, there is but one
Whose poisoned dart is so astounding
That bear it, cure it, there can none.
It is the thought of beauty won
To love in most supreme degree,
And by the hapless flame undone,
Cut off from nature and from thee.

Farewell, dear shade! this heart is broke
By pang which no allayment knows;
Uprending feelings have awoke
Which never more can know repose.
O, lone St. Mary of the Lows,
Thou hold'st a treasure in thy breast,
That, where unfading beauty glows,
Must smile in everlasting rest.

THE CHRISTIAN.

BY M. E. BEAUFORT.

Shine on, thou bright sun, in yon summer-tinged sky,
And blow on, thou balmy gale:
But thou canst not give joy to this sunken eye,
Nor bloom to this cheek so pale.
The primrose is lifting its golden head,
The linnet spreads his wing;

But delight with the moments of youth is fled;
The heart knows no second spring!

Time was—'t was a feeling too sweet to last—
When the present was all to me;
When no fear of the future, no pang of the past,
O'ershadow'd the day of glee;
When the whole wide world was a dream of youth;
When the thought of deceit was unknown;
When the look was all love, and the vow was all truth:
'T was a vision—the vision is gone!

But, O thou Spirit of love and power,
Creator, Father, all!
Was the heart but made, like the morning flower,
To breathe, and to bloom, and to fall?
Oh why is our life a weary thing,
Why pleasure the parent of pain,
Why friendship a vapour, a bird on the wing,
Why all but the sepulchre vain?

'Tis in mercy, thou Spirit of love and power!
To tell us, our home is not here;
That life has a brighter and loftier bower
Than this vale of the sigh and the tear;
That earth's but the passage, the grave but the gate,
Which shows when our travel is done,
Where the sons of the stars in their glory await
To lead the redeem'd to the throne.

ELLEN STRATHALLAN.

A FAIRY LEGEND.

BY MRS. PICKERSGILL.

We sleep on rose-buds soft and sweet,
We revel in the stream;
We wanton lightly on the wind,
Or glide on a sun-beam.

SCOTT.

THE summer's sun with ruddy glow
Sunk down behind the mountain's brow,
A sight more fair was never seen
Of heathery hill, or valley green,
Than on the charmed fancy fell,
On wild Strathallan's flow'ry dell.
So lone the place, that man ne'er trod
The path when eve obscured the sod:
Then the hare couch'd amidst the heath,
Or ventured to the fountain's brink,
Scarce ruffled by the zephyrs' breath,
Of its sweet murmuring stream to drink.

The spot was called the Fairy Well,
And wonders of its virtues told,
That all which in its waters fell
Was quickly changed to gems or gold;
Yet never mortal hand could bring
Away the treasures of that spring.

The peasants said, that near the place
The fairies on the sward would trace
Their mystic rings, and dance all night
Beneath the full moon's glittering light;
Yet never were their revels seen
By luckless wight, unscathed, I ween:
His wilder'd senses scarce could tell
What on such fatal night befell.

'T was near this trickling fountain's side
Strathallan's pale and lovely bride
Sat weeping. Still for many an hour
May she weep on; her own sweet flower,
Her blooming boy, Strathallan's heir,
Is stolen from her watchful care.
A babe more bright than Ellen's son
The morn had never shone upon;
His golden locks waved wild and free
O'er his blue eyes, whose laughing glee
Each thought of care and gloom could chase
From his young mother's pensive face;
Yet never more his playful smile
Shall from her cheeks the tear beguile.
When Ronald to his feudal towers
  Led Ellen as his blooming bride,
Through bright Strathallan's wildest bowers
  She wander'd at her loved lord's side;
And in that deep romantic glade
Found from the mid-day's sun a shade;

Or at cool evening sought a seat
In that sequester'd, still retreat.
When her brave lord was far away,
Young Ellen with her boy would stray,
And choose amidst that woodland scene
A velvet couch of mossy green,
Enamell'd with the summer's flowers
Of every hue; and there for hours
Would sit and watch her sportive child
Pluck each fair bud and flow'ret wild.

One glowing eve she idly stray'd
With her young boy to that lone glade.
Unmindful that the sun had shed
His last bright parting beams, and fled,
She linger'd still as though a spell
Enchain'd her to that fairy well;
'Twas sweet upon her lord to dream,
Beneath the pale moon's gentle beam.
Her lovely babe had sunk to rest,
Weary with play, upon her breast:
Heedless 'twas in a fairy round,
She laid him softly on the ground;
Pillow'd on the green turf his head,
Where flowers their sweetest perfume shed,
And long she gaz'd with watchful eye,
Lest spotted snakes or newts came nigh;
So still was all around, the trees
Were scarcely ruffled by the breeze;

When o'er the mother's eyelids crept
A soft enchantment, till she slept.

She slept, when prancing o'er the wold
An elfin train of warriors bold
Came rushing on, in armour dight,
With glittering lances, as for fight,
Just as the full moon's broad disk fell
In splendor on the fairy well.
'Twas there, beneath the pale moonlight,
They meant to revel all the night,
Where all around in clusters grew
Bright fairy hoods—to sip the dew
From many a pendant flow'ret's bell;
To sound abroad the mimic knell
Of clarions from the hollow reed;
And urge their horses' wildest speed,
To flit across the sunburnt plain,
Then ere a second back again—
When lo! upon the mossy ground,
They find usurped their fairy round;
A child is sleeping in the ring,
Their favourite haunt beside the spring!
"To horse, to horse!" they shout and cry,
"A mortal is our revels nigh!
To horse, to horse! away with speed!
Raise the bright child upon your steed;
Our queen her fairy crown would give
For this fair boy with her to live,

To be her page; then haste thee on
To fairy land!"—The babe is won.

Poor Ellen roused her at the cry
As the last steed was rushing by;
Where is her child? she look'd around,
Woke from her trance with frantic bound,
Then onward rush'd, where that wild crew
Like light before her footsteps flew;
Till their loud mirth and laughter died
In echoes round the mountain's side.

* * * * * * * *

The boy is borne to fairy land,
And yielded at the queen's command
To be her page—and one more bright
Ne'er form'd that elfin queen's delight.
To fairy bowers the child is led,
On banks of flowers his couch is spread,
And his fair sunny curls are bound
With coronal of roses round:
And ever looks the queen with joy
On the sweet smile of that young boy;
Oft gazes on his laughing brow,
His sparkling eye, his cheek's rich glow.
And now Strathallan's heir must dwell
For aye within her fairy cell,
In strath so deep that never ray
Steals through the gloom, proclaiming day;

For who of mortal race has power
To draw him from her elfin bower?

—No moon now shines upon the spring,
No fairy dances in the ring;
Yet at that fatal spot sits one—
'Tis Ellen weeping for her son.
For had not the wierd-woman said,
That if she watch'd their midnight rade
With fearless heart, the elfin train
Would bring her own bright boy again?
With eye untired, from morn till night
She vigil kept, from twilight gray,
Unmindful of the mildew's blight,
Till the first star proclaim'd the day,
To see the band of horsemen come,
Riding across the heather bloom;
Yet scarcely brushing off the dew
From golden cups, or harebells blue.

The summer flowers were fading fast,
The plains around were chill and drear;
The storm was riding on the blast,
The forest's pride was falling sear,
Ere came again that hallow'd eve,
When elves and fays their wild straths leave.
Sad Ellen hides her in the shade,
By the oaks' tangled branches made;
When lo! across the haunted green,
A troop of airy elves was seen,

Mounted on steeds of sable hue;
Swift as the wind the horsemen flew.
Her hopes are fading, when a train
  Of elfin knights and ladies fair,
Advanced to music's softest strain,
  And to the charmed spring repair;
While at their head the Fairy Queen,
In mantle of the brightest green,
Upon a milk-white steed rode on:
Near her was seated Ellen's son,
Before an elfin warrior borne.
Quick from his grasp has Ellen torn
Strathallan's heir; like maniac wild
To her fond breast she strains her child.

The pageant faded like a dream,
Still Ellen stood beside the stream,
And grasp'd her boy, then hasten'd home,
No more in that wild glade to roam.
And brave lord Ronald has return'd
  Victorious to Strathallan's towers,
And on each sacred altar burn'd
  Tapers, and deck'd each shrine with flowers,
To mark his gratitude and joy,
For safety of his darling boy:
Yet, Ellen's cheek is ever pale,
When she relates the fearful tale.

FROM AN 'ABSENTEE.'

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Let me wander where I will,
Thy sweet voice is near me still—
On the dumb untrodden mountains—
In the silver-speaking fountains—

In the wandering winds that roam,
And never, never find a home—
In the sky-lark's merrier measure,
When she fills the morn with pleasure;

And by day, and in the night,
Thy soft eyes are my love-light,
While thy tender voice doth cherish
Hope to life, which else might perish.

O voice, which comes o'er land and seas!
O eyes, bright 'midst the tamarisk trees!
Why need I dream of past emotion?
Of distant skies? of severing ocean?

'Midst toil and war, 'neath Indian suns,
'Midst deserts where no river runs,
What care I? *Ye* are shade and river—
Are hope—are joy which faileth never!

RECOLLECTIONS OF PERE LA CHAISE.

It cannot fail to have suggested itself to the most superficial reader of the history of human feelings and opinions, that much solicitude has always been shown for the preservation of the body after death. Whether it is to be ascribed to a principle of gratitude for its long ministering to our delights, or to a generous regard for the comfort and welfare of an old familiar friend, this anxiety will be found almost co-extensive with human nature; amidst the most savage and most civilized nations—in minds the rudest and the most refined. This feeling produced the embalming of Egypt, which, after the lapse of two thousand years, still claims the admiration of posterity, and puzzles the ingenuity of modern science. This, too, sends the old Indian, a willing victim, to the stream of the Ganges, in the vain hope that his decaying frame, by its mysterious assimilation to the body of a creature which a blind superstition regards as a god, may be gifted with eternal life, and regenerated in immortal youth. It was this anxiety that produced the horror entertained by the whole ancient world, at "wandering an unburied ghost;" of the pious fear to violate the ashes of the dead; and of the wish of emigrants to transport with them the bones of their fathers. This illustrates the fierce hostility of the Scythian tribes to any who, with meditated violence, dared to approach the graves of

their ancestors; and explains, with additional force, the indignant and reproachful inscription on the tomb of Scipio. The heart of Petrarch rests in his beloved Arqua; and the hope of interment in a national monument, as well as of the lasting remembrance of a grateful people, has always assisted to cheer the latest labours of the philosopher and the hero. It is not necessary to multiply instances in proof of this; and I will assume, without hesitation, that he departs most widely from the common sentiments of human nature, who does not acknowledge the existence of this anxiety in his own bosom. Such an unfortunate singularity must result either from a real deficiency of feeling, or from an absurd affectation of differing from other men, and must, therefore, deserve our pity or contempt. A difference in their characters will cause men to differ in their choice of a situation. One may hope, and it is surely no vain hope, to be laid within "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" of some venerable pile, which has been consecrated by piety and spared by time; where he will be surrounded by the great and good, by the benefactors and exemplars of the human race; and where he is assured the slumbers of the dead are watched over by many a sacred intelligence. Another is a lover of nature, where her aspect is mild and graceful; and the country church-yard, with its imbowering elms, where the turbulence of passion is tranquillized in repose, and the disquietudes of present existence are forgotten in the contemplation of other

and better things, will be earnestly desired by him, as the place in which he would wait his appointed change. Here a gentle stillness reigns, which has the strongest claims on a heart of sensibility; and when such a one is about to close his eyes for ever on the scenes in whose beauty they delighted, it will be his wish to repose on this dear and hallowed spot. Others, more indifferent about the place, are yet desirous to procure for themselves secure and decent interment: and desires so much in unison with our better feelings do honour to the hearts which conceive them. These thoughts arose on the remembrance of Père la Chaise, which, perhaps, possesses more varied interest than any other place dedicated to a similar purpose. The promiscuous assemblage may, for a moment, cause in the worshipper of departed greatness a fastidious wish, that the company had been more select; but the idea of the immense multitude instantly humbles the mind to the acknowledgment of our common nature. I shall not easily lose the impressions which I received in my last visit to Père la Chaise; and I will endeavour to lessen the tediousness of my present solitude, by tracing my recollections of this populous city of the dead.

It was a beautiful morning in the beginning of June, 1823. At an early hour a slight shower had fallen; but the clouds were rolling away, and the sun was drinking up the moisture from the flowers, and distilling their fragrance around, filling the air with precious odours. In this garden, where roses were blowing

over sepulchres, I waited the arrival of the procession, which was conveying to it the remains of Davoust, Prince of Eckmuhl, one of the most sanguinary of Napoleon's generals. As I had reached Père la Chaise long before the time appointed for the funeral, I determined to take a more leisurely survey than I had found possible on a former occasion, when compelled to follow the movements of a party. Probably, one of the first observations made by a visiter is on the advantages which wealth is able to secure to its possessor after death, and which are here displayed. I do not allude to the difference between the splendid tomb and the little cross at the head of the grave, but to the meaning of the inscription, *en perpétuité*, which every where presents itself. If the ground be not secured by purchase, the occupant must, within a certain time, give place to a later victim of mortality; and he, too, unless he has the freehold of "six paces of the vile earth," will retain his situation for a very few years, and in his turn make room for another, and this for yet another tenant. To the dead, of course, there is no difference between the proudest mausoleum and the humblest grave. The traveller wearied with the journey of life, when the toils of his day are over, knows that he can lie down and sleep as soundly in the one as in the other; but it is to be desired, that the idea of undisturbed repose should be connected with each situation. I mean not that the insensible relic of pleasure and of pain can be conscious of the rude violence which tears him from

his grave. But to the survivors the act of cruelty is great, and the anticipation of such an event must operate powerfully on every man who unites feeling with poverty, whilst it presents to his imagination a conviction that even in his grave he will not be permitted to enjoy the indulgence of repose.

I need not enumerate the great writers of France who lie here interred; but I may mention, that Molière, the first comic poet of modern times; La Fontaine, the inimitable fabulist; and De Lisle, the Virgil of his country, are among the illustrious dead whose genius consecrates the ground which holds their dust. Nor can I refrain from dwelling on another well known, but ever interesting theme. With a comparatively careless glance I passed by all others, and hastened to the light gothic tomb of Abelard and Heloise. Its situation is much to be regretted, for it is placed in a corner bare of trees; unless half a dozen poplars can be thought to serve any other purpose than to make the absence of shelter and the want of seclusion the more striking. The amiable Le Noir, who exerted himself in protecting from the spoilers the most interesting monuments in France, saved this also from the revolutionary fury. From the Museum in which he had deposited it, the present government removed it to Père la Chaise, which is certainly better suited to its reception. Every one, however, who regards this monument with the reverence it deserves, will lament that it has not been restored to its former seat; for only in its own sanctuary

of the Paraclete can it find its proper home. But this memorial of unhappy love must command attention, into whatever situation chance may have brought it. The story of Abelard and Heloise has long excited the sympathies of Europe; and in every language their letters are read with the same feelings that produced them. To a Briton their loves are more completely endeared: one of the greatest poets of his country has enshrined the passionate effusions of the devoted Eloisa, in the precious casket of his own immortal verse; and his exquisite genius has fixed for ever the union of their history to the taste and feelings of mankind.

The rapid increase of the visiters now showed that the time of the funeral was near at hand, and I began to ascend the hill-side by a path which seemed least frequented. My thoughts were wandering to the days of Abelard, and perhaps to the consideration of the mysterious passion which subdued his philosophy and darkened his fame; but they were soon irresistibly drawn into another channel. Within one of the enclosures made by thick evergreens, I observed a young woman who seemed to have scarcely reached her twentieth year, clad in deepest mourning, and kneeling beside the grave of an infant, and strewing flowers over it. The custom of decking the graves with flowers, which is universal in France and is found in some places in this country, is, I think, very affecting, and has always deeply interested me. The female relatives generally come on these errands of enduring

love, when the return of endearments can be no more expected. I learned with much interest, that she, whom I saw thus employed, was a young mother adorning the grave of her first and only child. She spent some time in arranging the flowers, all the while watering them with her tears; and she changed their places again and again, from an evident desire, by a continuance of this consoling office, to prolong her stay near the remains of the beloved offspring of her affections. She at last viewed what she had done with some complacency, and her sorrows seemed to have subsided. This, however, availed but for an instant: the recollection of her insupportable loss returned full upon her mind, and the anguish of her buried hopes again distracted her feelings, until, after a short interval of agony, she found relief in a flood of tears. She took one last look, arose, and hastily withdrew. I continued to watch her retiring steps, until a turn in the path concealed her from my sight. I then moved to the spot which she had so lately quitted, by the grave of the infant, who had been snatched from a mother's embrace, perhaps before he could return half her fondness with those looks of love, which are the earliest enjoyment a parent can receive from her child, and, to her mind, the omens of future happiness. He lived not by any act of his to realize or blight her hopes. His life had been short, and full of misery to her; but she still grieved for her lost one, with that boundless woe of which a mother's love alone is

capable, which "weeps for her child, and will not be comforted, because it is not."

I had indulged the impulse of my feelings, and was at length lost in a reverie, when the sound of martial music struck upon my ear, and recalled me to the purpose of my visit. I obeyed the summons, and walked hastily to the brow of the hill, from which I might observe the advance of the procession. Such an effect I cannot hope to witness often again. Ever and anon were heard the solemn notes of the trumpet; now bursting in, full and strong, on the ear, and now dying away with the other music on the breeze, whilst the soldiers, in number about two thousand, were deploying through the valley and gradually ascending the acclivity by its winding paths. The men were at one time partly hidden by the trees, and then again their arms were displayed glittering in the sun-beams; and all were marching with a slow and measured step, which was not ill fitted to express the concern of veteran troops for the loss of their comrade and general. I followed the motions of the crowd which was watching their progress, and presently found myself by the railing which encloses the grave where lie the remains of the brave and ill-fated Ney. No stone marks the spot: that which his wife had placed there was removed by order of the government, and I was only made acquainted with the fact by the guarded and jealous answers of an old soldier, and by the name which his attached companions in arms had rudely scratched here

and there on the iron-work. None, I believe, of the barbarities of the last war can be charged on Ney. His generous attachment to his master was elevated to a fault, and it became a crime when the fortunes of his adversaries prevailed. In apparent violation of a treaty was he put to death; and his sentence, however sanctioned by expediency, was pronounced under such circumstances as have endeared his memory to Frenchmen, and secured to the "bravest of the brave" the lasting commiseration of Europe.

Next to the grave of Ney was the newly raised tomb of Davoust, and beyond it an obelisk to the memory of Massena, "the spoiled child of fortune;" and still further on, in the same line, a small tower erected on the burial-place of Mortier. On the tomb of Davoust Marshal Jourdan now stood to read his *éloge*. Jourdan is, I believe, the oldest surviving general of the Revolution. He is long past the middle of life, and the hardships of many a campaign, together with years, have changed his hair to a snowy whiteness: his appearance is venerable, and his countenance extremely benevolent. His character has always possessed the generosity so generally attributed to the army; and notwithstanding his frequent ill success in the field, he has at every period commanded the respect and esteem of his fellow-soldiers. He read the *éloge* with that tempered sorrow which will be felt by one brave man mourning over another, and lamenting that he should have died from the slow progress of a lingering disease, and not in the

full vigour of life fallen, where a soldier hopes to fall, in the tumult and hurry of the fight.

But, it will be asked, what eulogium could be pronounced, by one of Jourdan's mild character, on the man whose atrocious conduct at Hamburgh will cause his name to be recorded with infamy in the annals of mankind. Jourdan told of his rise to eminence, his courage in the field, his success as a general, and his steady adherence to the interests of the army. A murmur of approbation went through the ranks: such a eulogium was sufficient to engage the feelings of the French soldiers, every man of whom knew and felt that his merits in his profession might one day raise him to the same high command. This knowledge, of course, wonderfully increases the interest which they take in all that concerns their general, and sublimes among them that invaluable *esprit de corps*, which is the most striking and favourable characteristic of military men. If they were reminded of his savage violence at Hamburgh, they rebutted the charge of cruelty by an assurance of its necessity, and a confidence that it was essential to the support of their falling monarch. Such are the excuses for measures the most brutal and unjust, which will constantly be made by those who have been familiarized to the accompanying horrors of war; and such was the devotion of the French army to their great commander, that they were always satisfied with themselves, if the cause of Napoleon could be pleaded in justification of their conduct.

By the side of Jourdan stood two others of the men whose names have been so familiar to us—Soult and Suchet. These are not so old as Jourdan; but they will soon be numbered with the former generation. The men of the Revolution, and of the wars, its consequence, have faded from the scene, whilst its fame and theirs has lost but little of the painful interest which it once excited. As well as Ney, Davoust, Massena, and Mortier, who lie here side by side, Berthier, Murat, and a host of others, are gone. The mighty magician, too, who arose and "ruled the storm," who swayed such men as these at his pleasure, who wielded all the energies of France, and, at one time, with the glorious exception of our happy isles, commanded the destinies of Europe, has submitted to the same inevitable stroke and to the spell of a mightier Power. The most wondrous man of modern times, from the midst of a giant band he rises up with portentous pre-eminence, for ever to fix in history an epoch more remarkable than any since the fall of Rome; and from which, under more fortunate auspices, mankind are proceeding in a new career of political and intellectual advancement. One circumstance in the history of Napoleon connects him with the remarks with which I prefaced these recollections. In the hour of his pride, he had prepared for himself a tomb in the midst of others, where had lain, till the days of Robespierre, the ancient monarchs of the empire, which his eagle genius had so vainly seized for itself. And in those

days when the spirit which had awed the world was humbled, till it was controlled even in the management of his household, what time, in his solitary walks, the irritation of his feelings may have lost something of its bitterness, and given place to more gentle thoughts and to a sweet oblivion of the past, he formed the desire of being buried in the silent valley, to the retired charms of which he owed the happiness of a momentary composure. It is something in favour of Napoleon that he was free from the heartless philosophy which rejects all concern for the dead; and that, alike in his pride and his humiliation, he indulged the feelings of our common nature on such an interesting subject as the final disposal of the material frame.

The soldiers now paid their last tribute of respect to the memory of their general. Company brought up after company, in almost endless succession, fired over his tomb. The loud and frequent report echoed and re-echoed through the garden, and strangely altered the peaceful character of the scene. The horrid thunders of war seemed bursting over the mansions of the departed generals, and calling on them to rejoice in the music in which they once delighted. The troops were at length gradually withdrawn to an open spot near the gate, where they soon formed in their accustomed ranks, and then, followed by the crowds which their presence had collected, they marched away, leaving Père la Chaise as still and peaceful as before. I remained a short time by Ney's grave, and then, pluck-

ing one of the roses that flourished over it, quitted the spot. Walking down the hill, I found, with some difficulty, the tomb of the "gallant and devoted Labedoyère." The small medallion of his mourning wife and children is beautifully conceived, and well, though plainly, executed. By the desire of that unhappy woman, the monument is completely shrouded in cypress: no feeling but the deepest melancholy can find a place in our hearts when we survey his early tomb. The first officer of rank who joined the last daring enterprise of Napoleon, he had set his life upon the cast of his master's fortunes: success for a time smiled, but the reverse came, and he had stood the hazard. After some vain attempts to propitiate a once humbled and now victorious foe, which were not dictated by any unmanly fears but by the yearnings of an affectionate spirit for his beloved family, he presented his bosom to the aim of his weeping and long irresolute comrades, and sealed his heroic devotion to Napoleon with his blood. I could not resist the desire to take with me some remembrance of a man whose memory will be honoured as long as generous sentiments and the sacrifice of selfishness shall continue to be prized; and I placed a twig of the cypress within the leaves of my pocket-book, where it still lies with the rose-bud, now withered in its beauty, from the grave of Ney.

Many hours were thus spent in the indulgence of the numerous associations which such a place and the spectacle I had witnessed were calculated to awaken.

In my way home, I proceeded far on the Boulevards, and was long inattentive to the very different sights and sounds which they present, before my feelings returned to mingle, with their wonted interest, in the careless gaieties and intoxicating delights of the French metropolis. H. P.

THE GUIDING STAR.

BY THE LATE EDWARD KNIGHT, ESQ.

OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

WHAT is yon gem, so chaste and fair,
Exalted thus so high?
'Tis sure some spirit in the air,
Transferr'd from earth to sky,
The sense to charm.
I hail thee, friend of purest light,
That shinest so beautiful and bright,
To guide my steps, this dreary night,
From every harm.

What is yon star in the heavens set,
Whose rays invite me on?
It seems as though we oft had met;
'Tis sure some friend that 's gone,
And still would charm.
I hail thee! friend of purest light,
That shinest so beautiful and bright,
To guide my steps, this dreary night,
From every harm.

XERXES.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "METRICAL ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS OF HISTORY AND IMAGINATION."

A throne was erected for Xerxes upon an eminence; and there seeing all the sea crowded with his vessels, and the land covered with his troops, he at first felt a secret joy in surveying with his own eyes the vast extent of his power, and considered himself the most happy of mortals; but reflecting soon afterwards, that of so many thousands, in one hundred years' time there would not be one living soul remaining, his joy was turned into grief, and he could not forbear weeping at the instability of human things. ROLLIN.

He look'd upon the ocean bright—
And, far as he could gaze,
One glorious vision met his sight,
Lit with triumphant rays!—
His ships in thousands swept the wave,
In thousands stood his warriors brave,
Worthy a monarch's praise!
From east to west—o'er sea and land,
Wav'd scarf and plume!—flash'd spear and brand!

He turn'd—what to the monarch then
Was splendidly reveal'd?
Rank upon rank—two million men,
Spread mountain, rock, and field:
Amazing host! before his eye
They march'd, array'd for victory!
To conquer—not to yield!
Ambition fired his ardent soul—
The world seem'd laid 'neath his control!

That vast and valiant multitude
Own'd none save him their lord;
Nations to him for safety sued,
Thrones trembled at his word:
He moved! shook earth and boundless deep;
He spoke! and far as tempests sweep
His mighty voice was heard!
He fought! deep pestilence and blight
Polluted long the field of fight!

Yet now, while gathering far and wide,
His legions shone to view;
A breath of woe o'er vaunting pride,
Its withering shadow threw:
O power! where are thy glories now?
Thy votaries own, with burning brow,
They 're fleeting, frail, and few;
They find thy lustre, when most proud,
Is but the gilding on a cloud.

In light of youth, eager to bleed
For honours to be won;
Or pride of age and martial deed,
Victors of battles done;
They throng'd around him, while one thought
Into his brain like poison wrought,
He strove, in vain, to shun;
Like the destroyer's breath it came,
With chain and rack—with steel and flame.

'Twas this—that in one hundred years,
Which leave us like a dream,
Recording but life's many tears—
Lost youth nought may redeem:
Not one of all the breathing host,
That moment gladd'ning sea and coast,
Which godlike then might seem,
But would be mould'ring in the grave
With worms or monsters of the wave!

And 'tis a thought the mind to sear
In brightest days of life,
To lay the hopes we hold most dear,
Bare to the torturer's knife:
It is a thought of bitter wo
To find with all we love below
Disease and death is rife!
To see the beauteous forms we prize
Fade day by day before our eyes!

The mighty monarch, in that hour
Of pageantry, descried
How transient was all human power,
How weak all human pride;
How poor the objects art may gild;
The very rock on which we build
Our fame—how false, when tried!
His conscience, which so long had slept,
Reproved him—and he wept!—he wept!

A FATHER'S LEGACY TO HIS CHILDREN.

BY JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

When I am dead,
And this frail head
Lies hush'd in welcome rest,
O'er that sweet sleep
Nor wail nor weep:
To die is to be blest.

But, hand in hand,
Together stand
Over the grassy mound,
And ever vow
To live, as now,
In love and union bound.

Be to the last
Firm friends and fast,
On truth and honour bent,
In shine or storm,
And you 'll perform
My will and testament.

Fulfil this trust,
And o'er my dust,
For tomb and trophy, plant
A wooden rail,
Where the nightingale
My requiem may chant.

ELIZA CARTHAGO.

BY MRS. BOWDICH.

At four o'clock one morning I stepped into a canoe, to go to Elmina, the Dutch head-quarters. The land-wind was blowing strongly, and, although only five degrees north of the equator, I was glad of all the shawls and great-coats I could find to protect me from the chilling blast. Notwithstanding these coverings, I was quite benumbed, and landed at seven with the feelings which I should have had during a hard frost in England.

My visit was to the king of Elmina, a Dutch mulatto, of the name of Neazer. He had, during the slave-trade, been possessed of considerable property, which, added to his maternal connexions, gave him great power among the people of that place. He had also resisted every thing like oppression on the part of the Dutch, and, although ruined in fortune, he was invested with the royal dignity, in gratitude for his signal endeavours to prevent the exactions of General Daendels. I had to pass through the town to reach his house; and the narrow streets were thronged with people going to and from the market, close to his door. It was like other African markets, except that there was a circle of dogs for sale; a circumstance which I had not witnessed at Cape Coast. They were long-eared, wretched-looking, little beasts, valued at half

an ackie, or half-a-crown, each, and were to be made into soup.

I found his majesty surrounded by a few remnants of his former splendour, such as dim looking-glasses and tawdry sofas, and in an immense house, composed of dark passages and staircases, large halls, and a dirty black kitchen at the top. His attendants were royal in number, for most of his subjects were willing to wait on him for the sake of his good feeding. He received me very hospitably, and immediately set before me a splendid breakfast, presenting not only African but European delicacies. His garden supplied him with the former, and his wide acquaintance with the masters of trading vessels, who gladly purchased his influence with the natives, procured him the latter.

During our meal Mr. Neazer begged to introduce to me his sons, two of whom were just returned from an English school. "To be sure," he said, "they were terrible rascals, but then they were well educated, and polite enough to talk to an English lady." These "young boys," as he called them, were accordingly summoned, and, after a long interval, spent in decoration I believe, they appeared; but, instead of the infants I expected to see, they were tall, stout men. In lieu of the promised polish, each strove to make the other laugh at every word uttered by their papa; yet to me they were most respectful; for they heard my remarks with deference, assented to every observation, and bowed at the conclusion of every sentence as grace-

fully as they were permitted to do by the many yards of muslin which enveloped their throats, and by the scantiness of their best coats, which they had long outgrown. My risibility was so strongly excited that I feared I might not always command my gravity, and rejoiced at the proposal for a walk to see the garden and the garden-house.

The decay of his fortune had caused the decay of his country residence. Still Mr. Neazer loved to show it, and finding that I could not oblige him more, I sat down on a chair nearly demolished by white ants, but felt exceedingly nervous at the reptiles which I saw lurking in every crevice. Lizards chased each other with rapidity up and down the walls; centipedes and scorpions were not far off; and it only required a serpent to peep out to complete my apprehensions. I had passed two in my way, or rather they had rushed across my path; and I never could contemplate the possibility of their approach without a shudder. I tucked my gown close round me, and *making ready* with my parasol, I sat like a statue, till my attention was arrested by Mr. Neazer's account of the destruction of a Dutch fortress up the river Ancobra. I now repeat it as a curious exemplification of customs and manners, which will, I hope, through the endeavours of civilized Europe, ere long cease to exist.

The fortress named Eliza Carthago was built about the year 1700, in a lonely situation, fifty miles from the mouth of the Ancobra, a river of Ahanta, and far

from the reach of European assistance. This loneliness was not remedied by internal strength; for the utmost force placed there consisted of a handful of soldiers, a drummer, and a serjeant. The governor had resided in it for many years, and had apparently conciliated the natives. It was in the neighbourhood of the gold-pits; and during his trade he had amassed a quantity of rock-gold, and was altogether so rich, from possessing the exclusive commerce of this part of the interior, that he at length excited the cupidity of his neighbours. They met in council, and vowed to abet each other till the white man was ruined, never taking into consideration that his wealth had been won by fair dealing with themselves; that they had been the willing instruments of his success; and that they had also been enriched by their mutual barter. "No; it was not right that a white man should come and take away their gold, and they never would rest satisfied till they had it all back again." It was necessary for them, however, to act cautiously, for they had no desire that the fort should be for ever abandoned, as it kept the trade open, and supplied them with European articles at a much easier rate than by going to Elmina for them.

Their first plan was to invent some pretext for quarrelling with the governor; and, accordingly, the next bargain that took place between them was accompanied by so much extortion on their parts, that the Dutchman could not comply with their demands.

His continued resistance at length produced the wished-for dispute, or palaver; and open hostility manifested itself on the side of the natives. His cattle disappeared, his plantations were destroyed, his trade was stopped, and he was not allowed to purchase food in the market. His slaves contrived for a while to procure provisions, as if for themselves; but, their trick being discovered, they were forbidden to come into the town again for that purpose under pain of death, and their master was reduced to live entirely on the salted stores of the fortress.

The governor now began to think more seriously of the quarrel than he had hitherto done, and dispatched a trusty messenger to head-quarters for assistance. He then summoned the chiefs of the town to the fortress to talk over the palaver. This only produced still greater irritation; and the next morning he found himself surrounded by the natives, who were well armed with muskets, bows, and arrows. He shut up the fort, loaded the few guns which he possessed, and, parleying with them from the ramparts, threatened to fire on them if they did not retire. They only answered him with shouts of defiance. Still the poor governor hesitated, because, this step once taken, the difficulty of ever coming to an amicable arrangement was increased. He lingered in the hope of assistance from Elmina; but, exasperated at the death of one of his soldiers, who was shot as he walked along the walls, he at length fired. Great destruction was occasioned; but

his enemies were like hydras, the more he killed, the more their numbers seemed to increase; and day after day was spent in regular warfare. His soldiers were cut off by the skilful aim of these excellent marksmen; and, what was worse than all, his ammunition was fast decreasing. His cannon became useless; for in a short time he had not a man left who could manage them, or a ball to load them with. As long as he possessed iron and leaden bars, and brass rods, all of which are articles of trade, he was enabled to fire on the people with muskets; but at length even these failed him, and he was reduced to a few barrels of gunpowder. Every day he hoped for relief; every day he resorted to the bastion which overlooked the path to Elmina; but every day he was disappointed. Still every hour held out a hope; and he melted his rock-gold into bullets, and fired with these till he had no more. He was now entirely destitute of the means of defence; his stores were daily lessening, and want had already occasioned the desertion of his followers, who secretly stole from the fort and took refuge with the enemy. When the unhappy man mounted the walls with his telescope to look towards Elmina, his adversaries insulted him, and asked him when he expected news from the coast, and how many bullets he had left; and they showed him the pieces of gold which they had either picked up, or taken out of the bodies of those who had been killed by them. Finding that he still watched and hoped, they brought in sight his

messenger, who had been intercepted and put in irons by the wretches, before he had proceeded many miles on his way to Elmina.

This was the stroke of despair to the ill-fated European: every resource was gone; his only companions were a man, who had lived with him many years, and an orphan boy, who had each refused to quit him. With these he consulted, and seeing his destruction inevitable, he determined at least to be revenged on the villains who had bayed him to death. Assisted by the two servants, he placed all his gunpowder, which still amounted to a considerable quantity, in a small room underneath the hall of audience. He then passed the night in arranging his papers, making up the government accounts, willing away the property he had realised and sent home, and writing to a few friends. These dispatches he carefully secured on the person of the man, who had orders to try to make his escape with them the next morning, and to convey them to head-quarters.

At daybreak the governor appeared on the walls of his fortress, and made signs to the people without that he wished to speak with them. He gained a hearing, and then told them that he was now willing to give them whatever they asked, and to settle the palaver exactly as they wished; that, if the chiefs would come into the fort in about two hours to drink rum together, they would find him ready to deliver up his property to any amount they pleased. This proposal

was agreed to, the governor received his guests in the hall, and the people poured into the fortress. During the bustle which this occasioned, the faithful servant contrived to escape, and, creeping through the bushes, made the best of his way to Elmina. He had not proceeded far, however, when he heard a tremendous explosion; he turned round, and smoke, stones, and mangled human bodies were seen mingled together in the atmosphere. However prepared, the man involuntarily stopped to contemplate this awful catastrophe, and was only roused by the boy whom he had left with his master. It appeared that the governor affected to treat with the chiefs till he thought they were all assembled; he then reproached them with their perfidy and ingratitude, and exclaimed—"Now then, rascals, I will give you all I possess—all—all!" and stamped his foot with violence. This was the signal to the boy below, who instantly set fire to a covered train, sufficiently long to allow him to rush from the approaching mischief; and scarcely had he cleared the gates of the fortress, when all the chiefs perished with their victim, and many were killed who had assembled in the court.

The man and boy reached Elmina with the dreadful tale, and the ruin of the fortress, now an overgrown heap of stones, attests the truth of the story.

THE FAITHFUL GUARDIAN.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

Sweet innocence! how calm thou sleepest,
  Cradled beneath yon clustering boughs,
Where the green forest shade lies deepest,
  And the light noon-breeze freshest blows;
Where summer flowers, in beauty blending,
  Lure from his path the honey-bee;
And on his spray the linnet, bending,
  Attunes his softest lay for thee!

What though the gentle form that bore thee
  Awhile her treasured hope resign,
A mother's love still watches o'er thee,
  A mother's holiest trust is thine.
Move but a leaf, he starts, he listens;
  Wings some lone bird, and swift as thought
The guardian wakes—his quick eye glistens:
  Can faith, can friendship, thus be taught!

A few short years, and wildly roaming,
  Thy mute companion not more fleet,
The playful fawn shall list thy coming,
  And bound thy frolic step to meet.
Thee shall the breezy morn, inspiring,
  On dewy mead and upland see;
Nor till the day-beams' slow retiring
  Shall home, sweet home, have charms for thee.

Season of joy, of youthful daring,
Who would not these bright dreams renew?
When hope and health the glad hour sharing,
Tears were but sunbeams shrined in dew;
Wielding the bat, through ether soaring
On the far kite's aspiring wing,
Or the stream's coolest depths exploring—
Oh, why has life no second spring!

But summer dawns; and hours more tender,
Of richer light and deeper shade,
Shall mark thy throbbing heart surrender
Its homage to some bright-eyed maid.
Then, when the glowworm's lamp is lighting
Thy woodland path by lawn or lea,
And lips are prest, and vows are plighting—
Will time's soft whisper breathe for thee!

Love hath its pangs!—through grief and gladness
Its votary toils for one bright bourn;
And lengthening years but lead to sadness;—
Oh wilt not thou, sweet smiler, mourn,
When age, o'er thy protector stealing,
Shall dim the eye and dull the ear;
And these fair hands, her cold lids sealing,
Are folded o'er a mother's bier?

So passes life;—a current gliding
In sunshine or in storms away.

Thrice happy those, who, Virtue guiding,
Bow to the tempest, bless the ray!
Whose silent path through soft vales flowing,
No dream of wild ambition knows;
Grateful that Heaven, meet aid bestowing,
Smiles on their course, and gilds its close!

EPITAPH ON A GNAT,

FOUND CRUSHED ON THE LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM, AND WRITTEN (WITH A DIFFERENT READING IN THE LAST LINE) IN LEAD PENCIL BENEATH IT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Lie there, embalm'd from age to age!—
This is the album's noblest page,
Though every glowing leaf be fraught
With painting, poesy, and thought;
Where tracks of mortal hands are seen,
A hand invisible hath been,
And left this autograph behind,
This image from th' eternal mind;
A work of skill surpassing sense,
A labour of Omnipotence!

Though frail as dust it meet the eye,
He form'd this gnat who built the sky;
Stop—lest it vanish at thy breath—
This speck had life, and suffer'd death!

Sheffield, July 18, 1827.

SONG.

BY JOHN CLARE.

O THE voice of woman's love!—
What a bosom-stirring word!
Was a sweeter ever utter'd,
Was a dearer ever heard,
Than woman's love?

How it melts upon the ear!
How it nourishes the heart!
Cold, ah! cold must his appear
That has never shared a part
Of woman's love.

'Tis pleasure to the mourner,
'Tis freedom to the thrall:
The pilgrimage of many,
And the resting-place of all,
Is woman's love.

'Tis the gem of beauty's birth;
It competes with joys above:
What were angels upon earth,
If without woman's love—
Sweet woman's love?

TERENCE O'FLAHERTY.

The deil cam fiddlin' through the town
And danced awa wi' th' exciseman.

BURNS.

Now, if you will just hold your tongue for a short space, I shall tell you all about Terence O'Flaherty, the little, red-headed tailor, who lived down in Kilrandy, just as you pass the door of Dermot Reilly and get upon the common. I shall tell you all about him and his cross-tempered wife Judy; and how he snuffed, and chatted, and drank poteen with the ould enemy; and how he made the devil a pair of buckskin breeches, and at last got rid of his wife, and lived happily till he died—if he be indeed dead, which is the only thing concerning him which I don't know any thing about.

Well, then, it happened one winter day, about eleven o'clock at night, that Judy had gone to bed, and left Terence sitting upon the shop-board, patching a pair of corduroy breeches belonging to Father O'Phelim, the parish priest. Now you must know that, before turning in to roost, Judy had had a bit of a *row* with the tailor, and had lent him a thump on the side of the head with a large three-cornered potatoe, which made his eyes to water; but whether it was the potatoe, or a stiff glass of whiskey he had taken just before, that made them to water, I'm sure I do not know. "Ochon!" said Terence, as he stitched away at Father O'Phelim's breeches, "my case is a plaguy bad one, and I am all in a bother what to do."

"As you say, your case is bad enough," spake some one nigh at hand; and, on raising his eyes from his work, whom did Terence see but a good-looking, dark-faced, elderly gentleman, dressed in black, and having Dutch spectacles upon his nose, seated opposite to him, with his elbows leaning upon the shop-board, his chin supported upon his hands, and his eyes fixed upon O'Flaherty?

"My case, an plaise your honour, is bad enough in all conscience," quoth Terence; "but I am afraid it must stand as it is, as there is no help for it at all."

"That is as may be hereafter," observed the stranger. "I know better than you do yourself that you are as thoroughly henpecked as any man in Ireland."

"And that's as true a thing as ever was spoken," said Terence.

"And then your wife—"

"Arrah, now, plaise your worship, don't say any thing about her, for she sleeps in the next room, and will hear every word that comes out of your mouth."

"Ah, there you go!" replied the gentleman. "I wonder, Tailor O'Flaherty, you aren't ashamed of yourself. Devil a word dare you utter above your breath. Throw off this foolish bondage and be yourself again: can't you speak, man?" But Terence was as dumb as a fish, and, instead of answering the worthy ould gentleman, he began to mope and sigh like a quaker, and looked as melancholy as if he were a parson saying the service over the dead.

"Did you hear what I was saying, tailor?" demanded the gentleman again.

"O yes I did," quoth Terence, "but my wife—"

"Pugh!—pack your wife to the devil, can't you?"

"I wish she were there, from the bottom of my sowl," said O'Flaherty.

Now, it would have done your heart good to see how the stranger looked when he heard these words. He took Terence by the hand, and shook him so hard, that the tears started from his finger ends, and he thought himself in purgatory, or in a worser place.

"Well, tailor, I am glad to hear you say so; blood and wounds! I am; and it is for the purpose of ridding you of Judy that I am here." So spoke the ould gentleman, and Terence, for very joy, threw his arms around him, and hugged him as if he had been his grandfather.

"Och! if it be that your reverence has come about, you are sure the most worthiest carrater in all Kilkenndy; and I will follow you to the world's end, and drink your health every day of the year and every hour of the day."

Now, what think you the ould gentleman did? He took from his side-pocket a small blank-paper book, and a phial of red ink, and a pen: and when he had done this he dipped the pen in the ink and gave it to Terence, and told him to write his name in a particular part of the book, which he pointed to with his finger.

But when Terence was going to do this, he suddenly recollected that he could not write a single letter: but the stranger told him it was no matter, for his mark would do as well. So Terence made his mark; and when he had made it, he inquired if there was any thing more to be done.

"There is nothing more," said the gentleman, "but to make my breeches as fast as you can."

"What breeches, an plaise your honour?" axed O'Flaherty.

"Now, Terence, aren't you a downright blockhead not to know what you have put your mark to? Don't you see you have engaged to make me a pair of buckskins, on condition that I free you from your wife? and don't you see farther that if you break the contract your sowl becomes mine for ever?"

"Ah, you are a rum one!" said Terence, shaking his head, and smiling good-humouredly at the stranger. "But no matter—I shall make you such a pair of buckskins as Counsellor O'Connell might be proud to stuff his legs into. But, remember, you are to do for Judy. If you fail to give her a snoozer you shall neither get my sowl nor the breeches: recollect that, your honour."

"Never fear," said the ould gentleman. "As sure as I am a Christian you may depend on me—indeed you may, Terence O'Flaherty."

"Your very appearance," rejoined Terence—for the cratur would always be talking—"proclaims you a

Christian. If all Christians were like you, your honour, this world would be a plaisant place to live in; but, by Jasus—"

"Will you not hold that tongue of yours?" said the ould gentleman in a great passion, as Terence uttered the last word of his sentence. "I tell you, O'Flaherty, what it is—if you presume to swear again in my presence, by the powers, I shall cut you for ever: and Judy shall hang like a millstone around your neck as long as you live. What the deuce! can't you converse without having recourse to the damnable and unchristian habit of profane swearing?" When Terence heard this, he thought the ould man was going to kick up a row, and he fell down upon his knees and begged his pardon; but, while he did this, he could not help thinking that his reverence was not so averse to hear himself a-swearing as he was to hear other people.

Then, without spaiking a word, the tailor went to his chest, and brought out three or four pieces of good buckskin, which he had purchased some weeks before from Mr. Murphy O'Leary, the cloth-merchant, at the Cove of Cork. And he took the measure of his new customer, and began to work in sober earnest. And while he was working, the gentleman sat opposite to him, sometimes whistling Paddy Carey, sometimes humming snatches of songs in an outlandish lingo, and sometimes chatting upon indifferent subjects. As for Terence—poor child—his brain was not much given to the sin of thinking; and for a time he abstained

from any sort of indulgence in this respect. But, notwithstanding all this, he could not so far get rid of his senses as to give over reflecting upon the circumstances he was placed in, and upon the carrater of the worthy stranger who had so opportunely come to his assistance. As soon, therefore, as his ideas were somewhat settled, he began to wonder how his honour—God bless him—had got into the house.

There was another thing which bothered him not a little, and it was this—that before an hour had gone by, the buckskins he was working at were nearly finished. But the greatest wonder of all was, that the thread with which he commenced never grew shorter. It remained the same, and looked as if it could stitch all the breeches in Ireland ten times over. However, these things, although they surprised, gave him no sort of uneasiness: he looked upon the whole affair as a miracle; and he had seen miracles performed fifty times ere now by Father O'Phelim, the parish priest.

While he was reflecting in this manner, the ould gentleman offered him a pinch of snuff, and axed him how he liked it. "Och! an plaise your honour," quoth Terence, "it is just excellent; but, plague take me, if I don't think it smells confoundedly of brimstone." Nor did the stranger's goodness end here, for he brought a bottle and glass from his side pocket, and, placing them upon the shop-board, he desired the tailor to pledge him in a thimbleful. O'Flaherty was not the boy to refuse such a challenge; and he swallowed,

at one gulp, a bumper of the liquor—which, much to his heart's content, proved to be excellent poteen. "Now, get done with your work," said the gentleman, after clearing a glass to the health of the tailor. "That I will, your honour," answered Terence; and he sewed at such a furious rate as never was heard of since the days of O'Brien the Great, or Phineas O'Donachy, the first king of Munster. So rapid was the motion of his needle that it was invisible even to himself; and he worked more by a kind of diabolical frenzy than by the mere efforts of his own free will.

I do not know whether it was the whiskey which had taken to Terence's head, but, sure enough, whenever he happened to look at his ould friend, he saw something about him that put him all in a puzzle. His eyes—that is, the ould gentleman's—which were naturally as brown as the bog of Allan, seemed to glare like burning coals. "What can this mean?" said Terence: "sure my brain is getting muzzy, or there is something odd about your honour's eyes."

"Och! Terence, you are a sad fool," spoke his honour—"can't you mind your work, and be done with it?" So the tailor once more set himself a-going, and in three minutes the buckskins were completed.

"Now, O'Flaherty," said the stranger, "you must put on them there things, and we shall have a comfortable glass afterwards."

"Plaise your reverence, I have no objections to the glass; but rot me if I wear the breeches."

"You must put them on, Terence: I insist upon it, you must."

"May I never get out of purgatory if I do!" answered the tailor.

"Then," said the other, "there is an end of the business. I shall leave you to your wife, and she shall torment you both in this world and in the next; so have a care of your conscience, Terence O'Flaherty."

This threat had the effect it was intended to have. Terence put on the breeches as he was commanded, and set about assisting his comrade to empty the whiskey-bottle of its contents.

Of a truth, they were not long in doing this. Glass after glass disappeared like magic, and the spirits of both got up to such a pitch that nothing would serve them but they must sing songs and tell stories, till the very roof resounded with the echoes of their voices. Judy must have been in a devil of a snooze not to hear them; and it would have been well for her had she been snoozing still, poor sowl, as you will see before I am done with my story. Terence, in truth, forgot there was such a cratur in the world, which was a thing he had not done since he was joined to her in the holy bonds of matrimony by Father O'Phelim, in the parish church of Kilrandy. He was thinking upon something else all the time: he was thinking of the good poteen that stood before him, and praying to the saints that it might last for ever and ever.

But while he was thinking upon this with all his might, it did not escape him that there was something devilish queer about the ould gentleman. Those luminous eyes, which formerly struck his observation, now appeared more luminous than ever. They were like cats' eyes or owls' eyes, when them animals prowl in the dark, and they cast such a dazzling glitter upon the tailor as well nigh to deprive him of his own. Nor was this all; for, whenever the stranger was highly tickled with any thing that Terence said, there was heard a rustling and wagging, backwards and forwards, as if something beneath the table swept the floor.

"Och! your honour, what can that be that makes such a noise at your feet?"

"Say nothing about it, Terence," quoth the ould man; "it is only my tail, which has got a bad habit of moving itself when I am plaised."

"Your tail!" said Terence, laughing heartily. "Ah, I have found you out at last. Now I will wager you any thing you have got cloven feet as well as a tail."

"In good truth have I," said his honour; "as you may see with your own eyes." And he lifted up his two feet, and showed them to the tailor; and they were as cloven as any cow or sheep in the country-side.

You will perhaps suppose that Terence was frightened at all this; but devil a bit: he thought the joke a mighty good one; and putting his finger to his nose, and winking slily, and giving a facetious nod and smile,

he let the ould gentleman understand that he knew all about him.

"Aha! you are a sly one," quoth he: "I said so at first, but you see I have discovered you; and you sha'n't stir from this house till you have played me a tune upon your fiddle, for I am sure you carry one about with you."

"You shall not want for a tune," spoke his reverence; "but I think a dance would be no bad accompaniment. Suppose we rouse up Judy; and you and she will dance a twosome reel, while I furnish the music?"

"Botheration, no! that will never do," answered O'Flaherty; "but if you will just let me dance a hornpipe by myself, in the first place, you and Judy may dance to purgatory by yourselves afterwards—an it plaise your honour."

"Well, then, Terence," said the ould man, "I take you at your word; and I'm sure you'll bless me for it as long as you live." And he brought out his fiddle, and struck up a hornpipe; and Terence danced to it upon his own shop-board, leaping up like a lunatic, till his crown struck the roof, and shaking the room like thunder; while his reverence stood upon the floor playing his fiddle, stamping delightedly with his cloven feet, and wagging his tail in all directions in long spiral turns. Nor was this all; for no sooner did Terence begin to dance, than his scissars, and needles, and goose, and smoothing-board, did the same thing. Their

example was followed by the poker and tongs, and, at last, by all the furniture in the apartment. The whole were dancing, both the living and the dead; and the longer they danced, the more violent and unruly their gesticulations became.

But och, what a pity! this fine party was in a moment blown up by Judy, who suddenly opened the door of her own room, and popped her meagre, ill-natured face into the shop. All at once the music stopped: Terence leaped down alarmed from the work-board, and poker, tongs, and furniture, tumbled headlong to the ground. There was not a sowl in the room who preserved a particle of coolness except the ould gentleman, who kept his temper and spirits marvellously well, and neither showed any signs of fear nor passion. I need not tell you, that when Judy saw all these pretty goings-on she was mightily bamboozled. She did not know what to make of it, and gazed like a stuck pig upon the scene which lay before her. But she soon made up her mind how to act, and, laying hold of the poker, she advanced to Terence with the intention, no doubt, of letting the light of day into his numskull. Terence, like a wise man, slunk behind his honour, and left *him* to bear the first brunt of the engagement; and, when Judy came on, the ould gentleman kept between her and her husband, and saved the tailor's skin from whatever compliments were charitably intended for it. But this would not do for Judy, who swore by the rowley-powley and the tumbling

Tom, that if she couldn't have her will of the one she would have it of the other. So she struck the worthy ould man an infernal whack on one side of the sconce; but he only laughed at it—and so did Terence; for a long black horn sprouted out from the gentleman's head, at the very spot where he received the blow. Judy was not slow in repeating the compliment upon the other side, when a second horn, precisely the same as the first, came instantly forth. As for the blows, they did not harm him a bit; and he laughed them off as if he had been struck by a feather.

When Judy saw this, she smelt a rat; she smoked his reverence, and thought it would be noways inconsistent with her valour to sound a parley, and, if possible, make a safe retreat. Poor sowl, she got alarmed; for the gentleman had not only a couple of horns stuck out from his head, but his eyes, as they shone through the glasses of his spectacles, were like red-hot iron; and, in addition, she perceived, for the first time, that he had a long tail, and was cloven-footed. "Saint Peter, help me now!" said she; "for, as sure as my name is Judy O'Flaherty, you are the devil himself; and the sooner I take myself off from you the better." When she spoke these words, she made towards her own room, in the hope of getting fairly in, and of bolting his reverence and her husband as fairly out. But the ould gentleman was too quick for her, for he placed himself opposite to the door; Terence still keeping his station comfortably at his back. Then he

began again to play upon the fiddle; and Judy, in spite of her teeth, got into the middle of the floor, and commenced dancing about in all directions, as if she were bewitched. And no sooner had she begun to dance, than Terence did the same thing; and the poker, the tongs, and the rest of the furniture, recommenced their old pranks, and danced as briskly as at first. In vain did Judy weep, and shriek, and tear her hair in agony; she was compelled to dance; there was no help for her pitiful case: dance she must, by hook and crook, so long as his worship—God bless him!—played upon his fiddle.

"Now, Terence," said the ould gentleman, after a little time, "will you open the door, and Judy and I will take a dance by ourselves in the open air? But see, my dear child, that you keep to the house, and don't be following after us."

Now, when Judy heard this, she got more alarmed than ever, and prayed to Terence, as he valued her sowl, not to do what his reverence desired him; but Terence did not value her sowl a frosted potatoe, and he opened the door in the twinkling of an eye. Out then passed the ould gentleman playing upon the fiddle, and out after him went Judy, tearing her cheeks, and dancing, in the extreme of terror and amazement. As soon as they were out, Terence stood at the door to observe whither they were bound. It was moonlight; and he saw them first dance down his potatoe-garden, which stood in the front of the house; then they got

into the bog beyond it; but where they went after that he could not tell, for they soon melted in the gloom of night; and the sound of the fiddle and Judy's shrieks shortly afterwards dissolved away in the distance. But before they had gone too far to be heard, he was reminded of the buckskin breeches he had on, and called aloud to inquire if his reverence would not take them along with him. "Och! no, Terence; keep them to yourself, and wear them, like a good boy—and my blessing be with you." Such was the answer of the worthy ould gentleman who danced away with the wife of Terence O'Flaherty.

On hearing this, and being assured of his riddance, Terence laughed himself to death with joy; and tumbling into bed, clothes and all, he slept soundly till the light of morning, peering in at his window, awakened him. The first thing he did was to look for his wife, lest the gentleman might have got tired of her, and she might have taken it into her head to come back: but no Judy was to be seen, dead or alive. He then began to examine whether he still had on the buckskin breeches which he made for his reverence, but they were gone too; and he found, to his surprise, that instead of them, he had got on the corduroy breeches of Father O'Phelim. How this happened, neither the tailor himself, nor any man, woman, or child, in Kilrandy could ever tell; but so it is; and I give the story as it was related to me by Terence's own mouth. He gave it as his own opinion, that the thing was done by

a miracle, and I am free to confess that this is my opinion likewise.

There is something else which I must mention; and that is, a report of Judy O'Flaherty having been seen three months after in company with a corporal of the Connaught rangers, who was seen lurking about the house the very night she danced away with the ould gentleman. But I don't believe any of them things; and how, in the name of the saints, could I? seeing that Terence swore upon his Bible that he saw her go off in the way I have here circumstantially related. All I have got to say is, that if she really danced off in this manner, there is no great likelihood that we shall ever see her again in Kilrandy: and, for the sake of poor Terence and my story, I hope we never may.

A Modern Pythagorean.

PHAON IN SICILY.

Fair youth, thy careless footsteps stray
O'er lawns where brightest sunbeams play,
Beneath a deep and glowing sky,
Beside the streams of Sicily;
What time the summer noontide brings
Hyblæan sweets on zephyr's wings:
Yet, yet, as lovely, Nature's smile
Beams o'er the meads of Lesbos' isle.

But, oh! more brilliant joys are thine:
The goblets crown'd with Chian wine,
The board adorn'd with blushing flowers,
And many a lute's harmonious powers;
With such delights, so softly gay,
Youth speeds the twilight hours away:
Yet, yet might Music's charms beguile,
And banquets shine in Lesbos' isle.

Fair youth, and wilt thou still remain
In heartless ease on Enna's plain?
O Love! how powerful are thy ties!
Beauty! how strong thy flashing eyes!
Amid the festive dance and song
Sicilia's joyous virgins throng:—
Yet who is she who mourns the while
Within the bowers of Lesbos' isle?

Then seek, false youth, thy Lesbian maid,
Weeping beneath her native shade!
No voice, no thought, her bosom cheers;
Her very dreams are dreams of tears;—
Return to her who once could please
Thy soul with nobler joys than these,
Lest future ages curse the guile
Which slew the maid of Lesbos' isle.

A. K.

TINTAGEL CASTLE.

BY JOHN MICHELL, ESQ.

Visit the city—there the eye admires
Cathedrals, palaces, and glittering spires;
A thousand glories open on the sight,
Yet fancy aids not in the keen delight.
Vivid impressions, which at first were made
On the rapt soul, like fleeting visions fade;
And calm Reflection dies amid the loud,
Eternal tumult of the passing crowd.
'Tis in the rare-frequented solitudes
Of nature's reign that Contemplation broods;
'Tis far from this world's vacillating scene,
On the rough wave, or pathless wild serene,
That, nursing his high thoughts, young Genius dwells,
Circled by sweet yet melancholy spells.
'Tis when alone that Fancy brightly glows,
And o'er each object soft delusion throws;
That sanguine Hope approaching bliss reveals,
And thrills of ecstacy the spirit feels.

Birth-place of Arthur! scene of many a crime!
Stupendous relics of a distant time!
Oft the abode of Merlin—wondrous sage,
Whose wand even ocean's fury could assuage!—
I woo thy utter loneliness, and raise
These few rude harpings to thy memory's praise.

Reft from the parent land by some dire shock,
Majestically stands an island rock,

On whose rough brow Tintagel's donjon-keep
Sternly uprears, and bristles o'er the deep.
Here arches, portals, towers, and pillars gray,
Lie scatter'd, all in ruinous decay;
And wild the scene;—from far is heard the roar
Of billows breaking on the shingly shore,
And, at long intervals, the startling shriek
Of the white tenants of the lofty peak.
Beneath in caverns raves the madd'ning surge;
Around with ruins capt grim rocks emerge;
And Desolation fills his gloomy throne,
Raised on the fragments of an age unknown.

I view these ruins, and my fancy warms;
Before me glide dim-seen, unearthly forms.
Now scarcely audible, now floating near,
The mystic tones of some sweet lyre I hear;
Dark cliffs and frowning ruins, waves and skies,
Blend with each other—slumber seals my eyes.

A thousand years, even more, my mind recalls;
Again upstart Tintagel's mouldering walls
In all their pristine glory:—dimly gleams
The warder's armour—bright the banner streams.
Dark is the night: within the hall of state
A hundred knights have met to celebrate
Their monarch's victories—sparkling wine gives birth
To wild confusion and incessant mirth.
Clear shines the hearth-fire, and the torch illumes
Cuirass and crest, and darkly nodding plumes.

The white-haired bard arises from his seat;
A hundred voices his arising greet.
The high achievements of Cornubia's kings,
The deeds of heroes, to his harp he sings,
While the horn's notes the symphonies prolong,
And fill the pauses in his martial song.
He ceases—loud the clang of armour breaks;
His song has flush'd the warriors' sun-burnt cheeks:
Breathless he rests upon his harp awhile,
And views on beauty's lip the applausive smile.

I wake—I rise—the vision fades away—
I grasp the ruins, and behold the day;
Again behold along the waves' expanse
The quivering beams of sunset radiance dance.

How dread the scene on grim Tintagel's height,
When the storm rages in the gloom of night,
When giant rocks enshrined in foam are seen,
When thunders burst, and lightnings flash between!
How sweet the scene, when, on the moonlight tide,
Their white sails set, the fishers' scallops ride;
When through gray arches and huge portals sigh
The gentle zephyrs of a summer sky!
How sweet to linger on the moss-grown pile,
The ivied ruins of Tintagel's isle*,
And, lost in fancy, from the dizzy height,
Behold dark squadrons mingling in the fight;

* The castle is situate on an islet.

Behold distinctly the long flashing spear
Of visor'd warrior in his swift career;
Admire the tumult of the glowing sky;
List to and shudder at the battle-cry;
Or breathless pause, as, on the billows borne,
Come the responses of the martial horn!

Alas! the days of chivalry are o'er,
The enchanted charger spurns the heath no more;
No longer, frowning o'er the dreadful moat
Of gothic battlements, red banners float;
And, save to light some visionary's dream,
No longer knights in dazzling armour gleam;
Their fame Tradition's tales alone prolong,
And Arthur lives but in romance or song!

Calenick, Truro.

IMPROMPTU ON WASTE.

BY THE LATE EDWARD KNIGHT, ESQ.

Oh! waste thou not the smallest thing
Created by Divinity;
For grains of sand the mountains make,
And atomies infinity.
Waste thou not, then, the smallest time,
'Tis imbecile infirmity;
For well thou know'st, if aught thou know'st,
That seconds form eternity.

THE ENTHUSIAST ON THE WATERS.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

Far off and near the billow roll'd,
A crimson wreath, or crisped gold,
And, duskier from the gradual shade,
With shells, in dying murmurs, play'd;
Till, as it slept against the shore,
Its plaintive voice was heard no more.

'Twas then, in that delicious calm,
When every breath of eve was balm,
I bade my shallop glance along,
And listen'd to the sea-gull's song;
Or, musing on the twilight scene,
So still, so solemnly serene,
Amidst a little quiet bay,
Steer'd, slow, my solitary way.

Where the last purple tints were shed,
The impending cliff frown'd o'er my head;
Around me rose the rippling tide;
And the full moon o'er ocean wide
Its splendour flung, in dizzy dance,
Silvering the dark-green expanse.

Still swell'd the waters, and now broke
In foam on a protruded rock;

When, wash'd by wave quick chasing wave,
In sudden glimmerings yawn'd a cave.
—And, say, what vision on my sight
Bursts from the cavern gloom, so bright,
Her vesture bath'd in lunar light?
'Scaped from beneath, where eddies sweep,
Is it a mermaid of the deep?—
Not so the sea-nymph—heavenly fair.—
Not so the hyacinthine hair—
Not so the lips the Loves imbue—
The eyelash, shadowing radiance blue—
The graceful form—the hand that pray'd,
Lifted, for Pity's sake, for aid—
In any wild nymph of the sea
Could thrill the bosom, or could be!

"Sweet stranger! if thou safety seek,
Though slight, full soon this swift caïque
Shall bear thee where no billows reach—
Shall set thee on the friendly beach!—
Oh, linger not—the waves come fast."
Tremulous, all in breathless haste,
I grasp'd her white hand; nor delay'd
One moment the confiding maid.

Rapid, around a craggy verge,
My bark now skimm'd the feathery surge,
Now glided o'er the brine, that (hush'd
To slumbers calm again) was flush'd

With lushes, glittering from below,
Or gleam'd one red translucent glow*:
When, in the horizontal sky,
What I at first could scarce descry,
A vivid speck appear'd to rise,
To wake mysterious sympathies:
A spot, where glory seem'd to rest,
As on some island of the blest.

Oh! as we hover'd o'er the wave,
In stillness, such as folds the grave;
And fancy nursed the reverie
That link'd my angel-friend and me;
And wish'd some soft Etesian air,
Some genial breeze, might waft us there;
I felt as if the veil between
This fleeting and the unfading scene
Were rent asunder, and disclosed
To sense immortal spirits reposed
Where, purer than on earth is given,
They antedate the bliss of heaven.
—But, hark! from yon dim castle-walls!—
Hark! from above a father calls!—
"My sire! my sire!——Adieu!" she said,
And all the vision'd "glory" fled.

* Such appearances in the sea I have often observed, particularly in the very *dark-green sea—phosphoric*, some say. The luminousness runs to a great depth.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

COMMENCED IN SAVOY, BETWEEN FRANGY AND GENEVA, ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1826.

BY THE REV. GEORGE DOWNES.

Beautiful art thou in thy coming forth,
New-risen year—silent and beautiful!
Yon steady sun, by no obtrusive cloud
Reft of one beam, lights up the landscape round,
Turning the snow—which, like a winding-sheet,
Lay cold and cheerless o'er these Savoy hills—
To a gay mantle woven of choicest gold.
Silent and beautiful! no sound is nigh,
Save where the icicle, tinkling through the hedge,
Drops to the earth—a tiny avalanche,
That, falling, crushes some poor insect's home.
Such insects we, building and fashioning
Our airy castles, doom'd to be the sport
Of that stern jester, Time, who shatters all
Our fond imaginings, and loves to thwart
The fairest hopes of all-projecting man.
And yet, full oft our tyrant lures us on
Through bow'rs of bliss, strewing our mazy path
With fragrant chaplets won from Flora's hand.
Such lot is theirs who pass from realm to realm,
Rejoicing on their way, with gladsome hearts,
Adoring Nature in her loveliest forms—
Adoring Nature, and adoring God!

THE VILLAGE OF SCHEVELING.

A DUTCH LEGEND OF 1530.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulphs the land the furious tide.

CROLY.

A STARTLING sound by night was heard
From the wild Scheveling coast;
Like vultures on their clamorous flight,
Or the trampling of a host.

It broke the sleepers' heavy rest,
With harsh and threat'ning cry;
Storm was upon the lonely sea!—
Storm on the midnight sky!

The slumberers started up from sleep,
Like spectres from their graves;
Then—burst a hundred voices forth—
The waves!—the waves!—the waves!

The strong-built dykes lay overthrown;
And on their deadly way,
Like lions, came the mighty seas,
Impatient for their prey!

Like lions came the mighty seas—
O vision of despair!—

'Mid ruins of their falling homes,
  The blackness of the air,

Fathers beheld the hast'ning doom,
  With stern, delirious, eye;
Wildly they look'd around for help—
  No help, alas! was nigh.

Mothers stood trembling with their babes,
  Uttering complaints—in vain—
No arm—but the Almighty arm—
  Might stem that dreadful main!

Jesu! it was a fearful hour!
  The elemental strife,
Howling above the shrieks of death—
  The struggling groans for life!

No mercy, no relapse, no hope,
  That night—the tempest-tost
Saw their paternal homes engulph'd—
  Lost!—oh, for ever lost!

Again the blessed morning light
  In the far heavens shone;
But where the pleasant village stood
  Swept the dark floods alone!

THE EUTHANASIA.

A STORY OF MODERN GREECE.

——"The sun is setting, and the doors must be shut before nightfall; it was Kalsandoni's last order. Girl, what can keep you lingering so long below?" was cried out from the top of the long steep stair that led to the summer chamber of the wife of Kalsandoni.

"I am coming, mother—I shall be with you in a moment; the sun is not going down yet," was the answer, in the silver voice of Euphrosyne, from the garden-door. But the voice was more silvery still in which she whispered—"Now be obedient, Carlo, and leave me. It will be dark immediately, and you will never be able to get into the town." The advice was received, as advice generally is, with a total disregard of its value, and the pretty giver of so much wisdom was obliged to give it over again. The listener was still sceptical in the extreme as to the necessity of so rapid a retreat. New arguments were of course necessary, and the dialogue was prolonged, until the wife of Kalsandoni was heard exerting her maternal tones yet more loudly from the summit of her tower: the sun gave a sudden dip into the sea, which he seemed to set on fire; and the noise of an authoritative foot coming down stairs made a separation inevitable.

"Farewell, then, my sweet! farewell, light of my soul, my own Euphrosyne!" was responded in the dusk, followed by a sound which proved that the lips of the speaker could do more than talk, and which sent Eu-

phrosyne back half a dozen steps totally confounded, trembling from head to foot, and redder than the very roses that clustered over her.

"I shall never forgive you for this, Carlo," said she, when her breath came again. "You have never dared to presume on my patience before."

"Never!" said Carlo; "never, my sweet! it is my first offence, and should be forgiven; it may be my last, and must be forgiven."

"Your last, Carlo!—Heavens, I hope not: What do you mean?"

Carlo laughed. "Well, Euphrosyne, that little speech of yours luckily falls into an ear that can remember nothing but that you are the loveliest child of nature. But what would you say, my beauty, my bride so soon to be, if I were going to take leave of you for a while?"

"Go, if you will, sir; I acquit you of all promise. But," and the laugh died away, "perhaps you are going to be married to Argyrophili's daughter? I ask the question through mere curiosity. You Italians are in love with every body for a week, and then, on the Sunday, marry some old woman or stranger for her money."

"I may be going to wed one whom I have often seen," said the Italian.

Euphrosyne's flashing eyes were fastened on his countenance, as if she heard with them.

"My bride is to some eyes the loveliest of all that are to be seen upon the earth," said Carlo.

Euphrosyne started from the hand that clasped her.

"Yet I think her, at this moment, the most hideous of all possible beings," continued Carlo.

Euphrosyne relentingly suffered her little taper fingers to twine with those of the hand still held towards her.

"Yet she is the most faithful creature that man ever trusted with his heart," said Carlo.

"Torture me no more with this raillery, but let me begone," sighed his agitated hearer.

"She ought to excite no emulation of yours," replied the Italian; "for she is the wife of every husband that she can seize."

"Is she rich?"

"Immeasurably!"

"And young, fond, delicate, wise?" wept Euphrosyne. "Then go, Carlo, and be happy."

"She is all those: young, for she is the creature of a moment; fond, for where she has once attached herself no time can dissolve the tie; delicate, for the slightest flowers that bloom and breathe on her bosom are not more an emblem of fragility; and wise, for all that mankind knows becomes perpetually hers."

Euphrosyne clasped her hands on her forehead, that felt like a furnace, and blindly walked up the stairs.

"One word more," whispered the Italian, detaining her by the robe. "This possible bride is old, heartless, and rude."

"What am I to understand by all this? It is cruel

of you to perplex me, Carlo. But you will marry her, after all?" said the young Greek, pausing on the stair.

"In two days I will marry either you or her. To-morrow night I must see this being whom I thoroughly hate," said Carlo, with a languid smile. "But, come, my love, if we must part, let us part as friends. Never, while I retain my senses—never, while I have an eye that can feel the charms of matchless beauty, or a heart that can beat with passion for virtue, tenderness, and truth, can I willingly lead any other bride to the altar than my own Euphrosyne."

The words sank into her soul. She tottered forward, and fell upon his neck. The lover silently raised up that exquisite countenance, and sadly gazed upon it in the last gleam of the sunshine, as if in its fainting colours was going out the sunshine of his life. No words were spoken. Euphrosyne's tears fell large and quick from her eyelashes. Her red lips quivered.

"Farewell, my beloved, my bride!" at length sighed the Italian. He pressed a kiss on her white forehead, and, with one wild and long embrace, turned away. Both felt as if the spirit had departed from them at the moment.

Let me go back two months. Kalsandoni's dwelling had once been a wing of the palace of Beker Ali, pasha of Acarnania. The Turks, voluptuaries like the monks, knew like them how to choose a situation as well as any men in the world; and Beker Ali had built this summer pavilion on the brow of the richest hill that

was to be seen for leagues round Missolonghi. But Ali Pasha first shook the lazy Turk out of its pillows; then came the Greek patriots, and made a bonfire of a wing and the centre; and then came Kalsandoni, a chieftain of the klephts, who seized the remainder, in right of having cut off the ears of the commandant of Ali, and being the first to take possession.

The view from its upper chambers was boundless; and many an hour had Euphrosyne, the gentle daughter of so rough a sire, sat in the viranda, watching the glorious colours of the clouds, as they rose up the sky, like successive fleets, to cast anchor on the mountain frontier of Acarnania; or following with her gaze the long flights of the sea-fowl, that, coming by thousands and tens of thousands from the rough precipices and furious snow-storms of the Pindus, made her wish for wings to fly with them in chase of summer to the groves and rills of Asia. The sea, brilliant as a sheet of lapis-lazuli, and made picturesque by green islands and mountains clothed with purple heaths and brown forests, was a perpetual mirror of the loveliest and the noblest aspects of nature; and, with the simple lyre of the Dalmatian and Albanian gypsies, she gave voice to the delight that filled her eye and heart.

On one of these evenings, when she had sat longer than usual making pictures in the clouds, she was roused from her employment by the trampling of horses, and the sound of her father's voice, pitched in a remarkably high key. The gallant Albanian had returned un-

expectedly to supper, was as hungry as a wolf, and as little disposed to conceal any of his inclinations. The day's occurrences had ruffled his temper; for the little Ipsariote brig, in which he had a venture to the amount of three-fourths of his wealth, had gone the way of war. This swiftest of all sailers, commanded by a reis * who swore by the Panagia † that it cost him no trouble whatever to have fifty times hoodwinked, or out-sailed, or outfought, the keenest, the fleetest, and the boldest, caravella ‡, from the Dardanelles to the Gulf of Venice; this queen of smugglers, which he protested had made more trips from Zante and Corfu than ever plank and canvas had done before; which had scattered more brandy and broad cloth through the dominions of the sultan than the honest Turks thought could have been made by the united labours of man; and which had made the fortunes of half a dozen successive pashas by a mere toll out of her profits; on the very first voyage, when Kalsandoni committed to her the fruits of his valour, in the shape of sequins, with St. Mark's holy visage shining on them, was doomed to taste of the ill luck that at one time or other comes to all things, whether ships or men. The little brig had even now weathered a storm, escaped a pirate, and was already in the full assurance of discharging her cargo of contraband, within the next half hour, into the cellars of the richest and most conscientious seraff § of Pa-

* A captain.

† The Virgin.

‡ A Turkish frigate.

§ An Armenian banker.

tras, when the report of a gun shook the nerves of her crew; and, before they could recover from their astonishment, out swam from behind one of the rocks that bulge into the gulf of Lepanto a caravella, with her decks covered with musketeers, and the crescent flying in her tops. Battle, as the reis swore again by the Panagia, was hopeless; for the pursuing monster showed a row of teeth that would have made a meal of the little culprit at once. At all events, the reis, whatever might have been his affection for a metallic currency, felt none for the coin that the brazen messengers of the caravella were likely to send on board. The matter was by no means mended in Kalsandoni's opinion by his own person making a part of the cargo; and he heartily cursed the hour when his credit of the worthy reis beguiled him into sailing to receive the profits of his venture into his own pocket. A thousand times in the course of the quarter of an hour, while they were trying to trick the Turk by the masquerade of hoisting the colours of every nation under heaven, and were not ashamed to be Algerines, nor even Dutchmen for the time, Kalsandoni devoted to speedy ruin, the fat old papas who had sold him a charm against accidents of all kinds for a week to come; the boasting captain who had offered to insure every hair on his head, and a voyage like the wind besides, for half a sequin; and every man of the community who had in any possible way been aiding or abetting, by advice or otherwise, to bring him into this scrape.

The council on board the brig was a model for councils of war: it was unanimous; it did not take up a minute; and it was followed by instant decision. The reis made a show of preparing for fight. A gun was fired a-head of the caravella, to let her know that there was powder and ball among his valuables; a piece of intelligence which the pursuers did not expect, and which caused the holding of a council of war upon her deck likewise. The Osmanlee were never famous for the rapidity of their deliberations; and before they had brought their perfumed beards to bear upon the subject, and had lighted their pipes in established form, the little Ipsariote had tacked, taken advantage of a gust, and shot like an arrow out of the gulf of Lepanto.

The caravella followed, firing from her bowchasers, to the infinite disturbance of the wild geese and cormorants along the range of precipice that guards the shores of Acarnania; and which might have been additionally astonished at finding the great machine which they had so frequently contemplated as a roosting-place turned into such a flying fiend. But the Ipsariote, though the twelve-pound shot might as well have been fired against the moon, was under an unlucky planet. It was in vain that she showed all the knowledge of the coast that a long smuggling education could have taught her; that, on rounding the northern headland of the gulf, she ran direct for Zante, and steered within a boat's-length of the tail of its southern shoal, in the hope of bringing the huge adversary on its middle: it

was in vain that she ran round Ithaca, and rubbed her planks against the rock, that every antiquary and old woman in the island pledge their souls and bodies to be the individual ship which brought Ulysses home from Troy: Santa Maura itself was tried in vain. For the first time since the creation of the world, the Turks knew their right hand from their left, steered within sight of rocks without running upon them, and fired for half an hour together without blowing up their ship.

The chase was drawing to a close, for the tall and heavy sails of the caravella were too much for the little fluttering rags that wafted the Ipsariote. Within the next five minutes the fugitive must be on the rocks that save the town of Dragomestre from putting to sea in the first storm, or in the Osmanlee hands. The reis and his crew had made up their minds already. The picture of the Panagia was taken down from the cabin, carried three times round the deck, and then deposited on the capstan, with a lantern burning in front. The gallant captain led the way for his crew; and, while the Turkish balls were dashing up the water about their ears, they began a hymn upon their bended knees.

Kalsandoni looked on this martial manœuvre with a momentary surprise; for, as this was his first voyage, he was unacquainted with the received Mediterranean mode of meeting an enemy. But he recollected that he had to the amount of a thousand sequins under the

boards that served these men of piety for their prayers. He advanced to the reis, who was lying with his face rubbing the very deck before the great protectress, and applied a furious kick to the most prominent portion of the worshipper. The reis started up from his devotions, and attempted to prove to the angry klepht that singing a hymn to the Virgin was the true and only way to escape the Osmanlee. The klepht, inaccessible to virtue and reason, simply demanded whether he would fight the enemy or not. The reis, seconded by his chief mate and his crew, declared that such a thing was never heard of in the face of a superior force; that he would pray as much as any other captain in the trade, but that fight he would not. The demand was reiterated in a voice of thunder: it received the same answer; and Kalsandoni, taking the man of piety by the neck, lifted him up in his giant grasp, and tossed him over the gunwale. The crew all screamed out with horror, and again took to their knees, from which, however, they were speedily disturbed by the klepht walking from stem to stern of the vessel, and distributing the same stimulant which had been so effectual with the reis. In the midst of the screams and execrations that this produced, one voice was heard in loud laughter. The klepht turned round to smite the scorner; but found before him a handsome tall Italian, who had just come upon deck, and was standing half convulsed at the sight of this unhallowed expedient.

The klepht saw at once that he was not of the

Mediterranean metal, and cried out to him, "Do you like to be hanged at the Turkish yard-arm, as these rascals are sure to be?"

"Not while I can help it," was the easy answer.

"Then take this lamp; go down into the magazine; and, when I call to you, blow us up, brig and all together."

The Italian took the lamp, and put his foot on the top-stair; but the crew had heard enough. To be blown up was worse than even the yard-arm. They gathered up their pikes and muskets from the deck; and the Turks, to their amazement, saw signs of a desperate resistance. Kalsandoni took the command, fired the first gun, and was knocked twenty feet from its breech by the shock. But the Italian had been an old artillerist, and he taught his mongrel crew to throw half a dozen of their discharges into the enemy's port-holes. Nothing could be more surprising to the men of opium. The last shot had fallen into their depot of pipes for the voyage; their coffee-cups were falling fast; and the single hen-coop, on which they rested their hopes of pilau, was already sprinkled with the blood and feathers of its victims. The idea of fighting under such losses never yet entered the mind of any of the lords of Stamboul. Their captain gave orders to strike, and the flag was coming down, when, at the unlucky moment, the accursed reis, just dragging his limbs up the rocks, began to shout out in revenge, and point to the brig.

The Turks, who did not understand a syllable of what he was absolutely rending his lungs to tell them, but who deliberate upon every thing, left the flag half-mast high, to save the trouble of repeating the operation; and quietly lighted their pipes, to discover the will of fortune. They had not long to wait. A heavy shot had struck the Ipsariote mast: shroud and sail were seen dropping from it one after the other; and at last down came their naked prop over the side of the vessel. The crew sent up a general shriek; the reis roared with double revenge; the Turks said nothing, but shook out their pipes, fired a general broadside into the sinking brig, and ran on board. Kalsandoni and the Italian brandished their scimiters boldly. The klepht sheared off the head and turban of the renegade captain of the caravella, to whom he found at the moment of boarding that he had an old grudge. His companion was forced to content himself with the brawny wrist and well-ringed hand that the Turkish lieutenant laid upon the gunwale. But if they had both been tigers they could not be every where. On looking round, they perceived the crew at their devotions again. The vessel was tilting against the rocks; the water was running in and washing the knees of the worshippers. Kalsandoni gave his comrade a look, which he partly understood; and both, trampling backward over necks and shins without ceremony, sprang into the sea together. The exploit was not great, for the distance from shore was not a hundred yards. But the loss

was of another description; and the epithets with which Kalsandoni adorned his parting apostrophe to the crazy ship, the cowardly crew, the knavish reis, and the plundering Turks, would have done honour to an act of excommunication from the Vatican itself.

Standing on the shore, the klepht saw his sequins torn from his soul; but, if there was any comfort in their having escaped the pollution of the fingers of Islamism, he enjoyed it; for the brig had no sooner felt her deck incumbered with the unhallowed feet, than, as if indignant, down she went head-foremost. The feast of his wrath was to be fuller yet: for the caravella, lightened of half her crew, who were now swimming about to the advantage of the sharks and kites, which make no difference between Christian and unbeliever, ran upon the rocks, and opened out, plank by plank, the secrets of her prison-house to the buffeting of the waves. The turbans soon began to float independently of the heads of their owners; and, a single boat being the only thing belonging to the Turks that was in a condition to keep out the water, exactly ten out of their two hundred escaped to carry the news of their victory to the feet of the great earthly disposer of the affairs of nations by sea and land, brother to the sun and moon, and cousin-german to the Georgium Sidus—the most magnificent sultan.

"Brother Palikar," said the klepht at last, with a groan, to his companion, "is there any good in looking

at the wrecks of those dogs of Mahoun, or any comfort in standing here starving and shivering?"

"None whatever, that I can find," was the reply; "and rather than stay here, with nothing to eat but the sea-weed, and nothing to warm me but the sea-water, such is my habit of taking matters as they come, that I should not at all object to a good roof over my head, a cheerful fire at my feet, a well-dressed supper under my fingers, and a pretty woman, or even a brace of them, under my eyes."

"Then follow me," said the klepht, and darted down a ravine. The Italian followed; and as evening was just tinging the tops of the hills with that bright and living glory, which is like no other lustre in the world, but the light that steals on us from the half-sapphire, half-diamond, of a true Greek eye: "There," said the klepht, pointing to a white building peeping from a wilderness of vines and olives high up on the hill side, "there you shall sup with Kalsandoni."

On reaching the foot of the hill they found a rabble of palikars running out of their huts to welcome their sovereign lord, who returned their salutations with a few expressions suggested more by his recent wrath for the sequins, than his sense of their loyalty. The palikars are proverbially the most independent men on earth; they never swallow an insult, even to the extent of an oblique glance, and there are few among them who have not to be proud of shooting somebody for something or other. Many a man now

regretted that he had left his musket at home in the hurry of rejoicing; and, by singular fortune, there was not a loaded pistol among them, though they had been sitting in the midst of their friends. But no man can be prepared on all occasions, and Kalsandoni, before they had time to load, bethought himself of asking the heads of families to supper. Their resentment was buried at the sound, their honour was spunged clean, and with one accord they escorted their chieftain home, and made the trampling that broke up the vision of his daughter Euphrosyne.

From the rocky edge of Acarnania to the gentle shores of the Hellespont there was not a lovelier being than that daughter. Her mother, a Georgian, stolen or strayed from the establishment of Mourad Ali, once pasha of the Morea, and famous for the most delicate taste in horses and women of any pasha that was ever decapitated, gave her all the beauty that could be added by loveliness of colour and brilliancy of eye to the classic features of the Greek. Delicately fair, yet with a hue over her countenance that looked like a meeting of the white and red rose; a pair of eyes that no one living could decide to be either hazel, or the deepest blue, or the most dazzling black, but which seemed alternately all; a form such as Nature loves to make when she is left to herself; and a heart as innocent and playful as the birds that fluttered and sang morning, noon, and eve, under her window, Euphrosyne came down from her bower to fling herself into her father's

arms, and looked like a creature of Fairy Land, or Paradise, among the rough faces and mountaineer shapes of the palikars.

The Italian was smitten at once, and Euphrosyne, even in the simplicity of seventeen, found out, before supper was done, that she had a lover. The sensation was new, and its novelty kept her awake. Like another Juliet, she wooed the moon that night, and, like her, in the rustling of the vine branches heard more than the breathings of the wind. A sigh, a fragment of a song, a verse from Ariosto, and a few words of wonder, were all that she could collect of her audience of the young Italian. But, slight as it was, it was enough to keep her pillow unvisited by sleep, until Aurora came dropping dew and carnations over earth and heaven.

The klepht and his guest were breakfasting in the garden over the remnant of the sheep dressed the night before, and which the loyalty of the palikari had put into a state to do no harm to the appetite of an anchoret. The Italian fell into a reverie. He was roused by the cocking of a gun, looked up, and saw his entertainer with an eye piercing as a beam of fire fixed upon him.

"Young fellow," was the unceremonious address, "you are in love with my daughter—make no attempt to deny it—I suffer no liars to live. But, as I know no more of you than of the emperor of the yellow beards *, let me have your story.—However, ob-

* The Russians.

serve, that every word must be true, on penalty of two ounce balls in your brains.—I suffer no liars to live."

The Italian, laughing, gave him his brief biography. He was of a noble Piedmontese family. He had travelled in France, where all the old women and young men were boasting of a charter;—in Germany, where the schoolmasters whipped their boys to the sound of a charter;—in England, where every man talked of a charter, as their epicures talked of turtle—a luxury belonging to the English appetite alone, and which all were proud of, though not one in a thousand was ever able to get a taste. He had then returned to Italy, and found not even a syllable about a charter, except in the whisperings of half-pay soldiers, disbanded douaniers, and discarded placemen. In his indignation at the public want of this essential comfort of life, he had joined the virtuous disgraced and proclaimed a charter. But the people were not ripe for so glorious a possession. They loved eating and sleeping, singing and cigars, after the manner of their fathers, better than being starved as banditti, or shot as rebels. The project died. The principals betrayed their subordinates, the subordinates betrayed their principals; generals ran away from their armies, and armies from their generals; until it was found that the true Italian genius of the nineteenth century was for organ-grinding and opera-singing, for flirting with other men's wives, and saving money on sixpence a day. He had fled, partly through love of liberty, and, he must ac-

knowledge, partly through fear of being hanged. At Ancona he had stepped into the Ipsariote brig, whose captain took his money on promise of conveying him straight to Tripolizza, starved him into a sick bed, cheated him by going everywhere but where he promised, and, as he verily believed, would have kept him at sea for ever, but for the brig's going down.

Kalsandoni uncocked his musket and gave him his hand. "You are an honest fellow," was his remark, "and behaved so well yesterday that I even scarcely object to your being an Italian. Your being a noble is rather a stumbling-block, and I could have almost forgiven a man for keeping such a misfortune out of sight. But, as you could not help it, here 's my hand. If Euphrosyne is not too proud to like you, you shall be an Albanian from this day, and my son-in-law."

Carlo Visconti would have been an Ethiopian on such a condition. The lovely young Greek had already made up her mind, but her words took a month more to put into that delicious shape which, to a lover's ear, is worth all the music of the Nine. Carlo flew with the glad tidings to the klepht. The warrior's countenance took a shade of doubt. "What does her mother say? Ha!—I see you have not consulted her. I now know why your politics failed. Always consult the women first. Consult them from the weave of a riband to the choice of a wife. In war and wine, in trade, in travel, on all points, from the time that you can first ask a question till you are dumb or at least deaf, take their

opinions—they may set you right, or set you wrong; but, believe a husband of eighteen years' experience—take them if you value peace."

This omission cost another month, for Fathme, the mother of his love, angrily insisted on time to make up her mind too. But at the close of this dreary month Fathme was more undecided than ever, for a private reason. She had been a celebrated beauty; she was still handsome; and what beauty ever voluntarily abdicated the sceptre? She had seen Euphrosyne driving her from her throne, and growing up into exquisite womanhood in her very presence. Still her fondness for this bewitching creature softened the defeat, and she took shelter under the belief that, seen at the distance favourable to the antique, they might sometimes pass for sisters. But, if Euphrosyne married, what conceivable escape was there from the fact of her being a grandmother? The stamp of age would be on her at once, even through ten times her lilies and roses. In spite of her mirror, her feelings, and her worshippers, she must be that most alarming of all things, an old woman!

At length even Fathme gave way, and the marriage was to be celebrated on the 19th of August, 1823. The bride was shut up for a week before, while those preparations that mothers delight in were going on. Carlo was daily and nightly under the window of his lady love. But for some nights he had been gloomy and disturbed to a degree that excited the alarm of

Euphrosyne. She became jealous as he became enigmatical, and the riddle which he left for her contemplation on the night on which our story began, drew many a tear down her feverish cheek. She spent the night thinking of the mysterious bride.

There was terrible cause for the lover's gloom. Mustapha Pasha, a man of blood, was marching with fourteen thousand picked troops down on Acarnania. To meet the ravager the Greeks could muster but two thousand. His passage of the hills on the frontier must sweep the land with fire and sword. In this dreadful emergency, Marco Bozzaris, a hero worthy of the days of Leonidas, offered to lead a corps of kindred heroes to die for their country. Carlo had taken service with the Greeks; but, as Bozzaris, himself an Albanian, selected none but Albanians for the enterprise, he might have remained behind. Within two days of marriage, his whole soul engrossed by the charms of his bride, the thought of delay was bitterness, and he had at length flung aside his musket. But, as he was ascending the hill, he saw Kalsandoni coming to join the Sacred Band, and his knowledge of the destitution into which his loss must throw his wife and child decided the lover at once. He returned to Missolonghi under cover of the dusk, went instantly to Bozzaris, and, by an arrangement which that generous soldier easily comprehended, contrived to have Kalsandoni appointed to another duty, and his own name substituted in the Albanian roll.

At midnight those brave men mustered on the ramparts of Missolonghi, since made so memorable by their gallant defence against the Egyptian army and their worse assailants, famine and disease. The troops marched all night with such extraordinary rapidity, that by daybreak they reached Carpovisa, at the foot of the mountains. The pasha's army were seen pitching their tents after descending from the defiles; and now nothing but the most vigorous determination could save the whole of the lowlands from ruin. During the day, Bozzaris concealed his force behind some of the rugged projections of the hills, and continued watching the movements of the enemy, whom his sagacity discovered to be making preparation to march by daybreak. Calling together his Albanians, he declared his intention of anticipating them by a night attack. The attempt was tremendous; and all were conscious that, whatever might be the result, none could hope to return with life. They received the proposal in the silence of men who heard their sentence of death; but they received it with the still more solemn evidence of their resolution, by throwing away the scabbards of their scimitars; a national custom, when they are determined to conquer or return no more.

On the night of parting from her lover, Euphrosyne remained at her casement for some hours, revolving the enigma of the bride whom her betrothed was to meet; whom he hated, yet whom he must not seem to shun; who was at once rich and poor, young and

old, lovely and terrible. Once or twice her quick ear caught the sounds of marching and arms; but at dawn the scene before her lay as tranquil as ever. Rumours, however, had arrived of the approach of the enemy, and long before noon they were confirmed by the sight of the peasantry hurrying with their families and cattle from the frontier, across the plain towards Missolonghi and Anatolico. She now could rest no longer in the house, and, throwing on her veil, walked down to a little projection on the side of the hill, where Carlo, in a moment of his native romance, had piled together some fragments of marble, as a monument of their meetings; and where her own fair hand had adorned the spot with flowers. On the little altar she found a billet of a few lines, telling her that "duty and honour compelled him to join the troops, that he loved her alone, and that, living or dead, she should be his only bride." An ominous feeling smote her; she placed the billet in her bosom, and returned instantly to her chamber, where she flung herself on the bed, and was found by her mother weeping bitterly. She at length fell into a feverish slumber, and on awaking desired to be dressed in her bridal robes. Remonstrance was useless. She said, that Carlo had come and assured her that he would return exactly at twelve that night, and marry her. To soothe her mind she was suffered to put them on; and, to this hour, all who saw her in them talk of her singular beauty on that evening. She sat till twilight at her casement, alternately singing and

speaking to herself; and they describe her voice and language as of more than mortal sweetness and eloquence.

At nightfall she was awakened from this dangerous indulgence of the heart by her father's return, and she flew down stairs to meet him; but he was in ill-humour with what he thought the insult of sending him with his party to watch some Turkish stragglers, who had appeared within a dozen miles of the town, but whom he could not overtake. Of Carlo he knew nothing; but declared that he believed him to be nothing better than an Italian romancer, who had run away to avoid the marriage. Euphrosyne made no answer but tears, which her father, angry as he was, could not resist; he kissed her, and bade her go to rest.

The night was lovely, and, after long breathing the air that came sweet and cool from the garden, she lay down, with her eyes fixed on the casement, which looked towards the mountains. Her mother, alarmed at every symptom of illness in a country where death is frequently so rapid, sat watching by the bed, and moistening her lips with water from time to time. Euphrosyne slept awhile, and then suddenly starting up and saying, "He comes, I have seen him!" threw her arms round her mother's neck, kissed her repeatedly, and then turned to rest again. The bell was just tolling midnight from the church towers in Missolonghi; when a broad flash shot up suddenly in the direction of the mountains, illumining the chamber, and covering Euphrosyne with light. She was asleep,

but evidently in a dream so happy, that her mother would not venture to awake her. She pronounced her lover's name, and by her gestures seemed to welcome his arrival. The flash had disappeared; but even by the feeble light of the lamp, she looked so strikingly beautiful, that her mother declares all that she had ever seen of human loveliness before was but as the shadow to the substance. The fever had totally left her, her cheek had the glow of health, and her slumbering lips continued to utter sounds of joy.

After a while her sleep seemed to be more profound; the house was hushed, and her mother's eyes grew heavy. She was startled by Kalsandoni's coming hastily into the room to inquire who was singing and playing at such a time of night; for the sound of voices and instruments was beginning to be heard round the house. No one could be seen. Her mother was in an agony lest so sweet a sleep should be disturbed; and Kalsandoni angrily took up his musket and rushed into the garden to drive away the intruders. Still none were visible; but the sounds continued, swelling into a richer and more entrancing harmony every moment. At last alarm seized the household; they gathered from all quarters, and Kalsandoni, fearful that some attempt was about to be made on his dwelling, took his daughter's hand to awake her. It was cold; in surprise he held the lamp towards her face; nothing could be more glowing than its crimson; her features appeared full of animated beauty; her lips were

in a rosy smile—but the hand grew more icy. He held a mirror to her face, there was no sign of breath on it. He cried out that "his Euphrosyne, his beloved, his angel, was dead!" The priest came, the physician, the paramana*, but all was in vain. Beauty, genius, and love, had there finished their mortal career. Euphrosyne had died at midnight; but her look, singularly lovely even on the bier, showed that she had died happy.

On that night, Marco Bozzaris had given Carlo the command of one of the divisions that were to break in upon the flanks of the Turkish camp, reserving for himself and his three hundred Souliotes the attack on the centre. The last words of this glorious Greek might be written in brass and marble, beside the noblest inscription of the Spartan soul. "If you lose sight of me during the battle, come and look for me in the pasha's tent." At midnight he stormed the lines, routed the Turks with immense slaughter, and set the whole encampment in a blaze. Carlo had rushed in at the opposite quarter, and had reached the tent at the moment when Mustapha was mounting his horse to escape. He fired his musket, and the horse fell; but a spahi galloping up, while he was in the act of grasping the pasha, fired his pistol into his bosom. Carlo fell mortally wounded. The fight was furious where he lay; and Bozzaris, stooping to lift him from the ground, received a ball in the loins. He revenged it by a blow of his scimitar, that swept off the Turk's head; and

* Nurse.

he still persisted in carrying the young Italian from the field, when a second ball struck the hero in the forehead. They fell together.

A tress of Euphrosyne's hair was found in Carlo's bosom; Carlo's billet was found clasped in Euphrosyne's hand. He had indeed found the fatal bride whom he dreaded to meet, but whom none can shun. His life passed away with the last breath of Euphrosyne. Their last moment was the same; and in a little dell of wild olive and vine, on the side of the hill above Missolonghi, to the east, they sleep in the same grave.

Εως.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
 The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
 Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom;
 The saddest heart is not *all* sadness:
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
 There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never *quite* despair;
 Nor life, nor death, the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of Care
 Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

F. H.

TO THE ALTAR

OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, HANOVER SQUARE.

BY JAMES BIRD.

HAIL to thee, altar! thou hast long
  Been greeted by the voice of fame:
Oh, worthy of the poet's song!
  Witness of honour and of shame!
Thou spot, where beauty's flower is plunder'd,
Where hands are join'd, though hearts be sunder'd!

Oh, couldst thou speak, thy tale would bear
  A record and a mournful token
Of vows extorted by despair,
  Of blighted hopes and young hearts broken!
A blotted page that one must be
Whereon is traced thy history!

From thee hath many a trembling bride
  Turn'd with cold heart and burning brain,
The victim to a parent's pride—
  A barter'd thing, a wretch, for gain;
A fetter'd slave, all meanly sold
For that prime curse of curses, gold!

The proud, the rich, the mean, the high,
  Have knelt before thee!—Oft the rake
Hath there pronounced the ready lie,
  Deceitful as the Eden snake;
While his soft traitor-lips replied
To queries which his heart denied!

Yet there *are* hearts that well may date
The era of their joy from thee,
The birth-place of the brightest fate
That wedded life and love may be!
Hearts that have bless'd, that bless thee now,
In memory of their plighted vow.

How long, how fondly, memory dwells
On moments past that led to bliss!
Not time, which breaks all other spells,
E'er broke the heavenly charm of this,
Which falls upon the heart like dew
That decks the faded flower anew.

ST. PETER WALKING ON THE SEA.

BY MRS. HENRY ROLLS.

Swift-rolling clouds the face of heaven pervade,
And cast o'er night's dark brow a deeper shade;
Whilst still in sullen calm the whirlwinds sleep,
Presaging murmurs moan along the deep,
Hush'd is the sea-bird's cry, the billow's roar,
And gloomy silence broods along the shore.

Now bursts the storm, the clouds are rent in twain,
And rise at once the terrors of the main:
The forked lightnings flash with lurid fire,
To quench the flaming bolts the waves aspire,

The rattling thunder rolls along the sky,
And bursting breakers to the roar reply;
Whilst the fierce whirlwind flies with direful sweep,
And rouses all the monsters of the deep;
And the swift pattering hail and drenching shower,
On yon half-sinking bark their fury pour,
Where seem alike in vain the fervent prayer
Of holiest saints, or ravings of despair.

But who is He, that mild yet awful form,
That rises midst the horrors of the storm?
O'er the still heaving wave he calmly treads,
Whilst back the billows roll their shrinking heads.
Around his brow celestial splendours play,
And the white sparkling foam reflects the ray:
Unmoved by wind, his flowing locks repose,
Unbathed his foot, unwet his garment flows;
Onward he moves majestic o'er the wave,
The messenger of boundless love, to save.

Oh, mighty lesson! see obedience tried;
At His command, now Peter climbs the side,
And leaves the bark—such is the force of love,
Which yields e'en life its fervent zeal to prove!
But when around he sees the waves aspire,
Weak Nature's fear attempts to quench the fire;
"Save me!"—now stedfast Faith becomes his guide,
And bears him o'er the terrors of the tide,
And gives in safety to his Saviour's breast
The man with faith and pure obedience blest!

BALLAD.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

I HAVE left my own home,
Youth, to follow thee;
I have left the green fields
For the greener sea.

I have loved the wild rose—
I have loved the heath—
I have loved the hawthorn tree,
And the running brook beneath.

I have loved the blackbird's song,
And the linnet's call—
The sweet words of my northern tongue—
I shall forget them all.

I have bade farewell to my own land,
And to my native sky,
And yet no smile has left my lip,
No tear bedims mine eye.

My way is o'er the waters wide,
My home beyond the sea;
But my path is still the same as thine—
And, love, I am with thee.

TO A WOOD DOVE,

WHICH FLED, AT THE APPROACH OF THE WRITER, FROM A RUINED TOWER OF THE ABBEY, IN THE VICARAGE GARDEN, AT TAVISTOCK.

BY MRS. BRAY, AUTHOR OF "DE FOIX," &c.

OH! fly not away, silly dove, from thy nest;
No footstep is mine to intrude:
Return to thine ivy-built covert of rest,
And cherish thy soft-feather'd brood.

But here, pretty bird, prithee make thee thy bower,
Thou shalt find it a shelter of love;
In this old abbey wall, near yon gray mantled tower,
Where the ivy is nodding above.

Yes—there, when the wind sighs in sad, fitful moans,
While Tavy rolls dark through the dell,
Fast foaming along o'er the flood-beaten stones,
Thou shalt nestle secure in thy cell.

Or when at gray eve, or the still summer night,
Whilst the clouds in soft livery shine,
Oh, then, pretty wood-dove, bend hither thy flight,
And the care to protect thee be mine.

Here no fowler shall harm thee, no harsh sounds intrude,
Thou shall list to the notes of thy mate—

Thou shalt hear but the chirps of thy young, tender
brood,
So blest in their innocent state.

Still thou wander'st abroad on thy light, silver'd wings,
From her who would shelter thy nest;
Oh! turn thee again, ere thine own folly brings
A wound to that beautiful breast.

Ah! how oft in this life, foolish dove, like thy flight,
We shun whom we ought to attend:
For the smiles of the world, for its follies so light,
We leave the warm heart of a friend.

SONNET.

BY MRS. EMMERSON.

Spot of wild beauty—a long year hath past
Since I did ramble 'mong thy heath and fern—
Though oft—full oft, my aching heart did yearn
To range thy broken crags:—In winter's blast,
I would have shared thy solitude, to cast
My sorrows forth to thee, and freely mourn,
Amidst thy barren, wild, and dreary, waste.
But, Time! on whose fleet wing all things are borne,
Gives me thy rural beauty back again—
And I, in thy loved scene, once more may stray,
And gather simple blossoms—while the strain
Of thrush, or blackbird, that has shelter ta'en
Within some friendly bush, in cheerful lay
Attunes my mind to peace, and makes my worn heart gay.

BANKS OF THE GANGES.

BY CAPTAIN M'NAGHTEN.

THE skies are fair in southern France,
And brightly glows an English June;
And o'er the ocean's wide expanse
How gently smiles the cloudless moon,
In the mild tropic!—but there 's not,
Beneath th' eternal heaven, a spot,
O'er which the sun, the moon, and sky,
Display a lovelier radiancy,
Than where the sacred Ganges flows—
Land of the bulbul and the rose!
If its green banks have e'er been red,
Those times of havoc long have fled;
And peace, conjoin'd with plenty, reigns
Perennial 'mid those favour'd plains.

With the once-conquering Moslem, here
The Hindoo sits, untouch'd by fear;
And each sends up the pray'r to Heaven,
By Shaster or by Koran given;
Nor dares his neighbour's rites impede,
Nor question his dissenting creed.

Around, how tranquil is the scene,
The air how clear—the sward how green!
O'er all a luscious languor thrown,
In the bright noon of that warm zone,

Impels each youth and gentle maid
To seek the near and various shade.
Here towers the straight, umbrella'd palm,
Moveless, though high—the air 's so calm!
And, more removed, yet near the stream,
Stand the thick mango groves, which seem
Like those all-hallow'd bowers, where gods,
In Rome's young days, had their abodes.
There, the Briarean banyan spreads
His hundred arms, and round him sheds,
O'er roods of ground, their sheltering boughs—
Fit place for young Love's timid vows!
The light-leaf'd tamarind, more aloof,
O'ershades the white pagoda's roof,
'Neath which the tinkling, silvery bells,
Denote that there the Brahmin dwells,
In vain belief his God can hear
Prayers which, though erring, are sincere.
And you may see some Moslem tomb,
Which pious cares each night illume,
With one small light, that gleams afar,
In twinkling beauty, like a star:
And every hedge and copse is bright
With the quick fire-fly's playful light,
Like thousands of the sparkling gems,
Which blaze in eastern diadems.

There is no twilight there, but day
So brightly vanishes away,

That its reflection serves to light,
For some brief time, the shades of night;
And mellows down what else were gloom
To a sweet clear-obscure.—The doom
Of many an anxious girl is seal'd
At that lone hour, as (all reveal'd
Her lover's fate) the little boat,
With its pale light, may sink or float!*
Along the river's dazzling track,
The boatman guides his slow oolak;
Or urges on, with speedier oar,
The light canoe along the shore;
While heavily upon its breast,
The lazy budjras nightly rest.

There 's not a land on earth more fair,
  Than that whose soil the Gunga laves;
There 's not a land more bless'd, than where
  Through countless leagues it rolls its waves.
Land of the wise!—though here unknown—
  Of men romantically bold,
Whose fame had not, like meteors, flown,
  Had bards in song their deeds enroll'd.
Land of the beauteous and the brave!
Land of the Ganges' holy wave!

* The custom to which these lines allude is explained in a beautiful Sonnet by D. L. Richardson, esq. in the volume of Forget Me Not for 1827.

THE PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS.

LINES ON AN ENGRAVING BY MARTIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NUGÆ SACRÆ," &c.

When from before the threat'ning queen,
Far, for his life, the prophet fled,
He durst not seek the fields of green,
But straightway to the desert sped.

There 'neath the juniper, he came
To make its favouring shade his rest,
For languor bent his aged frame,
And heavier woe his heart oppress'd.

Losing his trust, that weary day,
He lifts the murmuring voice on high:
"Now take, O Lord, my life away!
It is enough—now let me die!"

As thus he lay amid the waste,
His faithful God beheld him there;
And, pitying, bade his angel haste,
His grief to soothe, his meal prepare.

Then rose the seer His name to bless,
Who for the houseless wanderer spread
A table in the wilderness,
And there with strengthening waters fed.

THE CORNET'S WIDOW.

BY JOHN BIRD, ESQ.

It was already known through the village that the arms of the Anglo-Spaniards were victorious, and the French in full retreat. Alarm at once gave place to joy. One deafening shout of acclamation arose to greet the returning victors; yet amid the impatient throng might be seen many a fair face looking with trembling eagerness for the moment that should kindle hope into ecstasy, or still the beating heart with the torpedo touch of despair. One there was, a pale yet lovely woman, who, screened behind the thin muslin curtain of a bay-window looking up the street, watched, with half-averted eyes, each scattered group that, waving their caps with exultation, or lamenting silently over some fallen comrade, passed in quick succession to the temporary guard-house. She was the wife of a cornet, beloved and respected through the regiment, and by that wife adored. Like one tottering on the verge of a precipice, she often closed her eyes, as if shrinking from the fate that awaited her; now awaking to breathless hope at a shout of triumph, and now dropping their swollen lids as the lifeless form of some remembered friend of her husband's was carried mournfully before her.—Alas! what pangs are like the pangs of suspense!—It was almost a relief when she perceived the bosom companion of her Arthur appear in the distance, although he came alone. Unable to re-

strain her impatience, she darted from her concealment and met him at the door.—He took her arm in silence and led her back into the apartment.—She grasped his hand convulsively.—Alas! she could not ask a tale which her own heart too well divined. The big tears that rolled down the manly cheek of captain Somers were a fatal confirmation of her worst fears. By a strong effort, however, she at once regained a calmness that astonished and awed the heart-stricken warrior.—"He is dead!"—A pressure of the hand was the emphatic reply.—"It is the will of Heaven—a hard lesson for a wife—my poor children!"—At a signal from Somers they were brought into the room, and a gush of tears, the first she had shed, seemed to relieve that intensity of grief, the calmness of which had alarmed her military friend, unused save to clamorous and murmuring lamentation.

"I must not yield to this!" she exclaimed, putting the wondering children from her: "go, go, poor orphans—fatherless—friendless!"

"Not so," cried the worthy Somers; "my fortune,—my services (such at least as a soldier may offer) are at your command."

She smiled faintly—"Dear friend of my Lesley—mine!—oh, no—I must not dwell on this!—yet one thing I must ask!—the body, captain Somers?—his precious remains?—you speak not!"

Somers, strongly agitated, would have evaded the inquiry, but her increasing emotion rendered this im-

possible. "I staid but to rescue all that is left of my departed friend from the hands of—we searched the plain, but were unable to recognise—"

She sunk back in her chair with a piercing shriek—"Trodden to death!"

"Not so," exclaimed Somers, with sparkling eyes: "he died the death of a soldier!—I saw him fall—a ball had entered his breast, and he expired on the instant.—At that moment the enemy gave way, and the rushing forward of a column——"

"It is enough!" she cried, closing her eyes, as if upon the painful truth—she remained silent a few moments—then, seeming to constrain herself into utterance—"leave me," she said, "kind, generous Somers:—I bow to the will of Heaven, but—I must be alone!"

The gallant officer, respecting the grief to which any effort at condolence had been but as mockery, bent in silence and withdrew.

The night that succeeded this eventful day was chill and gusty. The moon, obscured by swiftly coursing clouds, shed a dim, sepulchral light over that battle-field where the corses of the fallen brave lay festering into decay.—Sentinels had been stationed to guard the dying and dead that time had not yet permitted to remove or inter, but could not wholly prevent the ravages of those vultures in human form, who, brutalized by their thirst of plunder, had tracked the scent of blood. One of these sentries, a serjeant of Lesley's

regiment, was keeping watch near the spot where the unfortunate cornet had fallen, and silently meditating on the untimely fate of one whom he had loved and honoured, when a pale form, indistinct in the gloom, glided past him. At such a time a vague feeling of dread may be forgiven to the bravest. "Who goes?" he cried, somewhat tremulously.—No reply was given, but the white drapery of the being, who seemed pausing in utter inability to proceed, indicated her at once to be some unhappy mourner, in whose bosom love had stifled the throb of fear and the shrinkings of horror. Deeply affected at such a vision, the serjeant hastened eagerly to her aid, and at once recognised, with awe and amazement, the widow of the fallen cornet.

"Tell me," she cried, scarcely articulate from emotion—"tell me where—the spot—"

"Dear lady," he replied, unable to restrain his tears, "this is no place for you—it is in vain!—we have searched——"

"I know, I know," she exclaimed impatiently, "but I—hinder me not, Wilmot—it is the duty of a wife—a wife!—no, no, a widow—to seek out one who—" she leant on the serjeant's arm almost insensible, but soon recovering—"point but to the spot—"

He stretched his arm towards a heap of the unburied dead, a few paces from them, and with true delicacy relinquishing any further effort to restrain her purpose, retired. He retired, however, only behind the covert of a ruined wall, whence, unseen by the fair

mourner, he could observe her motions and watch over her safety.—With timid steps she glided to the gory mass that had baffled the scrutiny of friendship: but what can elude the piercing eye of love? An almost joyful shriek proclaimed that the precious form was found.—Alas, what a spectacle it presented to the gaze of a fond, doting wife!—The upper part of Lesley's face was wholly mangled and disfigured, the brow crushed, the eye extinguished—but a smile still played round the mouth, to which the cold lip of the scarcely breathing widow was eagerly prest in all the wild exuberance of woe. Having thus yielded to the first gush of passion, the voice of religion, the only true solace of the afflicted, seemed to regain dominion over the sweet mourner. Sinking on her knees by the corpse of her beloved husband, with clasped hands and eyes uplifted to Heaven, her pure and lowly spirit breathed itself forth in a blessing on the departed. At that moment the moon, emerging from her shadowy veil, shone full on the pale features of the widow, displaying to the admiring gaze of Wilmot a countenance beaming with love and resignation almost beatific.—And oh, what lovelier vision has life than that of a beautiful woman pouring forth her soul before her Creator!—Bowing her head, as if in submission to the divine will, and fondly stealing a farewell kiss from the cold lips of her Arthur, she rose and seemed intent to retire; but, ever turning to catch another glance, still lingered, as unequal to the effort of leaving

the spot. On a sudden a new feeling, incomprehensible to the observing serjeant, appeared to animate her.—Hastily stooping, he observed her remove carefully the cap of the departed, as though she feared to wake the slumber of the dead, and sever a lock of hair, which she hid with trembling eagerness in her bosom;—then looking wildly round for the friendly Wilmot, who hastened anxiously to her, she pointed to the spot—"That dear form—"

"Shall be cared for, my honoured lady!" exclaimed the serjeant, placing his hand solemnly on his breast.—She prest his hand.—He burst into tears.—"I would weep too," she said, looking tenderly on him, "but now I cannot—farewell!"

The serjeant, greatly affected, entreated her to remain a few minutes, till the relieving of the guard should enable him to quit his post, and protect her to her home.—"I need no protection but that of Heaven," she cried; "alas, Heaven only can protect me now!" She pointed once more to the spot she had quitted, and, the serjeant replying by an expressive gesture, again prest his hand and vanished.

The absence of Mrs. Lesley from her home having been observed, had given rise to the most cruel suspicions. Somers, however, whose penetration had led him to divine the true cause, had eagerly followed her steps to the field, and, affected as he was by the recital of Wilmot, was yet greatly relieved on hearing of her noble and unmurmuring resignation. The body

of Lesley was removed under his directions from the gory mass to await the rites of sepulture—rites which a recent order for the advance of the detachment on the following morning rendered it essential to carry into effect within a few hours. On this occasion it was his painful duty once more to seek the house of mourning.

He found the widow paler than before, but quiet, calm, and composed. "Somers," she said, "I have taken a last farewell of my Arthur"—her eyes began to fill—"I must not yield to this"—dashing the gathering drops away—"I have duties to perform towards the dead and the living, which forbid the indulgence of selfish feeling! You tell me that his remains will be interred with the honours of war:—it is well!—Yet, alas! have not those honours bereaved me of the best and dearest?—Oh! that he had never embraced this cruel profession!—then might his ashes have reposed in the lone tomb of his forefathers, beneath those broad beeches, where once we strayed—better for him that it had never been so!—You look surprised, dear friend of my Arthur!—Know you not that by marrying me he lost fortune—father—all—all!" The intensity of her feelings gradually overpowered that air of tender resignation to which she had tasked herself. Somers earnestly entreated her to spare herself the agonizing recital. "No!" she exclaimed, "it is fitting that you, the chosen of my husband's heart, should know the past story, the future purpose, of

his widow.—I was the daughter of the village rector in the parish where the father of my Arthur, General Lesley, resided. We were playmates in infancy, but the premature death of my parents transferring me to the care of an aunt, and the absence of Arthur at school and afterwards at college, separated us for several years. I need not tell you that my husband was one of the most perfect of beings. Noble in form, but oh, how much more noble in spirit! he seemed destined to realize the most ambitious hope of a doting father.—Why was it my fate to mar the dazzling prospect?—We met—the love of infancy expanded into a softer, dearer, emotion; and yielding to the pleadings of my Arthur, the entreaties of an anxious because needy relative, and oh! more fatal than all, the whisperings of my own heart, I became a wife!—Anticipating the displeasure of the general, we wedded in secret.—Alas! is there not a curse on stolen nuptials?—Had it been my fate alone to expiate our fault! —but Heaven willed it otherwise—Nay, nay, no sympathy!—the sting is here; but I can endure it. Unmoved by our tears and supplications, the general cast us off, my poor Arthur's cornetcy being his last, his fatal benefaction:—the rest you know; our love, our sufferings, our privations—and oh! the dreadful issue! —But I am becoming weak again, and I have yet to inform you of my purpose. Somers, I carry within me the seeds of death: the malady that destroyed my parents is preying on my vitals, and will soon unite

me to my Arthur. Think not I grieve at this!—Oh! were it not for my poor babes, what bliss, what ecstasy were mine to close my eyes on this vale of woe, and awake to a blessed immortality!—But I distress you: —a few words more and I have done—We are near the coast—it is my intention to sail immediately for England, and to commit the dear pledges of my Arthur's love to the care and protection of their natural guardian, his father—Resentment cannot live after death—the good old general will not refuse to receive his grandchildren, or if he should——"

"I will protect them!" exclaimed Somers, with enthusiasm. The widow spoke not; but the warm pressure of her hand and the tear in her eye were all-eloquent. "I cannot resist your purpose," he replied; "it is the natural impulse of a noble heart: but remember," he continued, "that, while Somers lives, you and yours have a friend. I will take measures for your safe-conduct to the next port, and your embarkation from thence.—Nay, no thanks!" He pressed his lip silently and respectfully to her extended hand, while, with eyes beaming with gratitude, she took a long and last farewell of her kind and generous friend.

It was in the afternoon of a wintry day in November, that the widow and her orphans arrived at the little inn of the village where General Lesley resided. The sullen aspect of nature, the fallen leaves, the cold ungenial wind, all seemed in unison with the mournful and agitated feelings of the drooping wanderer. To

look on her birth-place—to retrace the spot where she first met her departed Arthur, the haunts where they had strayed, and the peaceful church in which they had together offered up their pure and humble prayers to Heaven—to gaze on these, and feel that the one pervading charm was no more—this was indeed a severe trial of that fortitude which religion had inspired and preserved. Even the artless and natural questions of the elder of her children, a boy of six years old, "Which is grandpapa's house?" and "Is he as kind and good-natured as papa?"—by recalling to her mind the uncertainty of her reception, awakened feelings that were but more acute from their exciting the childish wonder of her young charge. Without making herself known, she learned that the melancholy fate of his only child had already reached the general, whose grief was unbounded; that he was then at his mansion, but had hitherto obstinately refused to receive any visits, or to listen to the voice of consolation.

Short deliberation was requisite to direct her how to act. To pour forth her feelings on paper in a brief but affecting narrative, which she dispatched to the house of the general by a servant of the inn, was the work of a few minutes. Grief is eloquent: but, alas! the excitement of feeling arising from the performance of this duty soon gave way to a deepened depression, which she vainly attempted to subdue. To divert her thoughts from an issue she seemed never to have really dreaded till now, she occupied herself in consigning

her little daughter to rest, and was preparing to perform the same maternal office for the boy; but his innocent pleading to "sit another hour with poor mamma," was too affecting to be resisted. Never had his likeness to his unhappy father seemed so strong as at this moment, when, with childish earnestness, he pressed his artless supplication on his weeping mother.

"Do not cry, my own mamma," exclaimed the lovely prattler: "I shall soon be a man, and then you shall never weep again.—And, tell me, mamma, shall I not wear a red coat like my papa?"

"Heaven forbid, my child!" cried the agonized mother.—The door opened, and the general stood before her. Scarcely knowing what she did, the agitated widow sunk on her knees before him, still holding the hand of her young son, who, with innocent wonder, gazing on his aged relative, silently and unconsciously kneeled beside her. His strong resemblance to his departed sire seemed the irresistible appeal of nature to the feelings of his progenitor. Snatching him to his heart, yet putting him away at intervals to observe the lineaments more attentively, tears, the first he had known, broke from the veteran's eyes, like springs from the burning desert, while the noble child yielded to caresses, which he returned with eagerness and delight.

"Dear mamma, tell me, is this my own grandpapa?"

"Yes, yes—bright image of my lost Arthur!" cried the white-haired grandsire—"of that Arthur who is wonderfully and mercifully restored to me in this dear boy.—Oh, shall I abandon thee also!—Ellen, my child!" he exclaimed, sinking on his knees by the side of the still kneeling widow, whom excess of feeling had kept silent and motionless: "Ellen, my own sweet daughter, can you ever forgive me?"

She could not speak, but, bathing his hand with her tears, attempted, with filial tenderness, to raise him.

"Not yet, not yet!" he cried, gently putting her child from him, while, with uplifted hands, he bent in mute gratitude to Heaven. In silent imitation, the wondering boy, kneeling between his grandsire and his mother, lifted, as he had been taught, his little hands in prayer, while his fond, his enraptured parent, flinging her arms round him, gave vent, in a torrent of tears, to the delighted feelings of an overcharged heart. It was a moment of bliss, cheaply purchased even by that strong emotion which threatened to accelerate the dissolution of her already wasted frame.

"Ellen, my child!" exclaimed the general some days after, when the widow and her orphans had been formally established in his mansion: "Ellen, these eyes, that cheek, are a continual reproach to my unnatural desertion of you!—You must have advice. I shall not think you forgive me while I see you thus pale and languid."

"My friend—my father!" said the widow, taking his hand, "we must part!"

"Part!" repeated the old man, greatly affected—"Part, Ellen!—Would you then leave me?—Would you bereave me of your children—of my dear second Arthur?"

"No, no!" she cried: "in committing them to your fatherly care—in seeing them taken to your fostering bosom, my last duty, my last desire, is accomplished."

"And think you then, Ellen," resumed the general, "that I love you less than your children, or that I will ever resign you?" She held up her hand, so wasted that the light shone through, and the fatal truth at once struck on the affectionate old man. He burst into loud exclamations of grief. "It is I—it is I that have killed you!—that have murdered Arthur!—Oh, Ellen, why did you conceal this cruel malady from me!—But it may not yet be too late—we have skilful physicians—"

"Seek not to avert the will of Heaven," she exclaimed, faintly smiling; "it may not be controlled: and, oh, my father!" she continued, pressing her thin lip to his withered hand, "ought we to repine at a fate which will unite me for ever to my blessed Arthur? I do not ask you to protect his children—to rear them in the love of virtue—to teach them the way of pleasantness and the path of peace."

Overpowered by emotion, he vainly attempted to speak; but the children entering at the moment, he extended an arm round each, endeavouring by that

silent gesture to express the solemn purpose of his heart. The widow smiled as she drew from her bosom the lock of hair, severed on the night of her husband's death, and placed it in the general's hand.—"It is my only legacy—can I bequeath one more precious?"

He looked on it with glistening eyes, and turned, as if to express his sense of its value, when he perceived her lift her clasped hands to Heaven, and sink back fainting in her chair. The cries of the children brought servants into the room, who attempted to restore her, but in vain—the cornet's widow was no more!

TO THE SEA.

Thou glorious sea! more pleasing far
  When all thy waters are at rest,
And noonday sun or midnight star
  Is shining on thy waveless breast.

More pleasing far, than when the wings
  Of stormy winds are o'er thee spread,
And every billowy mountain flings
  Aloft to heaven its foaming head.

Yet is the very tempest dear,
  Whose mighty voice but tells of thee;
For, wild or calm, or far or near,
  I love thee still, thou glorious sea!

F. H.

ON A PORTRAIT.

BY DELTA.

Ut pictura poesis.

As breaks the sunbeam through the storm,
  Whose piles have just dissolved in thunder,
Appears to me thy radiant form,
  And, scattering gather'd griefs asunder,
Not only brings me heavenly calm,
But bathes my wither'd heart with balm.

Oh brightest image of the past!
  And art thou still thy smiles bestowing?
And dost thou deign those eyes to cast,
  In their own sunny radiance glowing,
On me, as thou wast wont to do,
When love was warm and life was new?

Alas! alas! thou conjurest up,
  From out the past, a glorious vision;
When Boyhood sipp'd from Beauty's cup,
  And Love robed earth in hues elysian,
Making this dull existence seem
Not Care's demesne, but Pleasure's dream!

Yes! 'tis thy very smile, the look,
  So sweetly kind, so gently winning,
That first my spirit captive took,
  When youth's romance was just beginning;
The eyes of blue, the roseate mouth,
The soft hair of the sunny south.

Behind thee glows the deepening sky;
Above thee hang green branches blooming;
Within thy white hand roses lie,
As 't were around the scene perfuming;—
There stand'st thou—all about thee wears
The aspect of departed years.

Yes, there thou art; so life-like all
That breathes around and beams about thee,
That almost I could on thee call,
Nor feel that earth is now without thee.
While gazing thus, stern truth would seem
Strange mockery all, and death a dream!

'Neath azure skies, with blooming trees,
The swallow is a constant comer;
While scents, and swarms of birds and bees,
Proclaim the bland return of summer:
Earth re-appears in all its grace,
Yet lacks the beauty of thy face.

When gazing on thy semblance now,
That to my smile doth answer smiling,
My heart can scarce the truth allow
(So life-like is thine eye beguiling)
That what I loved is only dust,
And shall not wake—but with the just.

All come again—all come again—
Young April's clouds, and July glowing;

The ripe fruits, the autumnal grain,
  And sere November's tempest blowing:
But thou art of the past; the grave
Dare let not back and will not save!

At morning, when the little bird
  Chirps from the bough to break my slumber,
My widow'd heart for thee is stirr'd,
  And in its loneliness will number
The scenes which once it joy'd to prove
With thee of cloudless bliss, sweet love!

And when beneath the evening star
  I hear the darken'd waters gliding,
Or, pausing, gaze at Cynthia's car,
  O'er the white hills of cloudland riding,
I listen for thy voice—and hear
Alone the night-winds sighing drear!

Yet better far it is that thou,
  Now harbour'd safe from grief's commotion,
Art blest in heaven, and sharest now
  The seraph's feast, the saint's devotion,
Than, cross'd by cares, that thou shouldst be
Still toss'd on life's tempestuous sea.

Bright shade of love! still beam for me,
  Still smile in all thy sinless beauty;
And, warning from impurity,
  Preserve me in the path of duty;

Since present joys are all o'ercast
By bright remembrance of the past.

And when a few grief-chequer'd years
Have o'er me flagg'd with heavy pinion,
O'er mine, wing'd from the land of tears,
Thy spirit shall resume dominion;
And I through endless ages be
Blest in communion sweet with thee!

WOMAN'S EYE.

BY THE REV. J. H. CAUNTER.

The light that beams from woman's eye,
And sparkles through her tear,
Responds to that impassion'd sigh
Which love delights to hear.
'Tis the sweet language of the soul
On which a voice is hung,
More eloquent than ever stole
From saint's or poet's tongue.

It tames the wilder passions' rise,
And melts the savage heart;
Man from his sternest purpose flies
When woman's tear-drops start.
That mute but forcible appeal,
Who shall resist its spell?
How keenly it can make us feel,
I know—ah! but too well!

THE ZANTEOTE LOVERS*.

Who that has once witnessed, can ever forget, the scenes presented by the vintage in the Ionian islands, and, above all, in the island of Zante? The girls, of classic beauty, their turbans doffed and their black tresses wreathed with the luxuriant currant-leaves—the handsome youths assisting them in their labour—the flower-crowned, barefooted children—and the few scattered English soldiers, with their bright appointments glistening through the rich foliage—form altogether a scene more lively and more interesting than in this sober, matter-of-fact country can well be imagined.

"My life," said Zurelli, the fairest of the Zanteote maidens, to her lover, Gerasimo, as, seated within view of the sea, they were resting after the toils of the day, "you seem not so happy as usual: and see," added she, taking the coronal from her head, "these leaves are faded with the scorching heat of the noon-tide sun; while the clouds that are rising above us threaten to shut out even the first night-star from our view. Surely," she continued, "this is emblematic of you. Your brow is clouded and your smile is overcast—look round, love, and let the light of that smile shine upon me as it was wont."

Gerasimo answered not, but put his English key-bugle to his lips, and played several beautiful airs.

* The circumstances related in the following pages occurred at Zante, during the government of the writer's father.

He ceased, and gazed with an expression of sadness on the countenance of his companion. At length he spoke.

"Zurelli," said he, with emphasis, "I have formed a scheme."

"Well, dearest," she replied, smiling, "what is it?"

He again took up his bugle and played an English march upon it.

"I know it! I know it!" exclaimed the girl, starting up, and standing before her lover, with a wild look and a flushed cheek, "I have seen you lately practising upon your instrument with that English soldier, and now you would join his restless, wandering band as a minstrel, and go with these strangers from me and from your country."

"No, love," rejoined Gerasimo, kissing the brow of his betrothed—"we will not part; we will go to England together."

"And why?" said Zurelli, calmly. "Wherefore would you leave your quiet, delightful home, your cottage, and the flowers which you were rearing to bloom at our bridal, for a foreign land?"

"Because," answered Gerasimo, "I am tired of this inglorious ease. I would see the world, and see it too with you, Zurelli."

"But," said the maiden, "my mother!—you have none to leave behind. Had she other children to comfort her in her solitude, I would not repine; but ——"

She paused, and wept upon her lover's shoulder.

"Your mother is not old, dearest," resumed Gerasimo, in a soothing tone: "in a short time we will return."

In spite of Zurelli's tears and entreaties he joined an English regiment then quartered at Zante, as a performer on the key-bugle. I think I see him now beneath the windows of the government-house, with his bright scarlet turban and shining tinselled vest. Gerasimo was the best performer on his instrument in the band of the —th regiment.

One evening the governor-general of the islands, who resided on the opposite shore, having a large party to dinner, sent a messenger to Zante, desiring that the band to which Gerasimo belonged would immediately go over to his house for the entertainment of his guests. The colonel of the regiment, who also had friends, returned for answer, that the band was already engaged. General L——, in a transport of rage, again sent word that the men were all under his command, and he insisted on their instant obedience to his orders. They accordingly embarked, but without their instruments.

"Well," said General L——, stepping into his balcony, and looking down upon the mute party assembled before his house, "why do ye not play?"

The high-spirited Gerasimo acted as spokesman. "Our colonel," replied he, with a scornful smile, "bade us say, that the band of the —th regiment is yours while quartered in the Ionian islands, but the

instruments belong to the regiment; therefore we have not brought them."

"Slave!" muttered General L——, venting his spleen on the speaker for lack of the colonel's presence.

"Slave!" exclaimed Gerasimo, his proud southern blood rushing into his dark cheek—"to whom are you speaking?"

"To you, varlet," contemptuously retorted the haughty general.

"Repeat that at your peril!" cried the exasperated Gerasimo in his native language, at the same time snatching a musket from the hands of a sentry, and presenting it at General L——. He was instantly seized by the guards, his offence in the British army being punished by the martial law with death. He was put handcuffed into the barge, in which the band silently and sadly re-embarked for Zante; and the moment they landed the unhappy offender was conveyed to the prison belonging to the English troops in that island.

And where now was Zurelli?—In the solitude of her own chamber, lighted solely by the pale lamp of heaven, the only sound that reached her ear the dashing of the bright sea upon the shore, her melancholy restless thoughts her only companions.

"Zurelli!" said a voice beneath the casement.

"Hush, Ruvina!" softly responded Zurelli, bending from the lattice, "my mother sleeps."

"Come then for a moment to me!" rejoined Ruvina in a hurried tone; and Zurelli went down to her friend under the porch of the cottage. The moon shone directly upon the face of Ruvina: her features were pale and agitated.

"Gerasimo!—where is he?" exclaimed Zurelli, her thoughts instantly recurring to her absent lover, and connecting her friend's agitation with something unknown that might have befallen him. Thus it is when woman loves!—every thought, every fear, reverts to him in whom her soul is wrapped.

"He is in prison," answered Ruvina.

"In prison!" cried Zurelli, with a wild laugh.

"Ay," replied Ruvina; "that English general, who would have taken you with him last year to Ithaca, has done this."

Zurelli darted into the house, and entered the chamber of her mother. She still slept. Her daughter deliberately trimmed the lamp which burned by the bedside, unfolded her crimson turban, and shrouded her dark tresses in it. She threw her long mantle over her shoulders, passed Ruvina with swift and noiseless foot, and hurried to the prison. The English sentries paced with silent and steady steps before the gates: both started as the Zanteote girl stood before them.

"Where is he?" inquired she in a wild tone. The soldiers hesitated; but within the gates stood an English officer. The portals were thrown open; the officer beckoned to Zurelli, and she followed him to the inner

entrance of the prison. The door creaked on its hinges. Her conductor led the way up a narrow stone staircase, while the maiden followed unconsciously, with rapid and silent foot-falls. At the head of the staircase was another door; this too was opened, they entered an apartment, and there was the daring, high-spirited Gerasimo.

The Greek girl advanced with hurried step, and perceived that he slept. She looked vacantly around, and observed that her guide had retired to the other end of the apartment. She knelt down and touched the manacles of her lover; she shuddered, and Gerasimo awoke. He moved, and the rattling of his chains roused Zurelli from her stupor.

"Gerasimo!" said she. "Zurelli!" he replied, in a tone of deep despair, and, covering his face with his iron-bound hands, he sobbed audibly. She rose and hurried towards the English officer: she knew little of his language, but grief, even when voiceless, is expressive. She knelt to him, and pointing to her lover, said in English: "Will *you* ask?" The officer shook his head, sorrowfully intimating that nothing could be done.

Zurelli rose and walked towards the door: she stood for a moment gazing at her lover, then darted down the staircase, through the high prison-gates, and stopped not till she reached her home.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

On the 1st of August, 18—, there was an unusual bustle in the island of Zante. Soldiers were hurry-

ing to and fro, with their bayonets gleaming in the sunshine; drums were muffling, and a guard of six grenadiers was seen marching with muskets reversed towards the prison. Presently the Dead March was heard from without the gates, and Gerasimo was led forth from his cell to look upon his country and its bright sunlight for the last time, and—to die.

He paused a moment beneath the arch and looked back. Zurelli, his beautiful, his betrothed, had just been borne fainting from his presence. He bowed his head, and walked silently, but steadily, onward. The English officers were all assembled; there was a garish show of plumes and scarlet and gold and gay military trappings. They entered the parade-ground—the prisoner knelt down—the bandage was bound over his eyes, and Colonel T**y advanced. "Make ready!" said he to the file of men planted for the purpose of destruction, and the muskets clicked fearfully in the ears of the mute multitude.—"Present!" The guns were brought parallel with the ground.

Colonel T**y folded his arms, and drew himself up into his usual erect and soldier-like attitude.

"Gerasimo," said he at last—"General L—— died last night, and in the name of my officers I pronounce your pardon."

Poor Gerasimo sank senseless to the earth. In this state he was borne to the government-house and laid upon a couch. By degrees he recovered; raising himself from his reclining position, he looked wildly

around, and beheld Zurelli, his own Zurelli, bending over him. Her warm breath was on his cold brow; her sparkling tears shone like gems on his stiff fingers; and her mother and her friend, Ruvina, their faces beaming with smiles of happiness and delight, stood at the foot of the couch.

Three days afterwards Gerasimo obtained his discharge. It was purchased for him by the officer who had granted Zurelli admittance to his prison.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Again it was the season of the vintage; again the garlands of currant-leaves were wreathed on the brows of the Zanteote maidens.

A signal was made in the harbour, and a small sloop of war hovered about the entrance. On board was Sir John Maxwell, who was returning from England, after an absence of three months, to replace General L——.

It was the feast also of St. R———, and a large party of priests and religious persons stopped before the gates of the government-house, suing for dollars to decorate the shrine of the saint, and a salute of guns in honour of his *fête*.

"Tell them," said Colonel T**y, in reply to this message, "I am sorry I cannot comply with the request, my guns being all engaged this morning in honour of *my saint, St. John*, who is now entering the harbour; and as for my dollars, the few I had to spare have been sent to adorn the nuptial altar of Gerasimo and Zurelli." H. T**Y.

CONSTANCY.

BY JAMES BIRD.

She dwelt in her dear native vale, where the light
Of her loveliness shone like the planet of night,
That makes all clad in beauty more beautiful still,
Adds new charms to the valley, new grace to the hill!

O'er that spot nature's bounty profusely had thrown,
From her garner of treasures, rare gems of her own;
And its beautiful glades were as happy as fair,
For the pride of the valley, young Ada, was there!

Oh! the charm of her smile was so sunny and bright;
Her form, like a seraph's, all graceful and light,
And her eloquent eye softly told that its ray
From the sun of her soul had just darted away!

Yes! she breathed the fair sylph of that sweet shaded
spot,
Bloom'd the chaste, lovely flower of her vine-cover'd
cot,
Where the beauty of nature enchantingly smiled—
Where the mother was blest in the love of her child.

And of Ada's fond heart, there was *one*, who possess'd
All its hope—the devotion, the truth of her breast,
And whose love was to her as the flower to the bee,
Or the leaf that ne'er fades on the evergreen tree!

P

But the pride of her soul, the brave Seymour, was far
From the bowers of her home, 'mid the tumult of war;
With the fervour of youth, o'er the wide-rolling wave,
He had rush'd to the fight, with the noble and brave.

He departed!—The ocean divided them now,
And the care for his absence was mark'd on her brow,
Where anxiety's fear, the soft shading of sorrow,
Veil'd the bliss of to-day 'neath the hope of to-morrow!

Time fled—and he came not—again, and again,
Had the summer sun smiled o'er the deep, heaving
main;—
Oh! how drear was the night, and how cheerless the
day,
While he dwelt from her own lovely valley away!

Now the sweet, blooming spring brought delight to the
earth,
And the bud and the floweret rejoiced in their birth;
And though bright glow'd the scene which around her
was spread,
Yet the spell of her heart, its enchantment, had fled!

He sent not—return'd not—she heard of his fame,
And her heart burn'd with joy at the tidings which
came;
For the star of her being was cloudless or dim,
As Fate dealt her storm or her sunshine to him!

How slow wane the hours when the form we most prize
Far away!—far away!—is estranged from our eyes!
And the moments to Ada thus painfully wrought
The sad dread of suspense, the dejection of thought.

"He is gone!—and for ever!—if living, no more
Dwells his thought on the scenes he so valued before.
Seymour shares not the laurels he wins for his brow
With the heart that hath loved, and that worships him
now!

"Yes! they tell me, my dear humble home from his
thought
Is all vanish'd away like a dream that is nought.
No!—No!—he may fall in the morning of youth,
But his heart is the temple of virtue and truth!"

Thus she pensively mourn'd—and, though many a
swain
Had bow'd down at the shrine of her beauty in vain;
Where her worshippers knelt, and exultingly told
Of their spacious domains, and their treasures of gold,

Yet she heeded them not!—As the flower that will
turn
To the light of its life, wheresoe'er it may burn;
So to Seymour her heart turn'd its hope, though the
ray
That could cherish that hope from her sight was away.

The sun was slow wending to seek for his rest,
In the sapphirine bower of his realm in the west,
While his beams softly play'd on the light waving trees
That now whisper'd their joy at the kiss of the breeze!

In that hour lovely Adă dejectedly sate
By the door of her cottage, she mused on her fate;
And though sweetly her bird trill'd his song to her ear,
Its soft music had lost the rich notes that could cheer.

And the book she most loved, which had often re-
press'd
The dominion of sorrow that vanquish'd her breast;
Its page, once so prized, failed to comfort her now,
Or to chase the despair that o'ershadow'd her brow!

Hope died in her soul:—hark! a footstep is nigh,
And a shadow has caught the bright glance of her eye—
She turns—her breath quickens—before her he stands,
Her own Seymour!—the book from her tremulous
hands

Now fell, as she sprang, like an arrow that flies,
Or a dove that darts swift to her mate in the skies,
While her heart all its truth, all its ardour confess'd,
As her fast-changing cheek softly sank on his breast.

At that moment the rose, which she wore in her
bosom,
Fell down at her feet with its redolent blossom;

As though *now* all its charms had no fragrance nor
worth,
Since that bosom possess'd all its treasure on earth!

Oh, Ada! dear Ada! the noon of thy youth
Shall be bless'd for thy constancy, virtue, and truth.
And, Seymour! brave Seymour! thy honour shall be
Thy sure passport to joy—beauty's garland to thee!

Oh, woman! what bliss, what enchantment, we owe,
To the spell of thy heart, to thy solace below,
To thy truth so enduring—thy kindness and care
In the morning of joy, in the night of despair!

To thy soul's chosen Love thou unchanged wilt remain,
In health and in sickness, in pleasure and pain;
And, when closed are his eyes in Death's mortal
eclipse,
Even then, still is his the last kiss of thy lips!

And over his grave thou wilt mournfully keep
Thy lone vigil of sorrow, to pray and to weep:
Yes! to pray—that his errors of heart be forgiven,
And that *thou* may'st yet meet him unsullied in heaven!

[This and the following poem were written expressly to illustrate the engraving inscribed CONSTANCY; and, the subject being so differently treated by the gifted authors, it has been deemed right to introduce the compositions of both. EDITOR.]

CONSTANCY.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

"It is—it is the trumpet's note!—
  Bright Hope once more is mine!
I see the glorious banners float,
  The martial weapons shine!
I hear, like an approaching storm,
  The warriors' heavy tread:
Albert! I seek in vain thy form:
  O God!—canst thou be dead?

"One—but one little moment more,
  My heart forget to ache;
That time hath blessed joys in store—
  Or griefs—to bid thee break!
Long years, since our farewell, have past
  In misery and in gloom;
And, oh! if it should prove our last,
  Welcome my shroud and tomb!

"Alas! how could I live—yet know
  That thou, my love, wert slain;
That, gash'd and cold, thy noble brow
  Lay on the battle-plain;
That the fond voice, 't was bliss to hear,
  In death had pass'd away:—
O, Albert, haste—or doubt and fear
  Thy Genevieve will slay!

"Who calls?—the wind my ear deceives—
  Again—'tis from the grove—
And, hark!—a step among the leaves—
  'Tis he!—my life—my love!
O, welcome—welcome—to this breast,
  Thou prized of all the most!—
This kiss—these tears—will speak the rest—
  Alas! I thought thee lost!"

"My own fond girl—my graceful flower—
  My beautiful—my pride—
How have I long'd for this blest hour,
  When on the ocean wide!
And is, indeed, thy youthful heart
  Still constant as my own?—
Then we have met, no more to part;
  To live for love alone!

"O, I have many a tale to tell
  Of woes and perils o'er;
Of fair and gallant youths that fell
  Upon the Turkish shore!—
Of dreadful battles on the land,
  And tempests on the sea;—
Still saved, by Heaven's protecting hand,
  My Genevieve—for thee!"

"Yet thou look'st pale—thine arm is bound—
  And faded is thine eye;

Ah me! I fear, from sight and sound,
  Thou com'st but home—to die!—
But, no!—I will not speak of this,
  Nor keep one thought of pain;
This hour is one of soul-felt bliss,
  And many may remain!

"Behold our lovely cottage-home,
  O, never will you meet,
In any land where'er you roam,
  A spot more fair—more sweet:
Mother—dear mother—bless your child,
  The news was false we learn'd;—
God on our mutual prayers has smiled—
  Our Albert is return'd!"

FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS SKURRAY.

False friends, like insects in a summer's day,
  Bask in the sunshine, but avoid the shower;
Uncertain visitants, they flee away,
  E'en when misfortune's cloud begins to lower.

Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops
  Balsamic sweets, to overpower the gall:
True friends, like ivy and the wall it props,
  Both stand together, or together fall.

THE HOURI.

A PERSIAN TALE.

BY THE LATE HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

In the 414th year of the Hegira, Shah Abbas Selim reigned in the kingdom of Iraun. He was a young and an accomplished prince, who had distinguished himself alike by his valour in the field and by his wisdom in the cabinet. Justice was fairly and equally administered throughout his dominions; the nation grew wealthy and prosperous under his sway; and the neighbouring potentates, all of whom either feared his power or admired his character, were ambitious of being numbered among the friends and allies of Abbas Selim. Amidst all these advantages, a tendency to pensiveness and melancholy, which had very early marked his disposition, began to assume an absolute dominion over him. He avoided the pleasures of the chase, the banquet, and the harem, and would shut himself up for days and weeks in his library (the most valuable and extensive collection of oriental literature extant), where he passed his time principally in the study of the occult sciences, and in the perusal of the works of the Magians and the astrologers. One of the most remarkable features of his character was the indifference with which he regarded the beautiful females, Circassians, Georgians, and Franks, who thronged his court, and who tasked their talents and charms to the utmost to find favour in the eyes of the shah. Exclamations

of fondness for some unknown object would, nevertheless, often burst from his lips in the midst of his profoundest reveries; and, during his slumbers, he was frequently heard to murmur expressions of the most passionate love. Such of his subjects whose offices placed them near his person were deeply afflicted at the symptoms which they observed, and feared that they indicated an aberration of reason; but when called upon to give any directions, or take any step for the management of the affairs of the nation, he still exhibited his wonted sagacity and wisdom, and excited the praise and wonder of all.

He had been lately observed to hold long and frequent consultations with the Magians. The kingdom had been scoured from east to west in search of the most skilful and learned men of this class; but whatever were the questions which Abbas Selim propounded, it seemed that none of them could give satisfactory answers. His melancholy deepened, and his fine manly form was daily wasting under the influence of some unknown malady. The only occupations which seemed at all to soothe him were singing and playing on his dulcimer. The tunes were described, by those who sometimes contrived to catch a few notes of them, to be singularly wild and original, and such as they had never heard before. A courtier, more daring than the rest, once ventured so near the royal privacy as to be able to distinguish the words of a song, which were to the following effect:—

Sweet spirit! ne'er did I behold
Thy ivory neck, thy locks of gold;
Or gaze into thy full dark eye;
Or on thy snowy bosom lie;
Or take in mine thy small white hand;
Or bask beneath thy smilings bland;
Or walk, enraptured, by the side
Of thee, my own immortal bride!

I see thee not; yet oft I hear
Thy soft voice whispering in my ear;
And, when the evening breeze I seek,
I feel thy kiss upon my cheek;
And when the moon-beams softly fall
On hill, and tow'r, and flow'r-crown'd wall,
Methinks the patriarch's dream I see—
The steps that lead to heaven and thee.

I've heard thee wake, with touch refined,
The viewless harp-strings of the wind,
When on my ears their soft tones fell,
Sweet as the voice of Israfel *.
I've seen thee, midst the lightning's sheen,
Lift up for me heaven's cloudy screen,
And give one glimpse, one transient glare,
Of the full blaze of glory there.

Oft midst my wanderings wild and wide,
I know that thou art by my side;
For flow'rs breathe sweeter 'neath thy tread,
And suns burn brighter o'er thy head;
And though thy steps so noiseless steal;
And though thou ne'er thy form reveal,
My throbbing heart and pulses high
Tell me, sweet spirit, thou art nigh.

* The angel of music.

Oh, for the hour, the happy hour,
When Azrael's* wings shall to thy bow'r
Bear my enfranchised soul away,
Unfetter'd with these chains of clay!
For what is he whom men so fear,
Azrael, the solemn, and severe;
What but the white-robed priest is he,
Who weds my happy soul to thee?

Then shall we rest in bow'rs that bloom
With more than Araby's perfume,
And gaze on scenes so fair and bright,
Thought never soar'd so proud a height;
And list to many a sweeter note
Than swells th' enamour'd bulbul's throat;
And one melodious Ziraleet †
Through heaven's eternal year repeat.

One evening, when the shah was thus occupied, his prime minister and favourite, Prince Ismael, introduced into his apartment a venerable man, whose white hair, long flowing beard, and wan and melancholy but highly intellectual features, failed not to arrest the attention and command the respect of all who beheld him. His garments were plain and simple, even to coarseness, but he was profusely decorated with jewels, apparently of considerable value, and he bore a long white wand in his hand. "I have at length, oh king!" said the minister, "met with the famous Achmet Hassan, who professes, that if it be in the power of any mortal to procure the gratification of your highness's wishes, that power resides in him."

* The angel of death.

† A song of rejoicing.

"Let him enter," said the shah. The minister made an obeisance, introduced the sage, and retired.

"Old man," said Abbas Shah, "thou knowest wherefore I have sought thee, and what I have desired of thee?"

"Prince," said Achmet, "thou wouldst see the houri, the queen of thy bower of paradise; her who, in preference to all the other dark-eyed daughters of heaven, will greet thee there, and shall be thy chosen companion in those blissful regions."

"Thou sayest it," said the shah. "Can thy boasted art procure me a sight, be it even transitory as the lightning's flash, of that heavenly being?"

"King of Iraun," said the sage, "the heavenly houris are of two different natures. They are, for the most part, of a peculiar creation formed to inhabit those bowers; but a few are sinless and beautiful virgins, natives of this lower world, who, after death, are endowed with tenfold charms, which surpass even those of the native daughters of paradise. If thy immortal bride be of the former nature, she is beyond the reach of my art; but if she be of the latter, and have not yet quitted our world, I can call her spirit before thee, and thine eyes may be gratified by gazing upon her, although it will be only for a moment, transitory, as thou hast said, as the lightning's flash."

"Try, then, thy potent art," said the prince. "Thou hast wound up my spirit to a pitch of intense desire. Let me gaze upon her, if it be but for an instant."

"Prince," said the sage, fixing his dark, bright eye upon the shah, "hope not to possess her upon earth. Any attempt at discovering her abode, or making her thy own, will be disastrous to you both. Promise me that thou wilt not think of any such enterprise."

"I promise thee any thing—every thing. But haste thee, good Achmet, haste thee; for my heart is full, even to overflowing."

The sage then with his wand described a circle round the prince, within which he placed several boxes of frankincense and other precious spices, and afterwards kindled them. A light thin cloud of the most odorous fragrance began to diffuse itself over the apartment. Achmet bowed his head to the ground repeatedly during this ceremony, and waved his wand, uttering many sounds in a language with which the shah was unacquainted. At length, as the cloud began to grow rather dense, the old man drew himself up to his utmost height, leaned his right hand on his wand, which he rested on the floor, and, in a low, solemn tone, uttered an incantation, which seemed to be a metrical composition, but was in the same unknown language. It lasted several minutes; and while the old man was pronouncing it, the cloud, which was spread over the whole apartment, seemed gradually gathering together and forming a condensed body. An unnatural but very brilliant light pervaded the chamber, and the cloud was seen resolving itself into the resemblance of a human shape, until at length the

prince saw, or fancied that he saw, a beautiful female figure standing before him. His own surprise was not greater than that of the old man, who gazed upon the phantom he had raised, and trembled as he gazed. It appeared to be a young female, about fifteen years of age. She was tall, and her form exhibited the most wonderful symmetry. Her eyes were large, bright, and black. Her complexion was as though it had borrowed the combined hues of the ruby and the pearl, being of an exquisite white and red. Her lips and her teeth each exhibited one of these colours in perfection, and her long dark hair was crowned with flowers, and flowed in glossy ringlets down to her waist. She was dressed in a long flowing robe of dazzling whiteness: she neither moved nor spoke, only once the prince thought that she smiled upon him, and then the figure instantly vanished, the preternatural light left the apartment, and the mild moonbeams again streamed through the open lattices.

Before the exclamation of joy which was formed in the prince's bosom could reach his lips, it was changed into a yell of disappointment. "Old man," he said, "thou triflest with me—thou hast presented this vision to my eyes only that thou mightst withdraw it immediately. Call back that lovely form, or, by Mahomet! thou shalt exchange thy head for the privilege which thou hast chosen to exercise of tormenting Abbas Selim."

"Is it thus, oh king!" said Achmet, "that thou

rewardest the efforts made by thy faithful subjects to fulfil thy wishes? I have tasked my art to its utmost extent: to call back that vision, or to present it again to thine eyes, is beyond my skill."

"But she lives—she breathes—she is an inhabitant of this world!" said the prince.

"Even so," returned the other.

"Then I'll scour all Iraun, I'll dispatch emissaries all over the world, that wherever she be, she may be brought hither to fill up the vacuum in my heart, and to share the throne of Abbas Selim!"

"The instant," said Achmet, "that your highness's eyes meet hers, her fate is sealed. She will not long remain an inhabitant of this world. It is written in the Book of Fate that she shall not be the bride of mortal man."

"Death, traitor!" said the monarch; "am I not the shah? who shall gainsay my will?—what shall oppose it?"

"The will of Heaven!" replied the sage, calmly. "The irrevocable decrees of destiny."

"Away! avaunt! thou drivelling idiot!" said Selim, "let me not see thee more!"

The shah's maladies, both mental and bodily, increased alarmingly after this event. The lovely phantom haunted him sleeping and waking. He lost all appetite and strength, and appeared to be fast sinking into the grave. At length he bethought himself, that if he could, from memory, sketch the features which he

had beheld, he might possibly thence derive some consolation. He possessed some talent for drawing—his remembrance of the form and features was most vivid and distinct—and, guiding his pencil with his heart rather than his hand, he succeeded in producing a most extraordinary likeness. He then summoned into his presence a skilful and accomplished limner, in whose hands he deposited the sketch, and describing to him the colour of the hair, eyes, and complexion, of the original, he desired him to paint a portrait.

The limner gazed upon the sketch, and listened to the description with profound attention and evident surprise. "Surely," said he, "I have seen her whose features are here delineated. Indeed they are features which are not easily mistaken, for she is beautiful as one of the damsels of Paradise."

"Sayest thou so?" said the monarch, starting from his seat, while he tore from his turban some jewels of inestimable value, which he thrust into the painter's hand. "Knowest thou where to find her?"

"She lives in the southern suburbs," answered the limner. "Her name is Selima, and her father is a poor but learned man, who is constantly buried in his studies, and is unconscious of the value of the gem which is hidden under his humble roof."

"Haste thee, good Ali, haste thee! bring her hither —let no difficulties or dangers impede thee, and there is not a favour in the power of the monarch of Iraun to grant which thou shalt ask in vain."

Ali flew rather than ran to the abode of his fair friend, in whose welfare he had always taken a lively interest. He knocked at the door, which was opened by the lovely Selima herself.

"Sweet Selima," he said, "I have strange news for thee."

"Speak it then," she answered smilingly; "be it bad or good, the sooner I hear it the better."

"I have a message for thee from the shah."

"The shah!" she said, and her eyes sparkled with a mysterious expression of intelligence and wonder; but she did not, extraordinary as was the information, appear to entertain the slightest doubt of its veracity. "'Tis wondrous strange!"

"'Tis true," said the limner. "He placed in my hands a sketch for a female portrait, in which I instantly recognised your features."

"It is but a few days ago," said she, "that I had an extraordinary dream. Methought I was in an apartment of surprising extent and magnificence. A cloud of fragrant odours filled the room; the cloud became gradually condensed, and then assumed the form of a young man of most majestic form and handsome features. Although I had never seen the shah, I soon knew, by his pale, proud brow, so sad and yet so beautiful, his bright, sparkling blue eye, his tall, stately form, and his regal gait, that this could be none other than Abbas Selim. He smiled sweetly upon me—he took my hand in his, and as his lips approached mine

I woke, and saw only the cold moonbeams gilding my chamber."

"Sweet Selima! why have I never heard of this before?"

"I told it all to my father," she said; "but he frowned upon me, and bade me think of it no more, and to tell my dream to no one. But thy strange message has made me violate his command. I have thought of nothing but Abbas Selim since. How happy ought the nation to be whom he governs; and, above all, how happy the maiden whom he loves!"

"Then art thou, my Selima, supremely happy," said the limner; "for of thee is he enamoured to desperation. Thou must accompany me immediately to the palace."

In the mean time the shah paced his apartment in an agony of impatience. "Curse on this lingering limner!" he exclaimed; "has he combined with the Magian to drive me to distraction? May every vile peasant press to his heart the being whom he adores, and am I, the lord of this vast empire, to sigh in vain, and to be continually tormented with faint and momentary glimpses of the heaven from which I am debarred?"

He had scarcely uttered these words, when the private entrance to his apartment, to which he had given the painter a passport, opened, and his messenger entered, leading his fair companion by the hand. No sooner did the monarch's eyes encounter those of Se-

lima, than he instantly knew that he was in the real, substantial presence of her whose phantom he had beheld. His wonder and delight knew no bounds, nor will the power of language suffice to describe them. He pressed to his heart the object for which it had so long panted. Health and strength appeared to be suddenly restored to him; new life seemed rushing through his veins; and his buoyant step and elastic tread seemed to belong to a world less gross and material than that in which he dwelt. When the first paroxysm of his rapture was over, he summoned the chief imaum into his presence, and gave him orders to follow him into the mosque attached to the palace, for the purpose of immediately celebrating his nuptials with Selima.

The priest gazed intently on the bride, and his features became strangely agitated. "The will of Abbas Selim," he said, "is the law of his faithful subjects; but if I have read the Koran aright, and if my studies have not been idly pursued, the finger of death is on yon fair maiden, and her nuptials with the shah will but accelerate the approach of Azrael."

"Dotard!" said the prince; and he gazed upon Selima, whose features glowed with all the hues of beauty and health. "Tell not to me thy idle dreams, but perform thine office, and be silent."

The chidden priest obeyed the last injunction of his prince, and, with head depressed and folded arms, followed him and his bride to the mosque, which was

hastily prepared for the celebration of these unexpected nuptials. Heavily and falteringly he pronounced the rites, which were just on the point of being concluded, when a man rushed into the mosque, and, with frantic and threatening gestures, placed himself between the bride and bridegroom. It was Achmet Hassan.

"Forbear, forbear!" he cried, "or Allah's curse light on you!"

"It is the traitorous Magian," said the shah. "Villain! wouldst thou beard thy sovereign at the nuptial hour?"

As he spoke, he unsheathed his scimitar, and rushed towards Achmet. "Save him! spare him!" shrieked the bride; "it is my father!" and rushing between them, the shah's weapon pierced her to the heart, and she sunk lifeless to the earth.

All were struck mute and motionless with horror at this fatal event. When they had somewhat recovered from their stupor, every eye was fixed upon the shah. Still, and cold, and silent as a statue, he occupied the same place as at the moment of this fearful catastrophe. His eyes glared fixedly and unmeaningly. His lips and cheeks were of an ashy paleness. He returned no answer to the inquiries which were made of him, and the import of which it was evident that he did not comprehend. In fact, it was clear that reason had fled from the once highly endowed mind of Abbas Selim, and that the reign of

one of the greatest and most highly-accomplished princes who had ever filled the throne of Persia was terminated.

In a state of listlessness and inanity he continued for above a twelvemonth. A few apartments of the palace were all that remained to him of his once mighty empire, and the sceptre passed into the hands of his brother. His most faithful and constant attendant was the unhappy Achmet Hassan, whom he had rendered childless, and on whose bosom he breathed his latest sigh. As the hour of death approached, his intellects seemed to return; but his malady had so entirely exhausted his strength, that he could not utter a syllable. Once, from the motion of his lips, it was supposed that he was endeavouring to pronounce the name of Selima; then a faint smile illumed his features, while he pointed to the casement and the deep blue sky which was seen through it, and his spirit fled to the bowers of Paradise.

TO THE MOSS-ROSE.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "WORCESTER-FIELD," &c.

OH, mossy rose! whom, in thy fragrant bower,
 I lately named the Summer's peerless queen;
How have thy colours faded since the hour
 When thy expanding bosom first was seen
Spreading its glories to the sun and shower,
 Or softly sleeping in the calm serene

Of July's eve, who o'er thy lovely hues
Shed, as her native offering, heaven's best dews.

Oh, mossy rose! those smiling hours have fled,
And ta'en thy beauty with them!—Sad and pale,
Thy fallen honours now are withering spread
On Earth's cold lap, or scatter'd by the gale
In ruffian sport, or crush'd by the rude tread
Of passing stranger, who beholds how frail
Thy bloom has been, yet will not, from thy fate,
Apply the moral to life's changeful state!

The butterfly, thy airy lover, now
To seek some newly open'd flower has flown,
Regardless of thy fall, and reckless how
Thy fading leaves by every blast are strown.
Oh, mossy rose! thou dost too aptly show,
In thy sad doom, the semblance of our own
Uncertain joys, that hasten to decay,
Like thy vain charms, and fade in tears away.

But, mossy rose! when man's brief years are o'er,
And that blest season comes, as come it must,
When eyes that long have wept shall weep no more,
And broken hearts be mingled with the dust,
His grief shall cease—the pure in spirit soar
To that bright heaven, where ev'ry hope and trust
Shall humbly rest, till changing time shall be
Lost in the ocean of eternity!

THE SPELL.

There 's such a glory on thy cheek,
  And such a magic power around thee,
That, if I would, I could not break
  The spell with which thine eyes have bound me.

Though all my stubborn heart rebel
  Against the thraldom of thy frown,
The tameless spirit thou canst quell,
  And keep the bursting madness down.

I vainly struggle to be free;
  I rouse that withering pride in vain,
Whose blight might change my love for thee
  To fiery hate, or cold disdain.

I loathe my very soul, that bears
  To drink thy poisonous love-draughts up,
Until my frenzied spirit swears
  To dash to earth the dazzling cup.

Yet every effort of my heart
  To cast thee off but draws thee nearer;
And rage and agony impart
  A venom-charm, that makes thee dearer.

F. H.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WOODLEY.

RISING from the dark wild sea,
(Awful in immensity!)
Based upon a craggy rock,
That long has braved th' infuriate shock
Of angry billows, wildly gushing,
And in mighty onset rushing,
As combined to overwhelm
Rock and tower in Ocean's realm—
See the lonely Pharos keep
Sentry o'er the dangerous deep;
Where, unmark'd by careless eye,
Perils heaped on perils lie,
And each heavy-rolling wave
Breaks above a sailor's grave!

Now, while in her ebon car,
Night displays her banner far,
And no orb of ray serene
Looks upon the cheerless scene,
But above—below—around—
All is wrapt in gloom profound;
While the chill and boisterous breeze
Lashes the repining seas,
And the curlew's shriek of fear
Startles painfully the ear:

Streaming from yon lantern high—
Gleaming in the lurid sky—
Bright, through vapour, mist, and cloud,
That vainly strive its beam to shroud,
Glows the monitory blaze
Over wild and trackless ways,
And, through mazes drear and dark,
Guides the distant-gliding bark,
Till, beyond the horizon's verge,
The all-directing sun emerge.

Silent—solemn—stately—slow—
(Like the march of pageant woe)
Round and round incessant turning—
Still with kindly lustre burning—
The faithful lights, alternate, show
The kindling gleam—the ardent glow—
The pallid, soft-receding ray,
That into darkness melts away:—
One moment—all is lost in night;
The next—and all is dazzling bright! *

Emblem of that Sacred Word
Which with Light Divine is stored, †
When I view thy nightly glare
May I trace thy semblance *there!*

* This description is strictly applicable only to the *revolving lights* displayed on some parts of our coast.

† "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my paths."—Psalm cxix. 105.

That, supported on a rock,
Which nor storm nor time can shock,
Amidst the snares of error's night,
Still guides bewilder'd travellers right;
And, through life's eventful seas,
Conducts them to the port of ease.
Tempests may threat and waves assail—
That heavenly beacon cannot fail,
But, through the gloom, with cheering ray,
Foretells the dawn of endless day!

TIME'S TAKINGS AND LEAVINGS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what Age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

Wordsworth.

What does Age take away?
Bloom from the cheek, and lustre from the eye;
The spirits light and gay,
Unclouded as the summer's bluest sky.

What do years steal away?
The fond heart's idol, Love, that gladden'd life;
Friendships, whose calmer sway
We trusted to in hours of darker strife.

What must with time decay?
Young Hope's wild dreams, and Fancy's visions bright;
Life's evening sky grows gray,
And darker clouds prelude Death's coming night.

But not for such we mourn:
We knew them frail, and brief their date assign'd:—
Our spirits are forlorn
Less from Time's thefts, than what he leaves behind.

What do years leave behind?
Unruly passions, impotent desires,
Distrusts, and thoughts unkind,
Love of the world, and self—which last expires.

For these, for these we grieve!
What Time has robb'd us of we knew must go;
But what he deigns to leave
Not only finds us poor, but keeps us so.

It ought not thus to be;
Nor would it—knew we meek Religion's sway:—
Her votary's eye would see
How little Time can give, or take away.

Faith, in the heart enshrined,
Would make Time's gifts enjoy'd, and used, while lent;
And all it left behind
Of Love and Grace a noble monument!

THE FUNERAL BOAT.*

A LEGEND.

BY MISS LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

La damigella tanto ama Lancialotto ch' ella venne alla morte, &c.

The damsel's heart was fond and true,
But she had loved too fatally;
No hope, no help, her sorrows knew;
And round the couch her maidens drew,
Where she was laid to die.

"When these sad eyes are dim and dark,
This faded cheek is cold," she cried,
"Prepare for me a gilded bark,
And lanch it on the rolling tide.

"Of richest silk, and velvet sheen,
Must be my winding-sheet;
Daisies and myrtle, fresh and green,
Strew'd gaily at my feet;
And ye must bind my flowing hair
With pearls and crystals rich and rare.

"A jewell'd crown must deck my brow,
And roses white and red,
With all the sweetest flowers that grow,
Must blush around my bed:
All must look joyous, bright, and fair,
Except the corse that withers there.

* The idea of this poem was taken from a very ancient Italian story, written more than a century before the time of Boccaccio.

"Bind round my waist a precious wreath
Of turquoise, purely blue,
To tell that, to my latest breath,
I ceased not to be true.

"A silken purse my hand must hold,
Spangled with glittering stars of gold;
And see within this scroll ye place,
The last sad lines my hand shall trace.
No sail, no guide, my bark must have—
The sea its pilot or its grave.
Send forth my vessel on the main,
Nor look for its return again."

* * * *

Yon wide expanse of clouds, that lie
A broader iris on the sky,
A varied web of hues has thrown
On each bright wave that passes on;
While rocks, and foam, and sands, receive
The tints that sunset loves to leave.

And on that lonely bark they glow,
As it floats along the tide;
Who its destined port may know?
Who its course may guide?

Many an eve, and many a morn,
Might that fair bark be seen
Still silently and slowly borne
Along the waters green;

Frail as the shell whose fairy sail
Shrinks before the summer gale.

But no unfriendly gales awake
  Where'er its form appears;
Hush'd and calm, as a silver lake,
  The wave its burden bears.

Like the image in an infant's dream,
Like a noiseless vision it might seem;
As, borne along without a wind,
It leaves not the faintest track behind.

*   *   *   *

Where yon tall cliffs are gleaming white
  With the sun of early day,
Comes many a lord and lady bright,
  On the sandy shore to stray.

The coursers snuff the morning gale,
  Their housing richly dight;
And, gaily clad in shining mail,
  Rides many a gallant knight.

Each proudly rears his lofty crest,
  Each seems a prince of power;
Of warriors well approved the best,
  Of chivalry the flower.
And yet, amidst the glorious ring,
Who may not know the warrior-king?

Who looks upon his bright blue eye,
Or his flowing golden hair;
On his mien of goodly majesty,
And his gesture frank and fair;
On the sword he well and oft has tried,
Which never knight may wield beside;
Nor knows the theme of song and fable,
The mighty king of the Round Table?

In joyous groups they crowd the shore,
A gay and gallant throng,
And heed the passing hour no more
Than the waves that sweep along.

Among them Launcelot du Lake
Was sought, was praised, the most;
His words could softest thoughts awake;
No look, no tone, was lost:

And store had he of gentle words
To charm a lady's ear;
Full well his hand could touch the chords
A bard might joy to hear.

Not e'en the royal pair, 'twas said,
Could pass him coldly by:
His jest a sparkling smile repaid,
His lays a smother'd sigh.

Amidst the lovely bands that wait
  Around their gorgeous queen,
His nodding plume and step elate
  Is ever foremost seen.

And now, in strains of soft repining,
  He murmurs sweet and clear;
While on the rocks, around reclining,
  They blush and smile to hear:

My sword is rusting in its sheath;
  Again I needs must try its power,
Since not for me is twined the wreath,
  The golden wreath, in beauty's bower.
Once more I 'll haste to seek the foe,
  On whom my wasted force to prove;
Alas! there is but one I know—
  My only enemy is Love!

My casque has long been thrown aside,
  And rosy chaplets bind my hair;
To tend the fair is all my pride,
  To gain her smile my only care.
Peace over all asserts her sway,
  Ah! let her gentle influence move,
And yielding beauty softly say,
  The warrior has no foe in Love!

Was it the moan of waves that die
  Along the shore in lines of foam—
Was it the sea-bird's mournful cry,
  As she hovers near her ocean home—
That sound that swept on the startled gale,
And bade each blushing cheek turn pale?

Beneath the waters, or midst the skies,
Where is the minstrel whose notes arise—
Who steals from the knight his power to sing,
These accents softly murmuring?

Ah! hush that lute's persuasive tone,
By thee too sweetly taught to feign:
Its melody is sound alone,
And truth avoids the fatal strain.
One who has known thy scorn too well,
Thy lays of falsehood would reprove;
Even from the grave she comes to tell
How harsh a foe thou art to Love!

A guideless bark came floating on,
As ceased that low melodious swell,
Sad as the water's parting tone,
That lingers still within the shell.

Sir Launcelot, with eager eye,
Drew nigh th' unwonted freight to greet:
The wave heaved sullenly and high,
And laid its burden at his feet.

He saw fair flowers and jewels bright,
He saw a face of pallid hue;
And shrank, all heart-struck, at the sight,
For well, alas! that face he knew.

A purse and scroll queen Guenever
Took from the hand as pale as snow;
And, as she traced each character,
Sad grew her eye, and flush'd her brow.

And "Hear," she said, "Sir Launcelot,
  How fond a heart thy vows betray'd—
Vows lightly made, and soon forgot!—
  Ah, thus is woman's truth repaid!"

THE TESTAMENT.

To Arthur of the Table Round,
  And to his lovely queen,
May happy days and power abound,
And all the knights for valour crown'd,
  Whose peers no eye hath seen!
And to the first among them all,
  To Launcelot du Lake,
Whose hand is firm the sword to wield;
Whose plume is foremost in the field;
Whose foes, like leaves in autumn, fall;
  Whose smiles like sun-beams break;
But who is false as the treacherous ray
That loves in April's sky to play:
To him my latest sigh shall go;
For him my latest tear shall flow;
To him my corse I send, and crave
One only boon from him—a grave.

When on his ear these accents fell,
  The knight with late remorse was moved;
And, "ah!" he murmur'd, "far too well
  A worthless traitor thou hast loved!

"And dost thou beg a grave of me?—
  Yes; in a spot of fairest ground,
Where waves the freshest willow tree—
  Where turf is green, and flowers abound—

Where fairies paint their nightly rings,
And where the bird of sorrow sings—
I 'll make thy grave beside a stream,
Whose waters shall thy emblem seem;
As pure and sorrowful they flow,
Meet image of thy love and woe.

"The court, the camp, I here forswear,
Twelve moons my penitence shall see:
I 'll fly to solitude and care,
For her dear sake who died for me."

SUNSET.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

My window 's open to the evening sky,
The sombre trees are fringed with golden light,
The lawn here shadowed lies, there kindles bright,
And fragrant roses lift their incense high.
The punctual thrush, on plane-tree warbling nigh,
With loud and luscious voice calls down the night;
Dim waters, flowing on with gentle might,
Between each pause are heard to murmur by.
The book, that told of wars in Holy Land,
(Nor less than Tasso sounded in mine ears)
Escapes unheeded from my listless hand—
Poets, whom Nature for her service rears,
Like priests in her great temple minist'ring stand,
But in her glory fade when she appears.

Bolham, 1825.

GIUSEPPE GUERCINO.

The sun was sinking in the west, the labours of the day were over, and the cheerful peasantry of the Neapolitan suburbs assembled to close the evening with the accustomed dance and song. Apart from the group stood, with abstracted air, a youth, whose slight form and graceful mien pointed him out as one well fitted to mingle in, and to adorn, the festivities of which he was but an inactive spectator. It was evident, however, that the scene of gaiety had lost its charm for him; and with a sigh, heaved from the inmost recesses of his heart, he turned aside, and walked dejectedly away; directing his steps, unconsciously as it seemed, not towards his home, a romantic cottage at the very foot of Vesuvius, but to a small village which lay exactly in an opposite direction.

"Giuseppe Guercinó has actually gone away then without once asking me to dance," said the gay Theresa, a lovely dark-eyed girl, who had been watching him with an interest he little suspected. "Rosetta is not here to-night, and so I thought I might have been his partner; but no matter; here comes our neighbour Carlo, he will ask me, I am sure:" and no sooner was her anticipation fulfilled, than, forgetful of him who was gone, she took her part in the lively waltz, with all the animation of her age and of her country.

Meanwhile Giuseppe wandered on, totally uncon-

scious of the transient disappointment caused by his abrupt departure; and, as he drew nearer and nearer still to the cottage of Rosetta's parents, the shadow deepened on his brow.

"Why should I seek her now," he exclaimed in accents of sorrow, "to hear that hope is denied to me? Ah! if it had not been so, she would have come to tell me of our brightened prospects: but, no! she did not come—there is no hope. I know, I feel that there is none. Too cruel destiny! we are condemned to part for ever!"

The story of Giuseppe's griefs was simple. His father, the aged Andrea, had inhabited the cottage where he now resided ever since his earliest youth, and although, from its immediate vicinity to the volcano, it had been not unfrequently threatened with destruction, and his property, consisting wholly of vineyards, had been often materially injured; he still persisted in the resolution of remaining there to the latest day of his existence.

Petrone, Rosetta's father, was not a native Neapolitan; he had taken up his abode in the neighbourhood entirely from necessity. He had become possessed of rich vineyards in the suburbs of Naples by the death of a distant relative, and, unused to the alarming aspect of the burning mountain, could only reconcile himself to the idea of living on his new property by building himself a cottage at the very farthest extremity of the village most remote from its influence.

Under these circumstances, when Giuseppe solicited the hand of his beloved Rosetta, the anxious father stipulated, that the first proof of his affection for her should be his instantly quitting the dangerous spot where he now dwelt, and removing to that inhabited by his new relations.

Giuseppe heard the proposal with mingled surprise and sorrow; for Andrea, having been a helpless cripple for the last three years of his protracted existence, depended upon him for every comfort, and he had vowed that he would never leave him while he lived. With a countenance which plainly showed the conflict of his soul, Giuseppe looked up mournfully at Petrone, exclaiming—

"Can I have heard you right, my friend? and is it possible that you can wish me to abandon him, whose life depends upon my care? Can I, ought I, to forsake him? to leave him to die in his misery alone? does *she* require me to do this?"

"Oh, no!" replied Petrone soothingly; "she has required nothing of the kind, nor indeed do I: but surely you can quit that cottage for another, and your afflicted father may be still your inmate."

"Impossible!—I have often implored him to remove from a dwelling so dangerously situated, but he would never listen to my prayers. 'I built it with my own hands,' will he reply, 'when I was young and happy, raised its rude walls, constructed its rustic roof. It was to this beloved home I brought my bloom-

ing bride; it was here I reared my smiling infants: I cannot, will not leave it, hallowed as it is by every dear remembrance. Go, if you will, and seek a safer shelter; I will remain here while I live.' Say then, my friend, shall I again urge him on a point he holds so dear? I dare not touch the string that wakes so sad an echo in his heart!"

Petrone could not enter into the feelings of Giuseppe, or make allowance for the prejudices of his father. He answered him with a coldness of manner which both wounded his sensibility and offended his pride, and they parted mutually disconcerted. Ere he returned to his now melancholy home, Giuseppe contrived to say a few words to Rosetta: he told her of the conference he had had with her father: and, taking a sad farewell of her, he made her promise that she would try her powers of persuasion; and they agreed, that if she should succeed in making him reverse the stern decree that he had passed, she would join the dance upon the green, and give him the happy news.

And it was on this eventful evening that Rosetta's absence from the gay group of cottagers had told Giuseppe all he had to fear. He knew that his fate was fixed, but yet he could not rest till he had heard the cruel sentence confirmed by herself: and now he stood beneath the latticed window, from which she had been wont to look on him with her sweetest smile. Here he heard her speaking in low tones, and at broken

intervals, to her younger sister. He feared to let her know that he was there; he feared that he must hear the dreaded words—"My father is inexorable."

Suspense, however, is the worst of all love's torments. Giuseppe found it so; and thought that he could better bear even the painful certainty. He drew still nearer, with slow and hesitating step.

"Rosetta! Cara mia Rosetta!" whispered he, in faint and trembling accents.

"Giuseppe! mio ben amato!" was the quick reply; and, springing to the window, Rosetta held out her hand, and bent forward to meet her lover. He clasped it silently in his, and raised his eyes to hers—they were bathed in tears.

"Ah, Rosetta! those tears tell me all I have to fear—your father's resolution is unalterable! Is it not so? tell me, my beloved! from your lips let me hear my sentence!"

"Alas! it is even so!" answered the weeping girl: "Giuseppe—we must part!"

"Rosetta! do not kill me by those cruel words! who is there that will dare to part us? Say that you will still be mine! Believe me—the dangers of that burning mountain, which seem so dreadful in your father's eyes, are little thought of, little cared for, by those who have seen more of it than you have done. You are not native here; your fears are natural, but indeed you do wrong to nurse them."

"I have but one fear only," replied Rosetta, more

calmly—"the fear of disobeying the commands laid on me by a father whom I love."

"Where then is the love you have so often vowed to me?—oh, faithless one! Alas! I fear it weighs but lightly in the balance."

"These are keen reproaches, Giuseppe, and I feel them bitterly—more bitterly," she added, with increased emotion; "because it was from your example that I learnt the sacredness of filial duties." She ceased; she bent her head upon her bosom, and sobbed convulsively.

"The saints forbid that I should grieve thee, my beloved! I did not mean to doubt thy truth; forgive the hasty words I uttered in the anguish of my soul! Rosetta, pardon me!"

She answered only by her tears; and they flowed fast, and faster. Her sister came to her, raised her drooping head, spoke tenderly, and begged her to be more composed. "I hear my mother's step," she said; "oh! she will chide you, if she sees you thus." Then, turning to Giuseppe—"Leave her, I implore you! leave her, now! Come back to-morrow early, before my parents are awake; she will then answer you, but now she cannot." She drew back Rosetta's hand, which hung languidly upon the window-sill, then closed the lattice hastily, and, placing her finger on her lips, retired.

Giuseppe lingered awhile in hopes that they would reappear, but they came not, and at length he tore himself away, and retraced his homeward route. On his

road he met in quick succession the laughing peasants who had been enjoying the dance from which he had absented himself. They passed him two by two, apparently fatigued by their exertions, but with spirits still unwearied, and all too gay and happy to bestow more than a passing word upon the sad Giuseppe, or to notice the lowering aspect of the coming night.

Among the rest, Theresa, with her handsome partner, came tripping by. She was fanning herself with her broad hat, which she had taken off, leaving her long ringlets to flow unconfined over cheeks, the natural brilliancy of which was heightened by exercise and animation. Her companion was carrying some luxuriant bunches of the rich purple grape, which he offered to her with an air of gallantry, and she accepted the grateful fruit with an answering smile. Yet she did not forget to speak to Giuseppe as she passed him.

"You have come too late for the dance," she said; "it is all over now, and we are going home. Well, you 'll come to-morrow evening; then, perhaps you may find it pleasanter; it really is too warm to-night; there is not a breath of air; Carlo and I are tired to death—are we not, Carlo?"

The question having received the expected answer of "Who could ever be weary when dancing with Theresa?" they wished him good night, and proceeded on their way.

Theresa however looked back, after they had passed, and said, "What think you of the weather? Carlo

says that there will be a storm to-morrow, because there is such a red light round the crest of the mountain. I am sure I hope he is wrong, for it would spoil our dance."

Left to the silence of his solitary walk, Giuseppe looked towards Vesuvius, and, for the first time, saw the ominous appearance which it presented. He became also sensible of an extreme oppression in the air, which he had not before observed. He loosened the handkerchief round his neck, threw open his vest, and parted the jet black locks that hung clustering on his forehead; but still he was overpowered by the sultry heat; it seemed increasing every moment; and, by the time he reached his home, he felt so thoroughly depressed in mind and body, that he threw himself upon his bed, and tried to forget himself in sleep.

But sleep withheld its gentle influence. Hour after hour rolled on, and he was still restless—wakeful—feverish. He rose—opened his window and looked out. The night was unusually dark—the atmosphere was thick and hazy—and, where an occasional glimpse of the blue sky was seen, it served but to make a stronger contrast with the mass of vapoury clouds that were rolling heavily together, gradually veiling the bright face of heaven. Here and there a single star shot with a bright but transitory ray athwart the gloom—then disappeared—and then shone out again with faint and fading lustre.

The breathless stillness of the night gave a yet more

awful character to the stormy portents overhead. The living world was sleeping—and Nature too might have seemed to be at rest, but for the groaning of the troubled mountain, the inward thunders of which murmured deeply and incessantly, but, as yet, not angrily.

Giuseppe, with an anxious eye, marked all these ominous bodings of a storm. He thought of his father's helpless age—he walked to his bedside, and gazed on his features with intense and melancholy interest—he was pleased to see him sleeping so calmly. "The storm may pass, perhaps, ere he awakes," said he; "for worlds I would not break his slumber—would that my own perturbed spirit could find so sweet a solace!"—and, as he spoke, he softly stole from the apartment—gently unlatched the cottage-door, and wandered forth, in the vain hope of finding in the open air some slight relief from the intolerable heat. He strayed to a considerable distance from his home—but no breeze fanned his burning cheek—panting and exhausted, he threw himself upon a bank, and at length fell into an uneasy sleep.

How long he remained there he scarcely knew—the gray dawn was just appearing when he was awakened from a horrid dream by the sound of a deep hollow voice, while at the same instant a powerful hand was laid on his. A female figure, dimly seen in the misty light of morning, stood bending over him. She was tall, hard-featured, dark-complexioned, and her eyes gleamed on him with a fierce expression that betokened a wandering intellect. Even in his calmer moments

such an apparition might have startled the young peasant; but now, abruptly roused from a broken slumber, his senses yet confused by the bewildering images of his disturbed fancy, while the rising tempest raged around him, she seemed to him the very spirit of the storm—

> "Wither'd and wild in her attire,
> She look'd not like a habitant of earth,
> And yet was on it."

While he still gazed on her, in wondering silence, she seized him by the wrist, and shook his nerveless arm. "Why are you sleeping here, young man?" she cried, in a shrill, discordant tone; "are there no natural ties that call you to your home when danger threatens it? I did not think there was another being on this breathing earth so desolate as I—but you must be an outcast like myself, or else why do I find you here at such an hour as this? Look to the burning mountain! look to the village at its foot! How long, think you, will those lowly tenements withstand the rushing torrent?"

Giuseppe turned—and saw, with speechless agony, the inevitable ruin that was impending over the humble dwelling of his father. He rose, and with instinctive speed rushed towards it with a cry of terror. But the maniac, far more swift of foot than he, soon left him in the distance, and, long ere he could reach the village, he lost sight of her entirely.

As he hurried on towards Andrea's cottage, he found

the narrow street in which it stood thronged with the frightened crowd of its inhabitants; who, roused from their morning slumbers by the thundering voice of the volcano, were hastily collecting their trifling stores of worldly wealth, and preparing for instant flight. Some were endeavouring to still the screams of their scared infants—others looked up with death-pale countenances to the frowning canopy of clouds above them, which threw a lurid light far on the swelling sea and blackened earth. Here was one, who, palsied by his fears, stood as if rooted to the ground—and there another, invoking to his aid his patron saint—while others shrieked loudly to their flying kindred, or exclaimed, in accents of despair, "*Oimè! Oimè! fuggiamo!—fuggiamo!*"

Giuseppe forced his way with difficulty through the desperate crowd, and rushed towards his father's house. The miserable man, awakened by the crashing of the storm, and the tumultuous voices of the alarmed villagers, had called to his son for help; and when he found his oft-repeated cries unanswered, he imagined that he had fled and left him to his fate, and, in a paroxysm of despair, he threw himself upon his bed, and, burying his face in his pillow, vainly tried to close his eye against the flashing lightning, and his ear to the rolling thunder.

"My father! my beloved father!" cried Giuseppe, "behold me here! see, I am come to save you! Exert yourself for one short hour only, and I *will* save you—

rouse, rouse yourself—look up! look up and speak to me—one word, my father! only one word to say you recognise your son! hear me, father! hear, and answer me!"

In vain Giuseppe spoke—for, overcome at once by the quick transition from despair to hope, Andrea sunk into a state of stupor, from which no effort could recall him. His distracted son saw that no time was to be lost; and, trusting to the unassisted strength of his young arm, he raised the old man from his bed, and bore him rapidly to the cottage-door. Here he paused awhile, and cast a hurried glance around him: he saw that the threatened ruin could not now be long delayed; he knew too that it would be necessary to bear his helpless burthen to a considerable distance before he could ensure his safety—and how could this be done? Unnerved as he already was, and sinking under the baneful influence of the sulphureous atmosphere, he dared not trust his father's precious life to such a doubtful rescue. Was there no friend at hand to share with him the toils and perils of his hasty flight?

Alas! no—all the energies of every human being were engrossed by the necessity of providing for their own individual safety. He saw that the search was hopeless, and he was about to commence his painful pilgrimage alone, when suddenly the maniac stood again before him. "What has brought you," he cried, "to this devoted place?—You said there were no ties that linked you to the world."

"And I said truly—for all those who were dearest to my heart have perished long, very long ago. I lost them by one fatal blow—for they were swept away by the last most terrible eruption of that destructive mountain. I fled from them—I left them in my panic: I returned afterwards to gaze upon the havoc—but they were gone from me for ever! Since that tremendous day, one hour's peace I have not known: I have wandered I know not where—but I saw the storm-cloud, and I followed it—it was my beacon-light!" She drew nearer to Giuseppe, lowered her voice, and said, with unnatural calmness—"I have come back now that I may be reunited to my husband and my children. Are you, too, waiting for your doom?"

"No!" replied Giuseppe; "I am preparing to flee this wretched place with my poor helpless parent.—Heaven protect me! how am I to save him?—There is no mortal hand but mine to succour him!"

"Do not say so," replied the woman, hastily, "for I am here to help you: you shall see the strength of this poor wasted form. Oh, if I could yet save one miserable creature from this fearful fate!" Then, with a frightful vehemence of action, she tore from its rude hinge the open door, and flung it on the ground with a force that shook the feeble fabric to its base. "See," she cried, in a loud exulting tone, "what supernatural strength my griefs have given me!" And, as she spoke, she threw her ragged mantle over it, and without the help of the amazed Giuseppe, who stood petrified with

surprise and fear, she laid the old man on the litter she had made, then turning to his son—"Quick! quick!" she cried, "let us take him from this scene of horrors!" And in obedience to the orders of his strange associate, Giuseppe lifted the rude couch from the floor, and assisted to convey it from the house, his feet scorched by the heated earth on which he trod, and his senses stunned by the reverberated thunder which echoed through the vault of heaven.

The fugitives had not proceeded far when a vivid flash of lightning darted across the haggard features of the maniac, with such terrific brilliancy that she started with a piercing shriek, and fell insensible. Giuseppe ran to her, chafed her throbbing temples, opened her clenched hands, and spoke to her in tones of kindness and encouragement. At length she slowly raised her head and looked at him. He saw in that wild and vacant look that the transient gleam of reason was eclipsed for ever.

All thoughts of the task to which she had so lately bound herself were now obliterated. She fixed her gaze upon the fiery mountain, and called on it to finish her career of misery. "Rage on!" she cried, "and do thy worst! I am prepared to perish—but let thy work of death be swift!—let me not hear my husband's dying groan—my infants' stifled cries!—I am coming! I am coming!—Farewell! fare—well!" And, as she spoke, she flew to meet the rushing stream of fire, and left Giuseppe once again, alone, and hopeless of escape.

Despair however seemed to awaken all his powers; he raised Andrea's lifeless form, and, like the pious Trojan, bore him from the far-spread conflagration. But, ah! unlike Æneas, he could not leave the destroying flame behind him: it still pursued him, like some savage beast, raging and roaring for his prey.

He looked back, and saw its speed increasing as his strength diminished. Spent with toil, overwhelmed with agitation, and suffocated by the poisonous vapours that wreathed in inky columns around him, Giuseppe felt further flight impossible, and gave up the useless struggle.

The liquid lava flowed like molten ore behind: before him was a rising ground, as yet untouched by the destructive torrent. A ray of hope again inspired him: he gained the summit of the slight ascent, and the red river, parting at its foot into two narrowed channels, left him, with his father, unscathed, uninjured, the only living object in a wide waste of desolation!

Words cannot paint the feeling of the moment, nor tell with what intense devotion he lifted up his voice to Heaven, offering his tributary thanks to that Almighty Power which had preserved him so miraculously: he then threw himself upon the neck of his reviving parent, and wept delicious tears.

It would be idle to relate with what sensations Giuseppe and his father were received by those whose earlier flight had saved them from the volcano's fury; or to say how they afterwards venerated the spot which had been their resting-place and refuge in their last

distress. They gave to it a name commemorating the event of which it had been the scene, and from that time it was called by all the neighbouring peasantry, "Il Monte di Carità."

Rosetta's parents offered Andrea the shelter of their roof, until his son rebuilt for him a home; but he did not long survive his change of residence; he lived but to bless Rosetta as Giuseppe's bride, and then, without a sigh, expired in her arms. ROSA.

The dénouement of this little tale is a fact which occurred at one of the last eruptions of Vesuvius.

SONG.

THERE 's not a word thy lip hath breathed,
A look thine eye hath given,
That is not shrined within my heart,
Like to a dream of heaven!
There 's not a spot where we have met,
A favourite flower, or tree;
There 's not a scene, by thee beloved,
That is not prized by me!

Whene'er I hear the linnet's song,
Or the blithe woodlark's lay,
Or mark, upon the golden west,
The rosy clouds decay;
Whene'er I catch the breath of flowers,
Or music from the tree,
Thought wings her way to distant bowers,
And mem'ry clings to thee. R. F. H.

FROLIC IN A PALACE.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon. SHAKSPEARE.

'TWAS in the reign of one of France's kings,
But which, the chronicler, a dame of quality,
Disdains to note—her genius deeming things
So common-place as dates of no vitality;
Indeed, so little interest she felt in them,
That she left dates to grosser * men who dealt in them.
One Monsieur—what 's the name?—I would th' inditer
Of the MS. were present to decipher it,
Or else that she had been a better writer:
I could not read the name were I to die for it:
I've seen all hands, from round text to stenography,
But never such a sample of cacography.

But 'tis no matter: he 'd *some* appellation,
I'll venture to assert, upon a bard's veracity,
And held about the court some situation,
Although I know not his precise capacity.
He might have been a chamberlain, or page—
But, if the latter, judging from his age,
He had outgrown his office, for he number'd
Some years upon the gouty side of fifty;
A time when, if in youth we 've been unthrifty,
We find our corporal estate encumber'd

* *Quære*, grocer?

With burdens from whose weight no pow'r can ease us,
Till death foreclose the mortgage and release us.

Whatever were his mind's or body's ailings—
And doubtless he'd the portion of humanity—
Ill-nature, certes, was not of his failings:
He was a perfect pattern of urbanity.
I am no courtier, but 'tis clear to me,
Considering the folk one has to sort with,
A crabbed temper certainly must be
But sorry company to go to court with.
But, no! he was a man of great benignity:
For time, which sours some tempers, made his mellow;
And, though a little jealous of his dignity,
He was, upon the whole, a right good fellow.

'Tis not my wish upon his faults to dwell,
Far less with aught like gluttony to tax him;
But, hearing 't was his duty to live well,
He put his own construction on the maxim.
In honest truth, he had a slight propensity
To be to his gross appetite indulgent;
Which added, not a little, to the density
Of brains by nature not the most refulgent.
Moreover, a devotion to gastronomy
Will oft derange the animal economy:
Thus, when he'd dined, and ta'en his glass vivaciously,
He'd fall asleep, and snore most pertinaciously.

It chanced our friend, one sultry afternoon,
While at the palace, stroll'd to the saloon;
His "listless length" into a chair he threw,
And went to sleep, as he was wont to do.
What were his dreams—of honours or a pension—
Some new accession or of wealth or glory—
The legend I've referr'd to makes no mention,
Nor is the fact essential to my story:
Enough, he slept and snored in thorough-bass
Hinc illæ lachrymæ (so sung the Roman):
For, stealing on his sleep, with noiseless pace,
Came mischief, in its proper shape—a woman.

A princess of the blood, with damsels twain,
Enter'd the room, and had pass'd out again
Nor mark'd the sleeper, but alas! his nose
Betray'd him to the malice of his foes.
Who, tho' a doublet of proof mail were bound on him,
Is safe from perfidy's sly arrow? No man;
When his own nose can coolly thus turn round on him,
And, in his face, betray him to his foeman.
Oh! it was baseness quite unparallel'd,
A flagrant instance of *nasu*versation:
('Tis plain that crimes increase, since we're compell'd
To coin words for their proper designation).

Oh, woman! woman! thou hast vast facilities
For practising the talent of vexation;
Especially when bringing those abilities
To bear upon the lords of the creation.

Of this our trio were an illustration
As apt as could be cited: 't was surprising,
How fertile were their fancies in devising
To take advantage of his situation;
And, having upon mischief once decided,
The *quomodo* was easily provided.
Thus they determined—but their resolution
Will best be gather'd from its execution.

With cautious step they stole upon the sleeper,
And first, with hand most liberal, supplied him
With that which niggard nature had denied him,
And rouged his cheek, from nether jaw to peeper.
Next, with the patch-box, on his face they try
Their talents in the art of punctuation:
They stopp'd his mouth, and colon-ized his eye,
Perhaps to give the latter animation;
Thus playing (and I write to their disgrace)
A game of Rouge-et-Noir upon his face,
Who ne'er, had he been freed from sleep's abstraction,
Had lent his countenance to such an action.

To grace his wig, a lady's cap they try on
(I marvel it excited not their fears,
For bringing thus a mob about his ears
Was just the way to rouse the sleeping lion).
'Twas the joint work of Flora and Arachne
(Forgive me that such classic names I hackney):
It was of Brussels lace, with satin lining,
A rosy wreath its mazes intertwining:

Flowers were in fashion at the palace, where,
Alas! they have more flowers in their hair
Than spring up in their paths: for all the glare in them,
I'd rather sing their gaieties, than share in them.

But to our story—Having thus bereft him
Almost of his identity, they left him.
The shutting door aroused him: up he started,
  And, fixing on the clock his waking stare,
Instanter for the theatre departed,
  In dread that 't would begin ere he got there.
Now, touching this same theatre's location,
  The chronicle consulted is ambiguous:
One thing is certain, that its situation,
  If not within the palace, was contiguous,
The access being by a private stair:
And this premising, we 'll suppose him there.

Though our allies of France are given to mirth,
  They rarely laugh at folk before their faces;
  And, in a playhouse, of all other places,
Are the politest nation upon earth.
In this case, maugre his grotesque appearance,
The audience display'd extreme forbearance:
But he mistook their smiles for demonstrations
Of their respect, and bow'd his obligations
To all around him, with the greatest suavity.
This, which had upset a stoic's gravity,
Put theirs to flight at once: their mirth broke out
In one loud, long, and simultaneous, shout.

Now, though th' orchestra did its duty laudably,
  The harp had sounded quite as well with no strings;
And the first fiddler would have play'd as audibly,
  If some malicious wag had greased his bow-strings.
While he who blew the trump, though lóud as any one,
Might just as well have flourish'd on a penny one.
And as for the performers, 't was absurd
  To see them saw the air, and twist their faces
  Into the most extravagant grimaces,
For not a syllable they said was heard:
So, finding 't was in vain, they ceased their labours,
And laugh'd as heartily as did their neighbours.

At first our friend, the opera being serious,
Esteem'd their laughter perfectly mysterious,
  And wonder'd what on earth could be their whim:
He look'd above, behind him, and craned over
Into the pit, the mystery to discover;
  But when he found out that they laugh'd at him,
He grew quite furious with indignation,
  And treated those he 'd lately paid such court to
With every figure of vituperation
  A Frenchman in a passion could resort to;
Which only had th' effect of an *encore*,
And made his auditory laugh the more.

At length, some person, pitying his case,
Held up a pocket-mirror to his face,
  In hopes reflection would have calm'd his passion;

Instead of which, it made him rage the more,
 And, in his ire, regardless of its fashion,
The fatal cap from off his head he tore:
Alas! 't was to his wig so closely knit,
That both went flying down into the pit.
This crown'd the whole: forth from the box he rushes,
To hide his shame and artificial blushes,
Pursued by shouts, or rather screams, of laughter,
Which tingled in his ears for six months after.

ST. ANDREW'S.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALES AND SKETCHES."

Far, far from home, on this lone rocky shore,
 Where hovering clouds hang chilly o'er the scene,
I list the foaming billows' wintry roar,
 Pond'ring on scenes that are and that have been.
Proud palaces here tower'd, and sacred fanes,
 Re-echoed solemn song and sainted pray'r:
All 's hush'd—the fretted vaults and hoar remains
 Stand silent, mould'ring in th' inclement air.
No more is seen the haughty prelates' train,
 No loit'ring monks the listless day beguile;
Gone are the marks of Superstition vain—
 Unnerved the arm of Persecution vile:
A different race now treads the alter'd scene,
And Knowledge sits enthroned where Ignorance hath
 been.

ON THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE SEVENTH PLEIAD.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

Long wand'ring sister of a heavenly race!
Art thou return'd, after this lapse of ages?
Finding thine unsupplied and wonted place,
Thou carest not to defeat mere mortal sages,
While thine own kindred stars now welcome back thy face.

There tell'st thou not, lone pilgrim of the sky!
What worlds of beauty thou hast seen the while?
Is it thy doom again untraced to fly,
And leave us, vainly seeking for thy smile
'Mid countless hosts, to ask if such a light can die?

Men may despair, because they nothing know,
Pronouncing "Never more" on each high hope
They dimly feel; but shouldst thou, truant! go,
Thy race will envy thee nor time, nor scope,
So sure that towards thy home once more thy beam must glow.

And starlike bands, who lose their brightest one,
May look to where thou art—hast been—wilt be—
And say, "To treasure *not for ever* gone
At last *they* reunite, and so shall we,
Here, or above, when change, distance, and time, are done!"

LOST AND WON.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

"NAY, but my dear Letty—"

"Don't dear Letty me, Mr. Paul Holton! Have not the East-Woodhay Eleven beaten the Hazelby Eleven for the first time in the memory of man? and is it not entirely your fault? Answer me that, sir! Did not you insist on taking James White's place, when he got that little knock on the leg with the ball last night, though James, poor fellow, maintained to the last that he could play better with one leg than you with two? Did not you insist on taking poor James's place? and did you get a single notch in either innings? And did not you miss three catches—three fair catches—Mr. Paul Holton? Might not you twice have caught out John Brown, who, as all the world knows, hits up? And did not a ball from the edge of Tom Taylor's bat come into your hands, absolutely into your hands, and did not you let her go? And did not Tom Taylor after that get forty-five runs in that same innings, and thereby win the game? That a man should pretend to play at cricket, and not be able to hold the ball when he has her in his hands! Oh, if I had been there!"

"You!—Why Letty—"

"Don't Letty me, sir!—Don't talk to me!—I am going home!"

"With all my heart, Miss Letitia Dale!—I have the honour, madam, to wish you a good evening."

And each turned away at a smart pace, and the one went westward and the other eastward-ho.

This unloverlike parting occurred on Hazelby Down one fine afternoon in the Whitsun-week, between a couple whom all Hazelby had, for at least a month before, set down as lovers—Letty Dale, the pretty daughter of the jolly old tanner, and Paul Holton, a rich young yeoman, on a visit in the place. Letty's angry speech will sufficiently explain their mutual provocation, although, to enter fully into her feelings, one must be born in a cricketing parish, and sprung of a cricketing family, and be accustomed to rest that very uncertain and arbitrary standard, the point of honour, on beating our rivals and next neighbours in the annual match—for juxta-position is a great sharpener of rivalry, as Dr. Johnson knew, when, to please the inhabitants of Plymouth, he abused the good folks who lived at Dock; moreover, one must be also a quick, zealous, ardent, hot-headed, warm-hearted, girl like Letty, a beauty and an heiress, quite unused to disappointment, and not a little in love, and then we shall not wonder, in the first place, that she should be unreasonably angry, or, in the next, that before she had walked half a mile her anger vanished, and was succeeded by tender relentings and earnest wishes for a full and perfect reconciliation. "He'll be sure to call to-morrow morning," thought Letty to herself: "He said he would, before this unlucky cricket-playing. He told me that he had something to say, something particular. I

wonder what it can be!" thought poor Letty. "To be sure, he never has said any thing about liking me—but still——and then aunt Judith, and Fanny Wright, and all the neighbours say——However, I shall know to-morrow." And home she tripped to the pleasant house by the tanyard, as happy as if the East-Woodhay men had not beaten the men of Hazelby. "I shall not see him before to-morrow, though," repeated Letty to herself, and immediately repaired to her pretty flower-garden, the little gate of which opened on a path leading from the Down to the street—a path that, for obvious reasons, Paul was wont to prefer—and began tying up her carnations in the dusk of the evening, and watering her geraniums by the light of the moon, until it was so late that she was fain to return, disappointed, to the house, repeating to herself, "I shall certainly see him to-morrow."

Far different were the feelings of the chidden swain. Well-a-day for the age of chivalry! the happy times of knights and paladins, when a lecture from a lady's rosy lip, or a buffet from her lily hand, would have been received as humbly and as thankfully as the Benedicite from a mitred abbot, or the accolade from a king's sword! Alas for the days of chivalry! They are gone, and I fear me for ever. For certain our present hero was not born to revive them.

Paul Holton was a well-looking and well-educated young farmer, just returned from the north, to which he had been sent for agricultural improvement, and now

on the look-out for a farm and a wife, both of which he thought he had found at Hazelby, whither he had come on the double errand of visiting some distant relations, and letting two or three small houses recently fallen into his possession. As owner of these houses, all situate in the town, he had claimed a right to join the Hazelby Eleven, mainly induced to avail himself of the privilege by the hope of winning favour in the eyes of the ungrateful fair one, whose animated character, as well as her sparkling beauty, had delighted his fancy, and apparently won his heart, until her rude attack on his play armed all the vanity of man against her attractions. Love is more intimately connected with self-love than people are willing to imagine; and Paul Holton's had been thoroughly mortified. Besides, if his fair mistress's character were somewhat too impetuous, his was greatly over-firm. So he said to himself—"The girl is a pretty girl, but far too much of a shrew for my taming. I am no Petruchio to master this Catherine. 'I come to wive it happily in Padua;' and let her father be as rich as he may, I'll none of her." And, mistaking anger for indifference—no uncommon delusion in a love-quarrel—off he set within the hour, thinking so very much of punishing the saucy beauty, that he entirely forgot the possibility of some of the pains falling to his own share.

The first tidings that Letty heard the next morning were, that Mr. Paul Holton had departed over-night, having authorised his cousin to let his houses, and to

decline the large farm, for which he was in treaty; the next intelligence informed her that he was settled in Sussex; and then his relations left Hazelby—and poor Letty heard no more. Poor Letty! Even in a common parting for a common journey, she who stays behind is the object of pity: how much more so when he goes—goes, never to return, and carries with him the fond affection, the treasured hopes, of a young unpractised heart,

> "And gentle wishes long subdued—
> Subdued and cherish'd long!"

Poor, poor Letty!

Three years passed away, and brought much of change to our country-maiden and to her fortunes. Her father, the jolly old tanner, a kind, frank, thoughtless man, as the cognomen would almost imply, one who did not think that there were such things as wickedness and ingratitude under the sun, became bound for a friend to a large amount; the friend proved a villain, and the jolly tanner was ruined. He and his daughter now lived in a small cottage near their former house; and at the point of time at which I have chosen to resume my story, the old man was endeavouring to persuade Letty, who had never attended a cricket-match since the one which she had so much cause to remember, to accompany him the next day (Whit-Tuesday) to see the Hazelby Eleven again encounter their ancient antagonists, the men of East-Woodhay.

"Pray come, Letty," said the fond father; "I can't

go without you; I have no pleasure any where without my Letty; and I want to see this match, for Isaac Hunt can't play on account of the death of his mother, and they tell me that the East-Woodhay men have consented to our taking in another mate who practises the new Sussex bowling—I want to see that new-fangled mode. Do come, Letty!" And, with a smothered sigh at the mention of Sussex, Letty consented.

Now old John Dale was not quite ingenuous with his pretty daughter. He did not tell her what he very well knew himself, that the bowler in question was no other than their sometime friend, Paul Holton, whom the business of letting his houses, or some other cause, not, perhaps, clearly defined even to himself, had brought to Hazelby on the eve of the match, and whose new method of bowling (in spite of his former mischances) the Hazelby Eleven were willing to try; the more so as they suspected, what, indeed, actually occurred, that the East-Woodhayites, who would have resisted the innovation of the Sussex system of delivering the ball in the hands of any one else, would have no objection to let Paul Holton, whose bad playing was a standing joke amongst them, do his best or his worst in any way.

Not a word of this did John Dale say to Letty; so that she was quite taken by surprise when, having placed her father, now very infirm, in a comfortable chair, she sate down by his side on a little hillock of turf, and saw her recreant lover standing amongst a group of

cricketers very near, and evidently gazing on her—just as he used to gaze three years before.

Perhaps Letty had never looked so pretty in her life as at that moment. She was simply drest, as became her fallen fortunes. Her complexion was still coloured, like the apple-blossom, with vivid red and white, but there was more of sensibility, more of the heart in its quivering mutability, its alternation of paleness and blushes; the blue eyes were still as bright, but they were oftener cast down; the smile was still as splendid, but far more rare; the girlish gaiety was gone, but it was replaced by womanly sweetness;—sweetness and modesty formed now the chief expression of that lovely face, lovelier, far lovelier, than ever. So apparently thought Paul Holton, for he gazed and gazed with his whole soul in his eyes, in complete oblivion of cricket and cricketer, and the whole world. At last he recollected himself, blushed and bowed, and advanced a few steps, as if to address her; but, timid and irresolute, he turned away without speaking, joined the party who had now assembled round the wickets, the umpires called "Play!" and the game began.

East-Woodhay gained the toss and went in, and all eyes were fixed on the Sussex bowler. The ball was placed in his hands; and instantly the wicket was down, and the striker out—no other than Tom Taylor, the boast of his parish, and the best batsman in the county. "Accident, mere accident!" of course, cried East-Woodhay; but another, and another followed: few

could stand against the fatal bowling, and none could get notches.—A panic seized the whole side. And then, as losers will, they began to exclaim against the system; called it a toss, a throw, a trick; any thing but bowling, any thing but cricket; railed at it as destroying the grace of the attitude, and the balance of the game; protested against being considered as beaten by such jugglery, and, finally, appealed to the umpires as to the fairness of the play. The umpires, men of conscience, and old cricketers, hummed and hawed, and see-sawed; quoted contending precedents and jostling authorities; looked grave and wise, whilst even their little sticks of office seemed vibrating in puzzled importance. Never were judges more sorely perplexed. At last they did as the sages of the bench often do in such cases—reserved the point of law, and desired them to "play out the play." Accordingly the match was resumed; only twenty-seven notches being gained by the East-Woodhayians in their first innings, and they entirely from the balls of the old Hazelby bowler, James White.

During the quarter of an hour's pause which the laws allow, the victorious man of Sussex went up to John Dale, who had watched him with a strange mixture of feeling, delighted to hear the stumps rattle, and to see opponent after opponent throw down his bat and walk off, and yet much annoyed at the new method by which the object was achieved. "We should not have called this cricket in my day," said he, "and

yet it knocks down the wickets gloriously, too." Letty, on her part, had watched the game with unmingled interest and admiration: "He knew how much I liked to see a good cricketer," thought she; yet still, when that identical good cricketer approached, she was seized with such a fit of shyness—call it modesty—that she left her seat and joined a group of young women at some distance.

Paul looked earnestly after her, but remained standing by her father, inquiring with affectionate interest after his health, and talking over the game and the bowling. At length he said, "I hope that I have not driven away Miss Letitia."

"Call her Letty, Mr. Holton," interrupted the old man; "plain Letty. We are poor folks now, and have no right to any other title than our own proper names, old John Dale and his daughter Letty. A good daughter she has been to me," continued the fond father; "for when debts and losses took all that we had—for we paid to the uttermost farthing, Mr. Paul Holton, we owe no man a shilling!—when all my earnings and savings were gone, and the house over our head—the house I was born in, the house she was born in—I loved it the better for that!—taken away from us, then she gave up the few hundreds she was entitled to in right of her blessed mother to purchase an annuity for the old man, whose trust in a villain had brought her to want."

"God bless her!" interrupted Paul Holton.

"Ay, and God will bless her," returned the old man solemnly—"God will bless the dutiful child, who despoiled herself of all to support her old father!"

"Blessings on her dear generous heart!" again ejaculated Paul; "and I was away and knew nothing of this!"

"I knew nothing of it myself until the deed was completed," rejoined John Dale. "She was just of age, and the annuity was purchased and the money paid before she told me; and a cruel kindness it was to strip herself for my sake; it almost broke my heart when I heard the story. But even that was nothing," continued the good tanner, warming with his subject, "compared with her conduct since. If you could but see how she keeps the house, and how she waits upon me; her handiness, her cheerfulness, and all her pretty ways and contrivances to make me forget old times and old places. Poor thing! she must miss her neat parlour and the flower-garden she was so fond of, as much as I do my tan-yard and the great hall; but she never seems to think of them, and never has spoken a hasty word since our misfortunes, for all you know, poor thing! she used to be a little quick-tempered!"

"And I knew nothing of this!" repeated Paul Holton, as, two or three of their best wickets being down, the Hazelby players summoned him to go in. "I knew nothing of all this!"

Again all eyes were fixed on the Sussex cricketer, and at first he seemed likely to verify the predictions

and confirm the hopes of the most malicious of his adversaries, by batting as badly as he had bowled well. He had not caught sight of the ball; his hits were weak, his defence insecure, and his mates began to tremble and his opponents to crow. Every hit seemed likely to be the last; he missed a leg ball of Ned Smith's; was all but caught out by Sam Newton; and East-Woodhay triumphed, Hazelby sate quaking; when a sudden glimpse of Letty, watching him with manifest anxiety, recalled her champion's wandering thoughts. Gathering himself up he stood before the wicket another man; knocked the ball hither and thither, to the turnpike, the coppice, the pond; got three, four, five, at a hit; baffled the slow bowler James Smith, and the fast bowler Tom Taylor; got fifty-five notches off his own bat; stood out all the rest of his side; and so handled the adverse party when they went in, that the match was won at a single innings, with six-and-thirty runs to spare.

Whilst his mates were discussing their victory, Paul Holton again approached the father and daughter, and this time she did not run away: "Letty, dear Letty," said he; "three years ago I lost the cricket-match and you were angry, and I was a fool. But Letty, dear Letty, this match is won; and if you could but know how deeply I have repented, how earnestly I have longed for this day! The world has gone well with me, Letty, for these three long years. I have wanted nothing but the treasure which I myself threw away,

and now, if you would but let your father be my father, and my home your home!—if you would but forgive me, Letty!"

Letty's answer is not upon record; but it is certain that Paul Holton walked home from the cricket-ground that evening with old John Dale hanging on one arm, and John Dale's pretty daughter on the other; and that a month after the bells of Hazelby church were ringing merrily in honour of one of the fairest and luckiest matches that ever cricketer lost and won.

THE VALE OF IDE.

BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

Green vale, I always loved thee! and in youth
  Sought out each wild recess and grassy hill,
Led by the light of poesy and truth,
  And held high converse there:—I love thee still,
And with intenser passion: thou hast given
  Promise of health to one who flew to thee.
  Complete thy work, sweet vale! and thou shalt be
Of all the spots on earth the most like heaven!
  And every stream of thine, and every tree,
Shall hear the minstrel's song. If thou art bright
With vernal sunshine now, the holier light
  Of generous joy and grateful sympathy
Shall gild thee—every echo, rill, and grove,
Join in the gayest notes of praise and love.

BRIDAL GREETINGS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Ocean and land the globe divide;
  Summer and winter share the year;
Darkness and light walk side by side;
  And earth and heaven are always near.

Though each be good and fair, alone,
  And glorious, in its time and place;
In all, when fitly pair'd, is shown
  More of their Maker's power and grace.

Then may the union of young hearts,
  So early and so well begun,
Like sea and shore, in all their parts,
  Appear as twain, but be as one:

Be it like summer—may they find
  Bliss, beauty, hope, where'er they roam;
Be it like winter, when confined—
  Peace, comfort, happiness, at home:—

Like day and night—sweet interchange
  Of care, enjoyment, action, rest;
Absence nor coldness e'er estrange
  Hearts by unfailing love possest:

Like earth's horizon—be their scene
  Of life a rich and various ground;
And, whether lowering or serene,
  Heaven all above it and around!

When land and ocean, day and night,
  When years and nature cease to be,
May their inheritance be light,
  Their union one eternity!

CONCHA VENERIS.

BY THE REV. RICHARD POLWHELE.

WHERE erst the sea-waves' gentle swell
  In murmurs met my ear,
The sorrows of the breathing shell
  I heard, and yet I hear.

'Twas melting Venus stored with sighs
  Of love this tender token;
And never its sweet sympathies
  Shall cease till it be broken.

Alas! a sigh in every breath
  Thus, for thy charming sake,
I heave, and still shall heave, till death
  This heart, dear Emma, break!

SIR BALDRED'S FAREWELL.

BY DELTA.

I WILL thee bless—I will thee bless—
  Although this last farewell I take,
Across the world's wide wilderness
  A lifelong pilgrimage to make;
Then, fair ladye, when I am gone,
Thou may'st think on days for ever flown;
And let a tear in memory roll
Of him, who loved thee as his soul!

Upon my hauberk I fix thy glove—
  With brand at side and spear in hand,
And heart that nurses a hopeless love,
  I wander away to the Holy Land;
Unmark'd, unknown, by the voice of Fame,
My name shall be a hidden name;
And the blood that thrills for thee be pour'd,
In the cause of Heaven, on Paynim sword.

For me sigh not—for me sigh not—
  One parting tear alone I crave—
One look—ah! ne'er to be forgot—
  Then welcome exile and the grave;
Then, fair ladye, shall glide my prow,
Where none will note my pensive brow;
And I will wander o'er eastern lands,
Where camels toil through the burning sands.

Farewell! we meet not on earth again:
And I, alas! no more, no more,
When pricking home through the dusky plain,
Shall thy lofty lattice-light explore.
Again shall May these woods perfume,
The birds shall carol, the wild flowers bloom,
And thou be happy—I could not be
So cruel as not pray for bliss to thee!

Fly up, fly up, my bonny gray hawk,
Up to thy quarry, away, away—
No falconer's lure shall entice thee back;
Search for thyself, bird, the forest prey.
No more in kennel shall yell my hound,
'Mid pastures green free let him bound,
And masterless moan, when twilight falls
On grass-green courts and empty halls.

Farewell! though the hopes I have nursed are dead,
Though the heart is another's I trow'd was mine;
Though at mid-day for me hath sunshine fled,
And destiny's sun made a quick decline;
I shall think of thee as a dazzling star,
That lured my steps from their path afar;
I shall dream of thee, as the outcast driven
From his fellow-mortals dreams of heaven.

If ever rage the midnight storm,
When thou on silken couch dost sleep,

Let no rude fears disturb thy form;
Oh, start not thou to watch and weep!
If at thy lattice the night-winds rave,
Grieve not for him who stems the wave,
Nor waste one thought, one sigh, on him,
Who recks not whether he sink or swim.

THE RAINBOW.

Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it: very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof; and the hands of the Most High have bended it.

ECCLESIASTICUS, chap. 43.

He hath lit up the sky with His thousand rays,
And spread forth His arch mid the sun's bright blaze:
He hath spanned the waves with his glorious bow,
And dyed with its colours the ships below.

He hath look'd on the clouds, and they've floated away:
He hath gilded the rocks, and gemm'd them with spray:
He hath breathed on the waters, and bid them be still:
He hath hush'd the broad waves with the word of His will.

He hath open'd the heavens, He hath sent forth His showers,
To gladden the field and the spring-starting flowers:
And now He hath gather'd the tears of the sky,
And spread them abroad, like smiles from on high.

H. T**Y.

TRUTH, YOUTH, AND AGE.

AN APOLOGUE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

Truth. WHAT is Immortality?

Youth. It is the glory of the mind,
The deathless voice of ancient Time;
The light of genius—pure—refined!
The monument of deeds sublime!
O'er the cold ashes of the dead
It breathes a grandeur and a power,
Which shine when countless years have fled,
Magnificent as the first hour!

Truth. What is Immortality?

Age. Ask it of the gloomy waves,
Of the old forgotten graves,
Whereof not one stone remains;
Ask it of the ruin'd fanes,
Temples that have pass'd away,
Leaving not a wreck to say
Here an empire once hath stood!
Ask it in thy solitude,
Of thy solemn musing mind,
And, too truly, wilt thou find
Earthly immortality
Is a splendid mockery!

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG.

BY DERWENT CONWAY,

AUTHOR OF "SOLITARY WALKS THROUGH MANY LANDS," &c.

There lived, at some former time, in the city of Augsburg, a musician whose name was Nieser. There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any upon which he could not perform indifferently well. He was also a composer; and, although none of his compositions are now extant, tradition informs us that his reputation in that, as well as in the other departments of the art, not only filled the city, but extended throughout the whole circle of Suabia. Other causes contributed to swell his fame: he possessed great wealth—acquired, it was sometimes whispered, not in the most creditable way; and the only inheritor of it was a daughter, whose beauty and innocence might well have been deemed dowry sufficient, without the prospective charms of her father's possessions. Esther was indeed almost as celebrated for the softness of her blue eyes, and the sweetness of her smile, and her many kind actions, as old Nieser was for his wealth, and the excellence of his stringed instruments, and the paucity of his good deeds.

Now, in spite of the wealth of old Nieser, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one sore grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely

distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches. But, as Esther grew up, he began to take consolation in thinking that, if he could not be the father, he might live to be the grandsire, of a race of musicians. No sooner, therefore, was she of a marriageable age, than he formed the singular resolution of bestowing her, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever should compose the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it. This determination he immediately published throughout the city, appointing a day for the competition; and he was heard to affirm, with a great oath, that he would keep his promise, though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers. Some say this was spoken jocularly; but it would have been better for old Nieser had he never spoken it at all: it is certain, however, that he was a wicked old man, and no respecter of religion.

No sooner was the determination of Neiser the musician known in Augsburg, than the whole city was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high now unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for, independently of Esther's charms and Nieser's florins, professional reputation was at stake; and where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place. In short, there

was not a musician in Augsburg who was not urged, from one motive or another, to enter the lists for the prize of beauty. Morning, noon, and night, the streets of Augsburg were filled with melodious discord. From every open window proceeded the sound of embryo sonatas; nor was any other subject spoken of throughout the city than the approaching competition, and its probable issue. A musical fever infected all ranks: the favourite airs were caught, and repeated, and played, and sung, in every house in Augsburg; the sentinels at the gates hummed sonatas as they paced to and fro; the shopkeepers sat among their wares singing favourite movements; and customers, as they entered, took up the air, forgetful of their business, and sung duets across the counter. It is even said, that the priests murmured allegrettos as they left the confessional; and that two bars of a presto movement were found upon the back of one of the bishop's homilies.

But, amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general excitation. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, with little more musical talent than Esther, possessed one of the best hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia. Franz loved the daughter of the musician; and she, on her part, would rather at any time have heard her own name, with some endearing word prefixed to it, whispered by Franz, than listened to the finest sonata that ever was composed between the Rhine and the Oder. Nieser's decree was therefore of sad import to both Esther and Franz.

It was now the day next to that upon which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step towards the accomplishment of his wishes: and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of music in his life: to play a simple air on the harpsichord exhausted all the talent he was master of. Late in the evening Franz walked out of his lodgings, and descended into the street. The shops were all shut, and the streets entirely deserted; but lights were still visible in some of the open windows; and from these came sadly upon the ear of Gortlingen the sound of instruments in preparation for the event which was to deprive him of Esther. Sometimes he stopped and listened, and he could see the faces of the musicians lighted up with pleasure at the success of their endeavours, and in anticipation of their triumph.

Gortlingen walked on and on, until at length he found himself in a part of the city which, although he had lived in Augsburg all his life, he never recollected to have seen before. Behind him the sounds of music had all died away, before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody. One solitary and far distant glimmer showed that the reign of sleep was not yet universal; and Gortlingen conjectured, from the direction of the sound, that some anxious musician was still at his task, in preparation for the morrow. Gortlingen went onwards, and as he drew nearer to the light, such glorious bursts of har-

mony swelled upon the air, that, all unskilled as he was in music, the tones had a spell in them which more and more awakened his curiosity as to who might be their author. Quickly and noiselessly he went forward until he reached the open window, whence the sound proceeded. Within, an old man sat at a harpsichord, with a manuscript before him: his back was turned towards the window, but an antique and tarnished mirror showed to Gortlingen the face and gestures of the musician.

It was a face of infinite mildness and benevolence; not such a countenance as Gortlingen remembered to have ever seen the likeness of before, but such as one might desire to see often again. The old man played with the most wondrous power; now and then he stopped, and made alterations in his manuscript, and as he tried the effect of them he showed his satisfaction by audible expressions, as if of thanksgiving, in some unknown tongue.

Gortlingen could at first scarcely contain his indignation at the supposition that this little old man should dare to enter the lists as one of Esther's suitors; for he could not doubt that he, like the others he had seen, was preparing for the competition: but as he looked and listened, gradually his anger was quelled in contemplating the strangely mild countenance of the musician, and his attention fixed by the beauty and uncommon character of the music; and at length, at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, the performer per-

ceived that he had a sharer in his demonstrations of pleasure, for Gortlingen, in his unrestrained applause, quite drowned the gentler exclamations of the mild old man. Immediately the musician rose, and throwing open the door, "Good evening, master Franz," said he; "sit down, and tell me how you like my sonata, and if you think it likely to win Nieser's daughter." There was something so benignant in the old man's expression, and so pleasing in his address, that Gortlingen felt no enmity, and he sat down and listened to the player. "You like the sonata, then?" said the old man, when he had concluded it.

"Alas!" replied Gortlingen, "would that I were able to compose such a one!"

"Hearken to me," said the old man: "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon whomsoever might compose the best sonata, 'even although it were composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers.' These words were not spoken unheard: they were borne on the night-winds, and whispered through the forests, and struck on the ear of them who sat in the dim valley; and the demon laugh and shout broke loud upon the calm of midnight, and were answered from the lone depths of a hundred hills: but the good heard also; and though they pitied not Nieser, they pitied Esther and Gortlingen. Take this roll; go to the hall of Nieser: a stranger will compete for the prize, and two others will seem to accompany him: the sonata which I have given to you is the

same that he will play; but mine has a virtue of its own: watch an opportunity, and substitute mine for his!" When the old man had concluded this extraordinary address, he took Gortlingen by the hand, and led him by some unknown ways to one of the gates of the city, and there left him.

As Gortlingen walked homewards, grasping the roll of paper, his mind was alternately occupied in reflections upon the strange manner in which he had become possessed of it, and in anticipation of the morrow's event. There was something in the expression of the old man that he could not mistrust, though he was unable to comprehend in what way he could be benefited by the substitution of one sonata for another, since he was not himself to be a competitor. With these perplexing thoughts he reached home, and lay down and fell asleep, while all night long Esther's blue eyes were discoursing with him, and the tones of the old man's sonata were floating in the air.

At sunset next evening Nieser's hall was to be thrown open to the competitors. As the hour approached, all the musicians of Augsburg were seen hurrying towards the house, with rolls of paper in their hands, and accompanied by others, carrying different musical instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in. Gortlingen, when the hour arrived, taking his roll, soon found himself at Nieser's gate, where many who were standing knew him, and pitied him, because of the love he

bore the musician's daughter; and they whispered one to another, "What does Franz Gortlingen with a roll in his hand: surely he means not to enter the lists with the musicians?" When Gortlingen entered the hall, he found it full of the competitors and amateurs, friends of Nieser's, who had been invited to be present. Nieser sat in his chair of judgment at the upper end of the room, and Esther by his side, like a victim arrayed for sacrifice. As Gortlingen made his way through the hall, with his roll of music in his hand, a smile passed over the faces of the musicians, who all knew each other, and who also knew that he could scarcely execute a march, much less a sonata, even if he could compose one. Nieser, when he saw him, smiled from the same cause; but when Esther's eye met his, if she smiled at all, it was a faint and sorrowful smile of recognition, and soon gave place to the tear that stole down her cheek.

It was announced that the competitors should advance and enrol their names, and that the trial should then proceed by lot. The last that advanced was a stranger, for whom every one instinctively made way. No one had ever seen him before, or knew whence he came; and so forbidding was his countenance, so strange a leer was in his eye, that even Nieser whispered to his daughter that he hoped *his* sonata might not prove the best.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser: "I swear that I will bestow my daughter, who now sits by my side,

with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon whomsoever shall have composed the best sonata, and shall perform the principal part." "And you will keep your oath?" said the stranger, advancing in front of Nieser. "I will keep my oath," said the musician of Augsburg, "though the sonata should be composed by the demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." There was a dead silence; a distant shout and faint laughter fell on the ear like an echo. The stranger alone smiled: every one else shuddered.

The first lot fell upon the stranger, who immediately took his place, and unrolled his sonata. Two others, whom no one had observed before, took their instruments in their hands, and placed themselves beside him, all waiting the signal to begin. Every eye was fixed upon the performers. The sign was given; and as the three musicians raised their heads to glance at the music, it was perceived with horror that the three faces were alike. A universal shudder crept through the assembly; all was silent confusion; no one spoke or whispered to his neighbour; but each wrapt himself up in his cloak and stole away; and soon there was none left, excepting the *three* who still continued the sonata, and Gortlingen, who had not forgotten the injunction of the old man. Old Nieser still sat in his chair; but he, too, had seen, and as he remembered his wicked oath, he trembled.

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion

he boldly substituted his for the sonata that lay before them. A dark scowl passed over the face of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear like an echo.

Some hours after midnight the benign old man was seen to lead Esther and Gortlingen out of the hall; but the sonata still proceeded. Years rolled on. Esther and Gortlingen were wedded, and in due course of time died; but the strange musicians still labour at their task, and old Nieser still sits in his judgment-chair, beating time to the sonata. When it ends—if it ever shall end—Esther will be far beyond the reach of the wicked vow made by the musician of Augsburg.

SONNET.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

To be a lonely wanderer among hills,
Where but the eagle's or the raven's cry
Is heard amid the solitary sky,
Or bleat of the wild flock one moment fills
The solitude with sound; from all that chills
Or that disturbs the heart, or pains the sight;
Where the world's shackles can no longer bind;
And nature, in her grandeur and her might,
Hath framed a fitting temple for the mind:
To stand alone beside the unpeopled shore,
Where comes the blue immensity of sea
And sky upon the heart: from these will soar
Imagination's eagle-wing, to be
Strong from its flight, and feel itself more free:

THE PROPOSAL.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON,

AUTHOR OF "HOURS AT HOME," "THE CYPRESS WREATH," &c.

Ay, they are Love's own words! his breath of flame
  Hath sigh'd upon the fair, unconscious page;
And thy cheek kindles at "the one-loved name,"
  Whose ev'ry thought doth thy young heart engage;
Fondly as pilgrims greet some hallow'd shrine,
Thy lips would greet the words, "Thine, dearest, ever
    thine!"

Ay, it is Love's own tracing! every word
  Of eloquence is written by his pen!
'Tis the heart's language—all thine ear hath heard
  (Like music from his tongue) is told again!
Each fondly-murmur'd sigh, each half-breathed vow,
From his soul's depths are drawn, unseal'd, acknow-
    ledged now!

With all a lover's tenderness, he lays
  His heart, his hopes, his fortunes, at thy feet;
Implores thee, by those well-remember'd days
  That ye have pass'd so oft in "converse sweet,"
By many a whisper'd word in wood and grove,
Not to reject his suit, or scorn his offer'd love.

What does thy young heart prompt thee to reply?
  By the carnation height'ning o'er thy cheeks,

And the bright crystal in thy downcast eye—
More eloquent than words—'tis *thus* it speaks:
"Dear youth! each gentle sigh thy breast hath known
Found, though unheard by thee, an echo in my own."

Thou fair and lovely creature! who may tell
All the fond thoughts that crowd upon thy soul?
Who analyse the varied hopes that swell
Thy young untutor'd heart? or who control
The brilliant visions floating o'er thy brain,
That, like spring flowers, once crush'd, can never bloom again?

Ah! through life's checker'd range, but *one* such hour
Of cloudless radiance shines upon the breast;
'Tis that when Love comes with a conqueror's pow'r,
And reigns sole monarch of the heart confess'd;
When (like the Indian wood of sacred fame)
The bosom's lord pours forth its sweetness to the flame.

In after-years a thousand passions take
Possession of the soul; with cunning art
They win its fond idolatry, and make
Themselves a shrine to rest in! To the heart
Love comes but once, like blossom to the rose,
The deep, soul-searching flame woman's first passion knows.

Ay, ye may smile, ye stoics! but 'tis true,
And not the fiction of a poet's brain;

The heart's first bloom of love, like morning dew,
  Once brush'd, ne'er sparkles on the flower again,
Till the long day is closed in evening skies,
And on the drooping plant another morn arise!

But from my theme I've wandered all too long;
  Albeit, when I awake my slumbering lyre,
It will not be controll'd; the breath of song
  Flows like a new-oped spring; its sacred fire,
Once kindled, spreads like flame before the blast,
Till, o'er th' excited soul, thoughts crowding throng
    too fast.

There sits the mother with her smiling eye,
  Joyous to see her age's treasure blest,
With many a glance of fond anxiety
  Watching the young emotions of that breast,
While tender thoughts that will not be subdued
Recall the gone-by days when *she* was lov'd and woo'd!

See! she has caught her hand! it trembles, too,
  'Neath the soft pressure of maternal love!
The fresh-pluck'd flowret falls, while strange and new
  Sensations through her artless bosom rove;
Hopes that may bud, but bloom not, nor e'er be
Clothed in the bridal garb of bright reality.

For, mark! behind the group, with scowling eye,
  Pale Envy, "withering at another's bliss!"

Upon whose lowering brow we may descry
  Blight to each opening bud of happiness;
A blight more fatal than the blast of spring,
When winter's parting breath is borne upon its wing.

The bard has said (who hath not found it so?)
  "The course of true love never yet ran smooth;"
Ah! many a pilgrim from his shrine can show
  Wounds that ne'er heal, and pangs no art can soothe;
Like all earth's joys, thorns mingle with the flowers,
That screen Love's sunny home amid the summer bowers.

Alas! what pity that some cankering breath
  Steals o'er th' unfolding buds, bearing away
Their fragrance and their beauty! Early death,
  The young cheek pale from premature decay,
Or worse—far worse—the long, lone blight of heart:
These are the poison'd stings that ofttimes barb Love's dart.

But, for this vision of his sunny prime,
  Tell me, young hearts, is not the portrait true?
My task is o'er;—I 've wove this idle rhyme
  But to illustrate what the artist drew.
Earth's duties call! I break the spell of song,
And burst the fairy chains Fancy has worn too long!

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH.

BY F. SHOBERL, JUN.

> Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,
> And *life*, ignoble *life*, for *glory* spurns:
> Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting breath;
> The price of honour is the sleep of death.
>
> BYRON.

ON mettlesome charger, with arrow's swift flight,
Rush'd the proud warrior-chief to the thick of the fight.
He smote all before him who dared to oppose;
His name struck dismay to the hearts of his foes.
Leon's dread voice like thunder was heard 'mid the blast:
" Return we as victors, or here breathe our last!"
His followers he urged through the short mountain-pass,
And with gore was besprinkled his burnish'd cuirass.

He but urged them to death:—falchion, helmet, and shield,
Of a myriad host shone o'er the wide battle-field;
For crestfallen chiefs he had vanquish'd in war
Had united their forces, and come from afar:
They envied the fame he had gallantly won,
And resolved he should die ere that bright day was done.

With scorn and with anger, his cheek flushing high,
He gazed round on his foes with a dark scowling eye;

Thro' the ranks, dashing on, wide destruction he hurl'd,
Like the storm's wrathful Spirit chastising the world.

——That eve the sun sank in a crimson bed—
The heavens above were with crimson spread,
As if the sky, in that crimson stain,
Had reflected the hue of the gory plain.
Ne'er shall bolder hearts at the trumpet's bray
Be summon'd to battle than perish'd that day.
The sun uprose o'er the corse-strown field—
Of the chief and his warriors the fate was reveal'd.

* * * * *

Leon's stately halls are deserted and bare—
No noble kinsmen are wassailing there;
No banquet-board with the feast is spread;
No prancing steeds to his portals are led;
No clashing of armour; no ringing of spears;
No gay maidens dance with the brave cavaliers;
No bard strikes the harp-strings; no soul-stirring lays
Are recounting the exploits of chivalrous days:—
All—all—is now silent, and dreary, and lone—
The wind sweeps through the arches with deep, hol-
low moan;
The bat in the twilight its dark cavern quits,
And round the bleak battlements playfully flits;
The raven is croaking and flapping its wings,
While the robin, more loving, a requiem sings;
The damp, desolate halls loudly echo the tread;
The screech-owl is wailing a dirge for the dead.

REBECCA PARTING WITH JACOB.

BY MISS EMILY TAYLOR.

My youngest born, my pride of heart, thou must, thou must away;
Thy brother's wrathful hand is raised, and here thou canst not stay.
O, I have deeply sinn'd for thee! the chastisement be mine,
And I will bear it all, my son!—the blessing shall be thine.

What matter though my childless years in grief and pain pass on?
Thou wilt be safe from danger's hour, my own, my darling son!
And, like the fountain sending forth a sweet and murmuring sound,
Thy pleasant voice will come to me, from some far distant ground.

Go, bear thy mother's blessing back to those from whom she came;
My kinsmen's hearts will leap with joy to hear Rebecca's name.
Say to them, Haran's shaded well, and flocks that near it stray,
Come to me in my midnight dreams as fresh as yesterday.

Speed on—and when thy nimble feet have brought thee to the place,
And when thou stand'st, an exiled one, before my brother's face,
Tell him thou bear'st thy mother's soul, and therefore wilt not twine
Around the savage olive-tree a strong and noble vine.

Ask if, of all my kinsman's house, no maiden bright there be,
Of lofty soul, with heart to seek thy father's God with thee.
And, if there be, O! say to her, "Rebecca left her all;
The Father of the faithful spake, and she obey'd the call."

The angel of the covenant protect thee, precious child!
Defend thee from the cover'd snare, direct thee in the wild!
O! I shall weep in darkness oft, to think thy houseless head
Must pillow on the stony ground or seek the foxes' bed.

But glory, breaking on the gloom, my grief to joy shall turn;
Proud mother of a favour'd race, ah! wherefore shouldst thou mourn?
Go then, fulfil Jehovah's word, the blessing is for thee,
And joy, and pride, and thankfulness, beloved son! for me.

THE MAID OF THE BERYL.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

One bright evening in September, 1587, the sun shone cheeringly on many a gay boat and fancy-formed vessel, sporting on the silver bosom of the Thames, between the regal palace of Greenwich and the city of London; but one boat shot forward before all the rest, as if impelled by bolder hands or more buoyant spirits. The owner attracted the admiration of all eyes as he glided along, and many a low obeisance, or friendly recognition, was returned by him with an air of lofty courtesy, or kindly frankness, which displayed his character and his feelings. He was a very young man, with a handsome ingenuous countenance, expressive of joyous confidence and conscious power. His eyes were dark and lustrous, his forehead high and polished, his mouth small, but symmetrically formed. His beard at this period was light and curling, contrasting with his hair, which was of a dark brown. His figure, tall and elegant in its proportions, was attired in the height of the reigning mode, which was alike splendid and becoming. He wore a white satin doublet embroidered in stripes of the same colour, intermingled with costly pearls: the sleeves were made extremely large about the shoulders, and an answering appearance of fulness was given about the hips, in the lower part of his clothing, which was in texture and ornament the same as the upper, and, from the middle of the thigh to the ankle, fitted closely, and displayed his finely-proportioned limbs to

great advantage. White shoes, with large roses, and a small crimson velvet cap, with three drooping white feathers placed on one side of his head, completed his clothing. His hands were embellished by rings; the left was covered by an embroidered glove; the right was employed in caressing a greyhound, so beautiful as to divide attention with his master, who lay in a reclining position on a crimson cloak of Genoa velvet, under an awning of blue damask. Six rowers in gay liveries completed the spectacle presented by this gallant young nobleman to the floating world around him.

By degrees all were left behind him; but, as the shadows of evening deepened, his attention was drawn to one small bark which had lately followed in his wake. It was rowed by a young boy of foreign aspect, and contained only one other person, who was so entirely enveloped in a large garment of a dusky hue, that the sex of the wearer could not be known. It appeared to the man of rank that these persons were gipsies, a race much proscribed at that time; and he apprehended that they sought protection from the watermen, amongst whom they were threading their way with great skill, by keeping in his vicinity. His attendants had the same conception of the case, without the same will to befriend the despised foreigners; and when, on arriving near the Temple-stairs, the poor boy tried to land, in the spirit of malicious sport they so manœuvred their own vessel, that the principal occupant of the boat was

thrown by a violent jerk into the water, in the direction of the pleasure barge.

To seize the floating vestment with a strong and agile hand, and to rescue the slight form which it enfolded, was the work of a moment with our favourite of nature and fortune; and as his loud reproof showed the necessity of reparation to his followers, all were soon placed in safety on the steps. It now appeared that the person still trembling in the preserver's arms was a woman, and the approach of a flambeau, in the hand of a man who was lighting a party to their boat, showed that she was young and beautiful, and of singular and striking appearance.

Like the inhabitants of Africa in general, she had been covered with an haïck, or wrapper: but this being now dropped, she appeared dressed in a caftan or jacket, richly embroidered, drawers and petticoat of white camlet, and a head-dress of gauze handkerchiefs, becomingly intermingled with her own dark, braided hair. Her neck was encircled by links of gold. She had bracelets and armlets of the same precious metal, enriched with emeralds; but these articles of value, however unexpected, were forgotten the moment she began to speak; for her coral lips and pearly teeth, aiding the effect of her large, dark eyes, seemed to throw a lustre on her countenance, and to produce an impression of beauty new even to one wont to distinguish and to admire it. The melody of her low and trembling voice, her solicitude to regain the haïck that would shroud her beauties, and her desire

to be left alone with the boy, whom she called her brother, proved the retirement of her habits and the modesty of her nature, and added to the curiosity which her appearance was calculated to excite. As pity for her distressing situation superseded even his desire to see more of her, the young nobleman hastened to engage the bearer of the flambeau to see her safely home. Reassured by his unobtrusive affability, and the near prospect of being suffered to depart, she ventured to express her gratitude warmly and even eloquently, though in somewhat imperfect language, and had once half drawn a ring from her finger, and was on the point of beseeching him to wear it in memory of his own good deed, when she suddenly replaced it, saying, "No; if I read the heavens aright, rings are to you unfortunate, whether given or received."

"So then," said he internally, "this girl is a gipsy fortuneteller after all!" and, half ashamed of his adventure, he jumped hastily into the boat, and, by ordering it to Essex-house, informed the few bystanders that they had enjoyed the good fortune of beholding the young earl of that title, who had lately been introduced at court by the all-powerful earl of Leicester, and on whom the queen had already bestowed marks of her distinguished approbation.

Eager as the African girl had hitherto been to depart, yet she now lingered, as if to catch the last sound of his oars, and ascertain the painful truth that he was indeed removed beyond observation. From this event-

ful night the lovely stranger received an impression dangerous to all her sex, but to her decidedly unhappy, since it communicated hopeless and intense interest in one so completely divided from her by superior station, country, and faith.

Yet was she not forgotten. Many a time did the bright eyes of the admired and flattered Essex dart anxious glances through the dense crowds that pressed near him, as he slowly rode towards the palace, or walked from his garden in the Strand to take the water, in the hope of beholding her again. Constantly disappointed, he at length questioned Sir Horatio Pallavicini on the subject, as being a person likely to be acquainted with all resident foreigners. He was an Italian merchant of great repute, in the queen's service, residing in Lollesworth, a part of the bishop of London's fields, towards which the stranger had directed her steps.

"Your lordship must inquire after Arsinöe el Abra, the Maid of the Beryl; yet surely one so favoured by fortune has no temptation to task her skill?"

"You do not mean to say, that one so young as this Arsinöe practises witchcraft, or pretends to the learning of an astrologer?"

"No; she is distinct from both, and equally so from the tribe of dissolute and idle vagabonds which have lately infested this country. Arsinöe is highly, and even royally, descended, and from her ancestors inherits a knowledge in occult science distinct from that

of the wizard, termed sorcery or magic, and which professes to receive aid from good spirits alone. Of these curious and forbidden matters I know nothing, but that this young creature has rare talents and great virtues also I can testify: she was an excellent daughter to the parents she has lost, is of a noble nature, and endowed with equal modesty and dignity."

A sudden call to attend the earl of Leicester to Holland, where, at the battle of Zutphen, the favourite gave signal proof of his valour, and witnessed the death of the brave Sir Philip Sidney, suspended his inquiries after Arsinöe; but when he returned a knight banneret, and was received with more than usual honours by the queen, his desire to see the eastern maid, not only for herself but for her art, revived, and by the assistance of Sir Horatio the interview was effected.

The visit was made with that secrecy which belongs to mysterious and forbidden things. Under the sole guidance of Akra el Abra, the brother of Arsinöe, and wrapped in a large cloak, the earl set out at midnight, unknown to his household, and reached in due time a retired house, situate among dilapidated buildings, and exhibiting in its appearance much that might excite suspicion. After opening the outer door, his guide proceeded up so many stairs, that at length the earl recollected that he had been too successful not to have made enemies, and it was possible that he might be throwing himself into their power.

Just as he was instinctively grasping his sword, the

guide stopped, and desired him to place that weapon, together with his cloak, cap, and shoes, in his hands.

Essex hesitated; but, being always more valiant than prudent, in another moment he complied with the request. The door of a room, evidently devoted to the pursuits of Arsinöe, was then unlocked, and he entered a place well calculated to make a strong impression on the mind of a young and ardent inquirer into the secrets of futurity.

The room in question was an exact square, with a dome roof. The walls were hung with crimson cloth, on which numerous hieroglyphics were curiously wrought; and the floor was covered with that rare article of oriental luxury, a Persian carpet. In the centre of the dome was a skylight, from which was suspended a beryl of extraordinary size and brilliance, and of the form of a globe. The rays of the full moon fell directly on this precious stone, from which they were so reflected as to illumine the room, which was small, and completely surrounded by a divan or sofa, except at the east end, which was occupied by a white marble sarcophagus, filled with pure water, on each side of which stood beautiful statues of the Egyptian Isis.

Essex had scarcely had time to notice the objects in this singular boudoir, when Arsinöe entered, bearing in her hands a refulgent lamp. She was splendidly attired in the costume of her country, and exhibited in her carriage the majesty of a princess; while

her graceful form, regular features, and finely tinted complexion, confirmed the previous impression of her extraordinary beauty. Her countenance mingled with the lofty expression conferred by conscious power, anxiety, and solemnity; and since the earl did not advert to their former meeting, but merely announced himself as the friend of the Italian merchant, Arsinöe received him as such by a silent movement. When he proceeded to inquire if her prophetic powers were connected with the precious stone before him, she replied: "Yes; it is in the beryl that I must read so much of your future destiny as my instructors see it meet to reveal. He who has lifted his hand against his fellow-man cannot distinctly descry those images which will shortly people the clear expanse before us."

"Be it so," said the earl, seating himself on the divan, yet looking towards the beryl, beneath which Arsinöe placed the brilliant lamp, uttering at the same time a kind of incantation in her own tongue. In a few moments the beryl, originally of the size of a small orange, appeared to expand considerably; dark lines divided it into four distinct parts, and numerous moving forms were delineated on the surface of each portion, in a manner equally beautiful, miraculous, and awful.

Arsinöe knelt down, and gazed on the eastern side. "I see," said she, "the queen of these realms riding through a camp, prepared for battle, and you, as the master of the horse, accompanying her.—The pageant

changes—you return home from foreign conquest, and your sovereign now receives you rather with the tenderness of woman than the condescension of majesty. You kneel at her feet, and rise earl marshal of England."

At these words Essex sprang from his seat, as if to convince himself of the fact; but the eastern maid waved her hand majestically, as one born to be obeyed, and placed herself at the southern side of the beryl as soon as he was re-seated and silent.

"I see you again kneeling, but it is by the side of a young and lovely woman. Her shape is fine, her eyes dark, her complexion of northern whiteness; but there is an expression of melancholy in her countenance. She is the widow of one whose name will go down to posterity with honours even brighter than yours.—Ah! she listens to your vows, she receives from you a ring—that ring I saw in the heavens—it is the harbinger of sorrow to the giver and receiver."

"Your spirits play you false, fair damsel: Robert Devereux is as little likely to wed a young widow as an ancient maiden."

"It is written here—she is your wedded wife now, and will be another's in days to come."

A sigh of unutterable anguish followed this declaration, and the fair sorceress, changing her situation, gazed eagerly on the eastern side in silence, until her auditor inquired what she beheld.

"I see battle and victory, honour and anger; the

presumption of a favoured subject, the weakness of an aged queen. Again the guerdon of valour is bestowed on you, but enemies are around, and the whispers of calumny assail you. The sovereign gives a ring as the pledge of safety, but trust not to it. Now I behold you again at the head of armies, but your look is dispirited, and rather befitting an exile than a general."

"That is not the expression I should choose to wear, or can brook to consider.—Try the fourth part of your magic globe, my sibyl."

Arsinöe fulfilled the wishes of her impatient guest. She bent her dark eyes on the northern quarter of the beryl with penetrating gaze, but in a moment recoiled—then looked again and shrieked aloud. The earl rose in alarm, and approached close to the beryl; but when he reached it the forms became indistinct, the supernatural expansion was withdrawn, and the precious stone remained in its natural state. Casting his eyes around in disappointment not unmixed with terror, he perceived Arsinöe pale and senseless on the floor, her fine features bearing the impression of that agony which had given her temporary death.

"Alas! why did I come hither? why did I dare, like Saul, to seek the knowledge which God has hidden?" were the first exclamations of the earl, whose religious principles, deeply implanted by a pious father, now rushed upon his mind, and, while they condemned him for the sin of seeking forbidden knowledge, pro-

hibited further inquiry as to the object which had so severely affected Arsinöe. Pity for her state, indeed, soon obliterated every other impression; he bore her to the sarcophagus, sprinkled her temples and hands with the water, and, as life returned, soothed her by gentle words indicative of pity towards herself, unmixed with those inquiries which it would have embarrassed her to answer.

Casting upon him a look of animated gratitude, which was followed by one of the sincerest compassion, Arsinöe rose, and with great solemnity loosed the golden chain by which the beryl was suspended, and suffered it to drop on the floor, saying at the same time in a voice of deep emotion, "I resign thee for ever."

Sincerely did the earl, as a Christian, rejoice in a resolution which he considered to be for the "soul's health" of one in whose well-being he felt deeply interested; but, in congratulating so young and fair a woman, it is but too possible that the ardour and tenderness of his nature might express too strongly the feelings of the moment. It is at least certain that, fearful of the power of Arsinöe or of his own susceptibility, the earl hastily fled from her presence, and endeavoured in the career of ambition and the pleasures of literature to banish from his mind both the predictions of the beryl and the charms of its possessor.

The history of this nobleman, his rapid rise to almost sovereign power, his secret marriage with the widow

of Sir Philip Sidney, and his unfortunate end, are known to every one. It is probable that when he received from the queen that ring which the cruelty of his enemies eventually rendered useless to him, he thought of the adventure of this memorable night; but no part of his story induces us to conclude that it dwelt upon his mind. As a warrior or a statesman, he was too perpetually employed to look back on that action, which he probably considered as the frolic of a boy, or the sin of a legislator.

Far different were the feelings of Arsinöe; her occupation was gone, and with it that sense of power which, however blameably, had allied her to higher natures; while she had drunk more deeply of that unhappy passion which, though hopeless, was incurable. To wean her from that unknown sorrow which destroyed her faculties and threatened her life, her young brother, now advancing to manhood, prevailed upon her to travel, and, under the auspices of Sir Horatio Pallavicini, she wandered for years in Italy and Sicily. The mildness of the climate counteracted her apparent disease, but neither that nor the beauties of the country could restore her spirits. The only relief that her melancholy admitted arose from the enjoyment which music afforded her, and which she constantly sought at the hours of worship in the august ceremonies of the catholic churches. Every where her finished beauty, rendered more touching by the gentle melancholy that pervaded her classic features, awoke admiration, which

was confirmed by the melting softness of her voice; but the language of flattery fell on her ear as on that of the dead, and, save in gratitude towards her generous and devoted brother, no smile parted the coral lips of Arsinöe, and no word of hope or cheerfulness interrupted the pensive sadness of her meek dejection.

In the winter of 1600-1, circumstances occurred which rendered it desirable that Akra should visit England, and Arsinöe made no objection to accompany him, as the season was favourable. They landed below the Tower of London, and observing many persons entering the principal gate of that fortress, as they believed, for the purpose of worship, for it was Ash-Wednesday, they entered with them; the brother being desirous of seeing a person resident there, whilst his sister should seek her wonted solace in the church. They had, however, proceeded only a short distance within the enclosed space, when they perceived, with extreme horror, that a scaffold was erected, on which was a block, and by its side two executioners were already stationed.

Arsinöe gazed wildly around.—The black object before her, the dark towers in the back-ground, the stern faces of the headsmen, and the appalled countenances of the spectators, were all recognised, and she looked as if bound by fascination to the objects she loathed and dreaded. In another moment, and the whole of that terrific vision was realised. A noble-looking man, in the very prime of life, stepped upon

the scaffold. He was arrayed in a dress of black satin, which showed to advantage the singular grace and dignity of his person. His beard was long and full, his face pale but composed, and his dark eyes, though somewhat robbed of their youthful lustre, told the trembling Arsinöe, in their first penetrating glances, that *he*, the worshipped idol of her young heart, stood before her a sufferer and a victim.

It was believed by all around until the last moment, that the mercy of the queen would interpose to snatch from destruction one so dear and so distinguished. Whisperings to that effect mingled with the audible sighs of those present. Arsinöe heard them not; with one convulsive sob she sank fainting on the ground, unheeded at this awful period by all but her brother. When life returned—when in eagerness and terror she again looked towards the scaffold, the newly dissevered head, bleeding and ghastly, met her view, and again she sank senseless to the earth.

The sorrows of Arsinöe now drew rapidly to a close. She had loved, as woman only loves, in silent hopelessness and unabated admiration, that object which imagination, not less than memory, endued with its power to charm. Her brother knew not, till this terrific circumstance revealed the mystery, the cause of the deep-seated sorrow which had desolated the best years of her life, and subdued the energies of her capacious mind; but he found himself unable, as before, to alleviate the sorrow which he so sincerely pitied.

Happily the extreme anxiety evinced by Arsinöe to learn every word uttered by the unfortunate Essex in his last moments, and which she besought her brother to repeat daily, led her to seek consolation from that religion which sustained him in that awful hour, and had influenced him during life. In Italy, she had attended christian worship to soothe and divert her mind, but she now sought its sacred truths as the consolation of her heart; and, under its divine influence, hopes of a glorious and exalted nature illuminated the deathbed of the Maid of the Beryl.

THE DESTROYER.

BY MISS ELIZA RENNIE.

He came not with the glittering sword,
He came not with the spear,
Nor brandish'd weapon in his hand
To bid the lovely fear.
The bloom of youth was on his cheek
And sparkled in his eye;
But shrouded in his youthful soul
Were thoughts of darkest dye!

He grappled not with foes, nor sought
The battle's stormy heat,
Where the conquer'd and the conqueror find
A gory winding-sheet;
Oh! better that in combat he
Had hurl'd death's fatal blow,

Than aim'd at woman's trusting breast
  The shaft which laid her low!

He came to her with gentle words,
  And smiled love's witching smile;
She could not deem 'neath all his vows,
  There lurk'd the taint of guile.
For none could look on him, and think
  That he too would deceive;
And none could see her angel form,
  And think that she must grieve.

But soon, his solemn oaths forgot,
  He left her to her doom;
Nor reck'd if wrong and falsehood led
  The guiltless to her tomb.
She struggled on, but dark and drear
  Her young life crept away;
She saw each hope proved false by time,
  Each link with joy decay!

She faded fast, yet silently,
  As flowers beneath the blast;
She breathed no murmur, shed no tear,
  But loved him to the last.
She cursed not her destroyer—him
  Who closed her azure eye;
She loved when death gnaw'd at her heart,
  And bless'd with life's last sigh!

MAN.

The human mind—that lofty thing!
  The palace and the throne
Where awful Reason sits as king,
  And breathes his judgment tone—
O! who, with fragile step, shall trace
The borders of that haunted place,
  Nor, in his weakness, own
That mystery and marvel bind
That lofty thing, the human mind!

Seek not her thousand thoughts to tell;
  Their essence who may know?
Ask not her fancies where they dwell,
  Her visions how they glow.
All soft and beautiful they come;
They dream of rest, and call it home:
  Ah, mark not where they go!
Enough that, while their light they pour,
We love the life we loathed before.

The human heart—that restless thing!
  The tempter, and the tried;
The haughty, yet the suffering;
  The child of pain and pride;
The buoyant, and the desolate;
The home of love, the lair of hate;
  Self-stung, self-deified!—
Yet do we bless thee as thou art,
Thou restless thing—the human heart!

And wherefore bless thee?—O there lies
  A spell and pow'r in thee,
And in the torment of thy sighs
  Disguised hope we see.
Yet, though the golden fruit be gone,
Which once in its own lustre shone
  On Passion's fragrant tree,
Its shade is still divinely sweet,
And fascinates the ling'ring feet.

The human soul—that holy thing!
  The silently sublime;
The angel sleeping on the wing,
  Worn with the scoffs of time:
The beautiful, the veil'd, the bound;
A prince enslaved; a victim crown'd;
  The stricken in its prime!—
In tears—in tears to earth it stole—
That holy thing—the human soul!

Lo! shrined in her sacredness,
  And breathing sainted air,
She calls on purity to bless
  The presence-hall of prayer:
The dream is curtain'd in the shroud;
The rest is pillow'd on the cloud;
  Her hope, her joy, are there;
And while she treads the mortal sod,
Her glorious eye is fix'd on God.

And this is Man!—Oh! ask of him—
The gifted, and forgiven—
When o'er the landscape, drear and dim,
The rack of storms is driven,
If pride or passion, in their power,
Can chain the tide, or charm the hour,
Or stand in place of heaven;
He bends the brow, he bows the knee—
"Creator—Father—none but thee!"

LEONTINE.

THE TEARS OF THE DEAD.

BY MRS. HARRIET DOWNING.

THOSE dew-drops that glitter so thick on the leaves
Of the violet, the rose, and the sweet-scented thorn,
That weigh down the web which the gossamer weaves,
And begem all the meadows at dawning of morn,
Are tears dropp'd by the dead, as they wander around,
'Mid the stillness of eve and all Nature's repose;
Whose footsteps are trackless, whose sighs have no sound,
Nor swell e'en the gentlest of night-winds that blows.
Each tear which they shed for their errors on earth
Is absorb'd by the sun, who conveys them above;
So they wander and weep near the place of their birth,
And spangle with dew-drops the meadow and grove,
Till they wash with their tears of repentance away
Their record of sins from the fountain of day.

ON A CHILD KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

BY JOHN CLARE.

As fearless as a cherub's rest
  Now safe above the cloud,
A babe lay on its mother's breast,
  When thunders roar'd aloud.
It started not to hear the crash,
  But held its little hand
Up at the lightning's fearful flash,
  To catch the burning brand.

The tender mother held her breath,
  In more than grief awhile,
To think, the thing that brought its death
  Should cause her babe to smile.
Ay, it did smile a heavenly smile,
  To see the lightning play;
Well might she shriek when it turn'd pale,
  And yet it smiled in clay.

O woman! the dread storm was given
  To be to each a friend:
It took thy infant pure to heaven,
  Left thee, impure, to mend.
Thus Providence will oft appear
  From God's own mouth to preach;
Ah! would we were as prone to hear
  As Mercy is to teach!

THE MAGICIAN OF VICENZA.

In the year 1796, on one of the finest evenings of an Italian autumn, when the whole population of the handsome city of Vicenza were pouring into the streets to enjoy the fresh air, that comes so deliciously along the currents of its three rivers; when the Campo Marzo was crowded with the opulent citizens and Venetian nobles; and the whole ascent, from the gates to the Madonna who sits enthroned on the summit of Monte Berrico, was a line of the gayest pilgrims that ever wandered up the vine-covered side of an Alpine hill; the ears of all were caught by the sound of successive explosions from a boat running down the bright waters of the Bachiglione. Vicenza was at peace, under the wing of the lion of St. Mark, but the French were lying round the ramparts of Mantua. They had not yet moved on Venice; yet her troops were known to be without arms, experience, or a general, and the sound of a cracker would have startled her whole dominions.

The boat itself was of a singular make; and the rapidity with which this little chaloupe, glittering with gilding and hung with streamers, made its way along the sparkling stream, struck the observers as something extraordinary. It flew by every thing on the river, yet no one was visible on board. It had no sail up, no steersman, no rower; yet it plunged and rushed along with the swiftness of a bird. The Vicentine populace are behind none of their brethren in superstition, and,

at the sight of the flying chaloupe, the groups came running from the Campo Marzo. The Monte Berrico was speedily left without a pilgrim, and the banks of the Bachiglione were, for the first time since the creation, honoured with the presence of the Venetian authorities, and even of the sublime podesta * himself.

But it was fortunate for them that the flying phenomenon had reached the open space formed by the conflux of the three rivers, before the crowd became excessive; for, just as it had darted out from the narrow channel, lined on both sides with the whole thirty thousand old, middle-aged, and young, men, maids, and matrons of the city, a thick smoke was seen rising from its poop, its frame quivered, and, with a tremendous explosion, the chaloupe rose into the air in ten thousand fragments of fire.

The multitude were seized with consternation; and the whole fell on their knees, from the sublime podesta himself, to the humblest saffron-gatherer. Never was there such a mixture of devotion. The *douanier* dropped down beside the smuggler; the *cavaliere servente* beside the husband; the Vicentine patriot beside the Venetian *sbirro;* the father-confessor beside the blooming penitent, whom he had condemned but that morning to a week's confinement on dry bread and the breviary; the bandit beside the soldier; and even the husband beside his own wife. Never was there such a concert of exclamations, sighs, callings on the saints, and rattling of

* The governor, a Venetian noble.

beads. The whole concourse lay for some minutes with their very noses rubbing to the ground, until they were all roused at once by a loud burst of laughter. Thirty thousand pair of eyes were lifted up at the instant, and all fixed in astonishment on a human figure, seen calmly sitting on the water, in the very track of the explosion, and still half hidden in the heavy mass of smoke that curled in a huge globe over the remnants. The laugh had proceeded from him, and the nearer he approached the multitude, the louder he laughed. At length, stopping in front of the spot where the sublime podesta, a little ashamed of his prostration, was getting the dust shaken out of his gold-embroidered robe of office, and bathing his burning visage in orange-flower water, the stranger began a sort of complimentary song to the famous city of Vicenza. In Italy every man is a poet, which accounts for the Italian poetry being at this hour the very worst in the world; and panegyric is the only way to popularity, which accounts for the infinite mass of folly, laziness, beggary, and self-admiration, that makes Italy pre-eminent in masquerades, monks, madonnas, and marquises.

The stranger found a willing audience; for his first stanza was in honour of the "most magnificent city of Vicenza;" its "twenty palaces by the matchless Palladio;" much more "its sixty churches;" and much more than all "its breed of Dominicans, unrivalled throughout the earth for the fervour of their piety and the capacity of their stomachs." The last touch made

the grand-prior of the cathedral wince a little, but it was welcomed with a roar from the multitude. The song proceeded; but if the prior had frowned at the first stanza, the podesta was doubly angry at the second, which sneered at Venetian pomposity in incomparable style. But the prior and podesta were equally outvoted, for the roar of the multitude was twice as loud as before. Then came other touches on the *cavalieri serventi*, the ladies, the nuns, and the husbands, till every class had its share: but the satire was so witty, that, keen as it was, the shouts of the people silenced all disapprobation. He finished by a brilliant stanza, in which he said, that "having been sent by Neptune from the depths of the ocean to visit the earth, he had chosen for his landing-place its most renowned spot, the birth-place of the gayest men and the handsomest women—the exquisite Vicenza." With these words he ascended from the shore, and was received with thunders of applause.

His figure was tall and elegant: he wore a loose scarlet cloak thrown over his fine limbs, Greek sandals, and a cap like that of the Italian princes of three centuries before, a kind of low circle of green and vermilion striped silk, clasped by a large rose of topaz. The men universally said, that there was an atrocious expression in his countenance; but the women, the true judges after all, said, without exception, that this was envy in the men, and that the stranger was the most "delightful-looking *Diavolo*" they had ever set

eyes on. The *cavalieri serventi* were never in less repute than within that half hour; and quarrels ensued in the most peaceable establishments, that dismissed from combing their dogs, carrying their pocket-handkerchiefs, and yawning six hours a day in their presence, full five hundred of the most faithful adorers of the most exalted matrons of Vicenza.

The stranger, on his landing, desired to be led to the principal hotel; but he had not gone a dozen steps from the water-side, when he exclaimed that he had lost his purse. Such an imputation was never heard before in an Italian city; at least so swore the multitude; and the stranger was on the point of falling several fathoms deep in his popularity. But he answered the murmur by a laugh; and stopping in front of a beggar, who lay at the corner of an hospital roaring out for alms, demanded the instant loan of fifty sequins. The beggar lifted up his hands and eyes in speechless wonder, and then shook out his rags, which, whatever else they might show, certainly showed no sequins. "The sequins, or death!" was the demand, in a tremendous voice. The beggar fell on the ground convulsed, and from his withered hand, which every one had seen empty the moment before, out flew fifty sequins, bright as if they had come that moment from St. Mark's mint. The stranger took them from the ground, and, with a smile, flung them up in a golden shower through the crowd. The shouts were immense, and the mob insisted on carrying him to the door of his hotel.

But the Venetian vigilance was by this time a little awakened, and a patrol of the troops was ordered to bring this singular stranger before the sublime podesta. The crowd instantly dropped him at the sight of the bayonets, and, knowing the value of life in the most delicious climate of the world, took to their heels. The guard took possession of their prisoner, and were leading him rather roughly to the governor's house, when he requested them to stop for a moment beside a convent gate, that he might get a cup of wine. But the Dominicans would not give the satirist of their illustrious order a cup of water.

"If you will not give me refreshment," exclaimed he, in an angry tone, "give me wherewithal to buy it. I demand a hundred sequins."

The prior himself was at the window above his head; and the only answer was a sneer, which was loyally echoed through every cloister.

"Let me have your bayonet for a moment," said the stranger to one of his guard. He received it; and striking away a projecting stone in the wall, out rushed the hundred sequins. The prior clasped his hands in agony, that so much money should have been so near, and yet have escaped his pious purposes. The soldiers took off their caps for the discoverer, and bowed them still lower when he threw every sequin of it into the shakos of those polite warriors. The officer, to whom he had given a double share, showed his gratitude by a whisper, offering to assist his escape for

as much more. But the stranger declined the civility, and walked boldly into the presence-chamber of the sublime podesta.

The Signor Dominico Castello-Grande Tremamondo was a little Venetian noble, descended in a right line from Æneas, with a palazzo on the Canale Regio of Venice, which he let for a coffeehouse; and living in the pomp and pride of a *magnifico* on something more than the wages of an English groom. The intelligence of this extraordinary stranger's discoveries had flown like a spark through a magazine, and the *illustrissimo* longed to be a partaker in the secret. He interrogated the prisoner with official fierceness, but could obtain no other reply than the general declaration, that he was a traveller come to see the captivations of Italy. In the course of the inquiry the podesta dropped a significant hint about money.

"As to money," was the reply, "I seldom carry any about me; it is so likely to tempt *rascals* to dip deeper in roguery. I have it whenever I choose to call for it."

"I should like to see the experiment made, merely for its curiosity," said the governor.

"You shall be obeyed," was the answer; "but I never ask for more than a sum for present expenses. Here, you fellow!" said he, turning to one of the half-naked soldiery, "lend me five hundred sequins!"

The whole guard burst into laughter. The sum would have been a severe demand on the military chest of the army. The handsome stranger advanced to him,

and, seizing his musket, said, loftily, "Fellow, if you won't give the money, this must." He struck the butt-end of the musket thrice upon the floor. At the third blow a burst of gold poured out, and sequins ran in every direction. The soldiery and the officers of the court were in utter astonishment. All wondered, many began to cross themselves, and several of the most celebrated swearers in the regiment dropped upon their knees. But their devotions were not long, for the sublime podesta ordered the hall to be cleared, and himself, the stranger, and the sequins, left alone.

For three days nothing more was heard of any of the three, and the Vicenzese scarcely ate, drank, or slept, through anxiety to know what was become of the man in the scarlet cloak, and cap striped green and vermilion. Jealousy, politics, and piety, at length put their heads together, and, by the evening of the third day, the *cavalieri* had agreed that he was some rambling actor or Alpine thief, the statesmen that he was a spy, and the Dominicans that he was Satan in person. The women, partly through the contradiction natural to the lovely sex, and partly through the novelty of not having the world in their own way, were silent; a phenomenon which the Italian philosophers still consider the true wonder of the whole affair.

On the evening of the third day a new Venetian governor, with a stately *cortège*, was seen entering at the Water Gate full gallop from Venice: he drove straight to the podesta's house, and, after an audience, was pro-

vided with apartments in the town-house, one of the finest in Italy, and looking out upon the *Piazza Grande*, in which are the two famous columns, one then surmounted by the winged lion of St. Mark, as the other still is by a statue of the founder of our faith.

The night was furiously stormy, and the torrents of rain and perpetual roaring of the thunder drove the people out of the streets. But between the tempest and curiosity not an eye was closed that night in the city. Towards morning the tempest lulled, and in the intervals of the wind strange sounds were heard, like the rushing of horses and rattling of carriages. At length the sounds grew so loud that curiosity could be restrained no longer, and the crowd gathered towards the entrance of the *Piazza*. The night was dark beyond description, and the first knowledge of the hazard that they were incurring was communicated to the shivering mob by the kicks of several platoons of French soldiery, who let them pass within their lines, but prohibited escape. The square was filled with cavalry, escorting waggons loaded with the archives, plate, and pictures, of the government. The old podesta was seen entering a carriage, into which his very handsome daughter, the betrothed of the proudest of the proud Venetian senators, was handed by the stranger. The procession then moved, and last, and most surprising of all, the stranger, mounting a charger, put himself at the head of the cavalry, and, making a profound adieu to the new governor, who

stood shivering at the window in care of a file of grenadiers, dashed forward on the road to Milan.

Day rose, and the multitude rushed out to see what was become of the city. Every thing was as it had been, but the column of the lion: its famous emblem of the Venetian republic was gone, wings and all. They exclaimed that the world was come to an end. But the wheel of fortune is round, let politicians say what they will. In twelve months from that day the old podesta was again sitting in the government-house—yet a podesta no more, but a French prefect; the signora Maria, his lovely daughter, was sitting beside him, with an infant, the image of her own beauty, and beside her the stranger, no longer the man of magic in the scarlet cloak and green and vermilion striped cap with a topaz clasp, but a French general of division, in blue and silver, her husband, as handsome as ever, and, if not altogether a professed *Diavolo*, quite as successful in finding money whenever he wanted it. His first *entrée* into Vicenza had been a little theatrical, for such is the genius of his country. The blowing-up of his little steam-boat, which had nearly furnished his drama with a tragic catastrophe, added to its effect; and his discovery of the sequins was managed by three of his countrymen. As an inquirer into the nakedness of the land, he might have been shot as a spy. As half-charlatan and half-madman, he was sure of national sympathy. During the three days of his stay the old podesta had found himself accessible to reason, the

podesta's daughter to the tender passion, and the treasures of the state to the locomotive skill of the French detachment, that waited in the mountains the result of their officer's diplomacy. The lion of St. Mark, having nothing else to do, probably disdained to remain, and in the same night took wing from the column, to which he has never returned.

REASON'S VICTORY.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

O'ER Youth's ardent season,
  While yet in its prime,
Came cold joyless Reason,
  The sister of Time.

She scann'd every feeling,
  She weigh'd every thought,
While sternly revealing
  The light that she brought.

That light gave no gladness,
  It show'd but too plain,
That Laughter was madness,
  And Pleasure was vain.

And Grief, who was sleeping,
  Awoke in that hour,
And bright eyes were weeping,
  Fond hearts rued her power.

O'er Fancy's dominions
  She came like a blight,
And Hope spread her pinions
  And fled from her sight.

Then Love, who had longest
  Disputed her sway,
Confess'd her the strongest,
  And vanish'd away.

But Doubt, Fear, and Sorrow,
  With him took their flight,
And Peace on the morrow
  Shone cloudless and bright.

Then Hope, sweetly smiling,
  Returning was seen;
Not false and beguiling,
  But mild and serene.

Like a spirit of healing
  And gladness she rose,
Divinely revealing
  A balm for all woes.

All lovely and glorious,
  She proved to the wise
That her wing was victorious
  When plumed for the skies.

PRESUMPTION REPROVED.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

"As I live, saith the Lord God, I will not be inquired of by you."

Mortal. When nation meets nation
In hostile array,
Thou, Death, grim destroyer!
Art first in the fray.
Thou dealest alike
With the brave and the craven,
As thou spreadest a feast
For the wolf and the raven.
I saw the young hero,
How bravely he bore him,
As, vanquish'd and bleeding,
His foes fell before him.
Oh! such deeds might have bribed thee
To let him live on
In the light of his honours
So gallantly won.

Death. Nay! his blood be upon him;
He sought out the strife,
Nor deem'd honour purchased
Too dearly with life.

He hath gotten him fame,
  In a cause foul or fair;
And hath sped to his audit,
  To answer it there:
And these are the honours
  The conqueror wears:—
There are blood on his laurels,
  And curses and tears.
Did I spare such destroyers,
  My work were soon done;
And I might exclaim,
  As did Macedon's son.

Mortal. There was one who was form'd
  In such beauty and grace,
That she seem'd not a part
  Of so fallen a race:
Thou breathedst upon her,
  And blighted she lay,
Smitten down in the morning
  And pride of her day.
Could Age not supply thee
  With victims enow,
That thou must pluck roses
  To twine on thy brow?
Could Beauty plead with thee
  As she pleadeth with man,
Thou hadst not thus shorten'd
  Her life's little span.

Death. Nay, the deed thou arraignest
In mercy was done,
For I have compassion,
Where mortals have none:
I took the young beauty
From life's troubled stage,
Whom a cold-hearted parent
Would wed with old age.
She call'd, and I heard her,
And hasten'd to save:
There was woe in that bridal,
There was peace in the grave.
With a dotard's fond glee
Came the bridegroom abhorr'd;
But the worm was her sister,
And I was her lord.

Mortal. Thou laughedst the grief
Of the parent to scorn,
As thy withering touch
Laid in earth his first-born.
All the world held beside
He had freely foregone,
Fame, honour, and wealth,
Hadst thou spared him his son:
For, oh! he look'd fondly
For solace to him,
When his footsteps should fail,
And his eye should grow dim.

Now silent he sits
  In his desolate home,
With nought left to cheer
  When those dark days shall come.

Death. He was ta'en ere his spirit
  By sorrow was wrung,
Ere hope had beguiled it,
  Or treachery stung;
Ere the germ of corruption
  He carried within
Had rear'd in his bosom
  The upas of sin.
And thou, misjudging man!
  Who wouldst chain down his feet
To the rough path of life,
  Hast thou found it so sweet?
Look back on thy journey,
  Its joys and its pain,
And say, wouldst thou travel
  The bleak waste again?

Go, querulous man!
  Bow thy head in the dust,
And know, the decrees
  Of thy Maker are just.
I was born of the wrath
  Thy offences drew down;
And thou reap'st but the fruit
  Thy rebellion hath sown.

Yet an ark is provided
To which thou mayst flee,
In the Saviour who triumph'd
O'er Satan and me.
Then wake, dreamer, wake,
Ere thy passing-bell toll,
From that perilous slumber,
The sleep of the soul!

WOMAN'S LOVE.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

And this is woman's story—her heart's history—
The tale of one who loved, as only woman loves—
In sickness, and in sorrow, and in death.

He came, a meteor from the sky,
As of celestial light,
And burst on sorrow's languid eye,
Like visions of the night;
And, bending o'er the bed of death,
Stole from the hand the cypress wreath,
And placed upon the aching brows
What seem'd a bright, immortal rose.

Why should I tell that rose's name?
Nourish'd with secret tears it grew,
As o'er the faint and feeble frame
The fragrance of the heart it threw;
Then even sickness wore a charm,
And, o'er its lily-pallid form,

Love's rainbow-tints and sunbeams stole,
Like emanations from the soul.

And years roll'd on—and still that flower
  Its chaste, its hidden, fragrance shed;
It never knew a closing hour—
  It never bow'd its beauteous head;
But lovelier look'd amidst the blast
And wintry storms that o'er it pass'd,
And all those deadlier blights that come
To flowers that make the heart their home.

The *heart* their *home*? ah, idle thought!
  Did the heart ever find a home?
Save that, like airy castles wrought
  By Fancy in her cheating loom.
The bright, bright rose, where is it now?
Still does it hide an aching brow?
Or chamber'd in the bosom's cell,
There only its sad story tell?

Its story?—mark each scattered leaf!—
  Its story?—see that funeral urn!—
This was Love's rose, and this the brief,
  The short-lived flower to which we turn!
And this is Woman's tale of sorrow—
Alas! her yesterday—to-morrow—
Her past—her present—her to come—
Her heart's brief story—and its doom!

TO POESY.

This is a solitude where I may hold
Sweet intercourse with thee, young Poesy!
And, vex'd not by the tumult of the world,
Bend o'er my solitary harp, and gem
Its chords perchance with joy's melodious tears.

Silence is on the mountains, and the vale,
Speechless, upturns the beauty of its face,
To catch the steady foldings of her robe,
That floats, without a noise, upon the hill!
How dark yon western woodlands! How serene
Yon crystal mirror, slumbering at their feet!
How still the meadows, garlanded with streaks
Of golden light, and gemm'd with shining dew!
And oh, how rich the crimson of the sky!
Come, loved of Heaven, delightful Poesy!
And take thy seat upon this lofty rock:
So will I braid thy tresses in a wreath
Of sable beauty, twining them around
The fibres of my harp, and chanting forth
Snatches of song! Oh! then shall Silence start
As from a slumber, and enamour'd list
The sweeping melody, inspired by thee!

How many a year unknown to thee I spent,
Enchanting Poesy! Thy verdant haunts
Were interdicted regions, and thy springs
Waters whereof I might not drink. Behold!
At length I knew thee for the mourner's friend:

I heard thy sweet voice on the summer gale,
And felt thy blessed influence in the stars,
And all bright things. The meadows and the hills,
The purple skylight, and the gurgling brooks;
The untaught nightingales, that love to sing
When all is sleeping; the umbrageous groves,
Sacred to thought and meditation deep;
Yea, and the wild birds in the forest shade:
Even the sunbeams (those connecting links
From heaven to earth), each spoke immortal truths,
And fill'd my spirit with thy holy lore!
Then came the magic of a poet's name,
Like light, upon my fancy; and I sat
Brooding for hours, amid sequester'd nooks,
On all the mighty masters of the lyre
That, in the horoscope of mind, create
An arch of glory like the milky way!
Oh, then I bless'd thee, calm-brow'd Poesy!
Yea, like a child, I bless'd thee in my prayers,
And woo'd thee with my harp! 'T was feeble song,
Yet withal grateful.—I, thy votary,
Since then have wander'd in thy pleasant paths
Not seldom, musing in umbrageous spots
And haunts of deep retirement, far away
From aught that whispers of a world unkind;
Teaching my heart to find in solitude
Its sum of earthly happiness, convinced
That thence alone true pleasure is derived!

R. F. H.

MEMORIALS OF A SCHOOLFELLOW.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

It would require better reasoning than has ever yet been employed, to prove that the years we spend at school are truly and naturally the happiest of our lives. Rightly, perhaps, may they be so considered, when looked back upon from the most troubled scenes of more advanced existence. But it is not in this manner that we speak of any other period; it is what we feel when the objects of pleasure or dislike are present that makes a season fair or cloudy, not the manner in which we are subsequently taught to regard them; and it is the schoolboy, and not the man, who can properly say how much happiness belongs to the period of which we are speaking. For my own part, of all my companions at school or college, I can remember none whose emancipation from the tasks of the one and the rules of the other was not hailed with delight; a feeling not usual when the young and the free-hearted are leaving scenes in which they have enjoyed much happiness. There is no want of reasons for this, and there are some which apply to almost every character. The embryo poet has good cause to abhor the restraint which delays his inheritance of the blessed sun-light, and the music of birds, and all the other outpourings of nature. The sport-loving, joyous, happy-hearted boy, from whose face and form a painter might design one of the best priests of liberty that was ever imagined, has a sort of

conscientious hatred of school, and will argue most learnedly, and adduce reasons very hard to be confuted, to prove the superiority of his father, who rides fine horses and is a good shot, to the best Grecian in Christendom. The reasoners in favour of scholastic happiness would find it very difficult to convince either of these opponents by their arguments. But there is yet another, and one still more obstinate in his refusal to adopt the Utopian idea of happy school-days. This is the boy who has all a man's capacity for the enjoyment of rest, who is always puzzled to know what wit there is in the saying, "Early to bed, and early to rise," and who would, for his own part, always choose rather to let the sun see him rise, than rise to meet the sun.

I am not ashamed to own that I have had more than one bosom friend of this class; for I had no better-tempered or more useful associates in any of the occupations which I took it into my head to pursue. They never contradicted me, would go or come just as I willed, provided I was not in haste; would perform any little errand that I happened to fancy I should look silly in doing myself; and might be made April-fools of, or mock Valentines, without my having any reason to fear that I should be thrashed for my pains. In whatever mood I happened to be, they were always the same easy and convenient companions. If I was inclined for a quiet ramble into the woods with a book, they would find out some little sunny spot, and lay themselves

down with the utmost content till I was ready to return home. If I wanted to angle, they would seat themselves on a bank of the stream, and dig out worms for bait by the hour together; and of all the line-makers, ball-quilters, manufacturers of kite-tails or raree-shows, that I have met with, when fairly set to work, they were ever the most diligent.

To this class of my companions belonged Harry Breeze, who was certainly not destined to be one of the lights of the day, but who had been sent to the grammar-school because his father thought him like a certain celebrated member of parliament. He was a most docile, gentle creature, heavy in his motions, but possessing a more than ordinary share of good nature, and making up for his want of scholarship by a readiness to oblige all who possessed it. Notwithstanding these good qualities, Harry was a most unhappy lad; and, had he had courage enough, would have denounced schools and schoolmasters as loudly as the most errant truant that ever lived. But he had never heart to do this, except to one or two particular friends; and then it was with a fearful shuddering, as if the master overheard him. No; he went on from week to week, and month to month, never thinking of lightening his misery by telling it, but continually increasing it by the most flagrant violations of schoolboy regularity; and for these misdemeanors poor Harry, as it may be supposed, had to suffer intolerable persecution.

If there was any subject on which my unfortunate companion ever showed conversational powers, it was on that of his future liberation from the thraldom of school. Whenever we wished to put him into a particular good humour, we always referred to this topic; and I verily believe neither philosopher nor moralist ever more convincingly proved the swiftness of time than we did, while coaxing Harry Breeze into some extraordinary effort. Year after year fled away, each appearing longer than the last to poor Harry, but seeming to his more volatile friends to lift the curtain of futurity higher, that our joyous spirits might see into the bright world we were about to enter. The day, however, at length came for Harry's deliverance. He had grown up almost to manhood without any change either in his general appearance or habits. He had been a fixture in a certain class till he grew too tall to be kept in it any longer; and, his promotion having begun on this principle, he was, when about to leave school, near the top of the highest form. His father's hopes were thus fully realised, and, with true fatherly pride, he every where declared what an honour it was to have such a son. Harry was destined to be a barrister, there being no other profession, his parents said, so well calculated as that of the law to call his solid talents and serious mind into profitable exertion. Harry had accordingly been entered at Cambridge; and to Cambridge he was to go the week after he left us. There was not a boy in the school but gave him a

boisterous shake of the hand at parting. Harry's character was well known in all its parts, and there was enough in it to cause him to be loved as well as laughed at. He had been snubbed as a dunce in the lower forms, and as a stupid fellow in the higher. More laughable blunders were attributed to him than to any other boy who ever learned Latin, and many were the epigrams of which his inappropriate name was the subject. But, notwithstanding all this, Harry Breeze was a universal favourite. The laugh was never loud against him but what some fray took place, and the first offenders were severely chastised. His gait, it is true, was ungainly; but it was remembered how often his coat-pockets had been swelled out with pears and apples for his younger school-mates. He was, there was no concealing it, a most intolerable bore when his class wanted an early dismissal; but then, again, it was remembered how many times he had led his companions over his father's grounds, furnishing them with fowling-pieces and ammunition, and letting them drag the fish-ponds, at his own imminent peril of being disinherited. None of these things were now forgotten, and the name of Harry Breeze was ever after held sacred.

My old schoolfellow when I went to Cambridge was in his second year; a time when most Cantabs are insufferable to freshmen, whom they have just standing enough to lord it over, without having enough to teach them good behaviour. But Harry Breeze was

unaltered. Neither had mathematics made him pale, nor a cap and gown proud. He seized my hand with the same laugh which was always his sign of recognition, whether we had met after a week's or an hour's absence; and then, throwing my travelling-coat over his arm, he led me, in his usual heavy pace, along the streets to the college. I was not a little surprised on entering his rooms. For college-rooms, they were even splendidly furnished. There was not a comfort or an elegance omitted in their fitting-up; and I found that Harry had determined to make amends for the privations he yet considered himself as suffering by being in a place of education. In addition to the studied comfort of his rooms, he had also obtained permission to keep his own servant; and when our repast was served up, I was more astonished than ever to see my old school-mate thus surrounded with luxuries, while he still preserved his characteristic rusticity, and quiet, unintellectual demeanour. When I had been longer at Cambridge I was not a little amused with my friend Harry's conduct. Nothing excited him; nothing could persuade or terrify him into attending chapel in the morning, or into studying Euclid after his private tutor left him. He was the most independent of all human beings; never remembered to cap the tutors; but, with a most ludicrous forgetfulness of their dignity, invariably invited them to his parties; walked over the grass-plots; wore a black neckcloth; dined in his own rooms beyond the per-

missible number of times; and was oftener seen in a riding-coat, booted, and spurred, than in cap and gown: but all these things were done with such an evident resolution not to be put out of his way by any restrictions or regulations which did not concern the very safety of the nation, that a sort of silent compact subsisted between him and the seniors not to disturb each other.

Harry was too much of a character, and had too much money, to remain in obscurity at Cambridge; and it was not long before he had a circle of acquaintances composed of the gayest men of his time. One of the purposes of the very close intimacy which some of them kept up with my old school-mate was unquestionably the enjoyment of his excellent wine; but the delight they took in abusing his indolent and unsuspicious disposition by every variety of practical jest was a still closer bond of union. An occurrence, however, happened about this time which put an end to my immediate intercourse with my friend, and separated us for several years.

Harry had, as I have said, as much of the milk of human kindness in his heart as any creature living. This had already made him a warm friend—it was now about to make him a lover. He was peculiarly susceptible to the charms of female loveliness. There had even been rumours, when he was at school, of his having attended a party of young ladies in their walk, when he had been actually offered the situation of

scout at a game of cricket. Similar things had happened at other times; and none of Harry's apologists could ever clear his character from the imputation of being seen with his sisters, or their companions, oftener than he ought.

But it was reserved for Cambridge to be the grand scene of Harry's love adventures. It chanced that, toward the end of one of the terms, a concert took place, at which several of the belles of the neighbouring towns made their appearance, seemingly prepared for the capture of many an undefended and simple scholar. Poor Harry, who loved music almost as much as he hated trouble and motion, sat by a lady who was condescending enough to ask him some questions about the performance; and Harry, overjoyed at being able to answer them, at once lost both his heart and his power of speech. One after another were the acts concluded, and not an idea could our hero collect from which to form the substance either of a question or an observation. The concert closed, the company departed, and Harry Breeze, for the first time in his life, felt that neither eating, sleeping, nor being free from study, was what he wanted to make him happy. To his quiet mind such a sensation as he now felt was torment itself. Though his excited and fevered spirit presented, like lightning, a thousand different plans, either for bringing the lady to him, or conveying himself to her, it was a thing beyond all the possibilities of imagination how one of these plans was to

be carried into execution. While the miserable lover was in this state of perturbation, to his unspeakable relief, he saw one of the cleverest, and wittiest, and, withal, one of the best-natured of his acquaintances enter the room.

Harry never had a secret in his life, much less when it was a trouble to keep one. He now laid his heart open to his friend; made a confession of every thought and feeling he had ever had that seemed like love; and ended with a doleful description of the intolerable agony with which he was consuming. To be left, however, in this condition was out of the question; so down sat Harry and his friend to consult what steps had best be taken. Many were the ideas started as to the practicability, first of this, then of that plan: they all ended, however, in determining that nothing would be so safe, and at the same time so easy, as sending a letter. But here another difficulty occurred. To write a letter was as bad as writing a theme; and a theme Harry never wrote that was readable: but a love-letter was always, in Harry's opinion, a kind of poetry; and Harry Breeze never wrote a verse in his life. What was to be done? He neither could nor durst trust his heart to his own expressions, for this he knew would be to peril his dearest hopes. But happily for him his friend was one of those few who have a right to be called friends *indeed*. He offered the assistance of his ready and experienced pen. It was accepted in an ecstasy

of gratitude. He offered still more—not only to write the letter, but to get it delivered, obtain an interview with the lady, press Harry's suit, and secure the triumph of his love before he had to expose himself to the hazard of a refusal. Harry almost fell at his friend's feet. I will not say how much wine was drunk to solemnize the league; but amid claret and champagne the letter was drawn up, and the friends parted with a thousand vows of good fellowship.

A few days after this Harry received a note, the contents of which far surpassed his most sanguine hopes. The lady's mother invited him to breakfast, and the lady herself had written the letter. The only drawback to Harry's delight was, that as it was ten miles into the country, he did not much relish having to travel so far by eight o'clock in the morning, and that in the middle of November. For this there was no help, and Harry Breeze set off as light-hearted as Harry could be while making any extraordinary exertion. By eight o'clock he was at the house of his mistress. But it was not a little vexing to him to find himself stared at by the servants as a most unexpected visiter, and, what was worse, to be ushered into an apartment where a fire, only just lit, was pouring out volumes of smoke, and the cloth was spread for breakfast, but had not yet received any of its comfortable ornaments. Harry gave his name, and the servant left him.

After about half an hour's most uncomfortable

expectation, an old lady entered the room; as stiff, formal, and precise an old lady as England ever saw. Harry Breeze bowed, and the lady curtsied. For a few minutes they appeared to survey each other with mutual distrust, till, at length, the matron asked *Mr.* Breeze the purpose of his visit. This, in whatever way taken, would have been to most men an electrifying question; but Harry was stupified by it; he was literally stricken of a heap; he staggered against a chair, sunk into it, and fainted, while his eyes remained wide open, glazed and fixed upon the old lady, with an expression of the most horrible despair. The whole truth had in fact at once flashed upon poor Harry's mind. He had been hoaxed by his wicked adviser, and there he was, feeling at the same time both the madness of a disappointed lover and the shame of being laughed at for an idiot. What was worse than all, Harry had never learned the art of excuse-making; and, before he could escape from the house, he had to explain the reason of his visit by a most humiliating confession of the whole circumstance, and received the cold comfort of learning that the lady had been engaged for years before he had seen her.

My unfortunate friend returned to Cambridge, wrote a note to his tutor, alleging that he was ill, set off by a night-coach, and was never more seen or heard of in the precincts of the university.

WOMAN AND MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM COOKE STAFFORD, ESQ.

CYNICS may say this world 's a world of misery and pain;
But are they found in Woman's smile, or Music's dulcet strain?
These have the power to chase away the anguish of despair—
To light a smile on Sorrow's cheek—to cheer the brow of Care.

In Woman's faithful love we find a paradise below,
And Music's magic has a charm that steals away our woe:
Combined they form the purest joy that can to man be given,
Bestow a foretaste of the skies, and make this earth a heaven.

I 'll never let the canker care corrode my passing hours,
Whilst Woman o'er my path of life strews young affection's flowers;
I 'll never yield Misanthropy the empire o'er my breast;
For let but Music strike the lyre, and 't will his steps arrest.

I'll tread the path which Pleasure points, nor heed
what cynics say;
The *heart and lute* shall be my guide, my Mentor on
my way.
On Woman's faithful breast I trust to breathe my last
fond sigh,
With her to join angelic choirs in fairer worlds on high.

ON A HEAVY FALL OF SNOW

ON MARCH 29 AND 30, 1823 AND 1824.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARKE.

THE breath of Spring was lately in the grove,
Her footsteps in our gardens, and around
Awoke, obedient to her call of love,
The song of birds—the magic of sweet sound,
That through the leafless trees went up on high—
The incense mild of Nature's piety.

Where'er she trod, the little flowers, that slept
Beneath the soil, arose her steps to greet;
And all glad creatures that the frosts had kept
In their cold prisons were set free, to meet
And welcome the fair visitant again,
Who moved so gently over hill and plain.

But whilst, too sanguine of the promise fair,
We plann'd our rural walks among the vales,
Stern Winter came and stripp'd our prospects bare,
And turn'd to chilling blasts the genial gales

That lately murmur'd through the budding bowers,
And wanton'd careless with the infant flowers.

Hush'd is the blackbird's song—the bee is still—
The rook forgets his labours—the young lamb,
Which frisk'd along the meadows at his will,
Stands motionless beside his shiv'ring dam;
And all that told of life's returning glow
Sleeps 'neath a dull unvaried waste of snow.

And is not change like this an emblem meet
Of human life, with all its hopes and fears?—
Oft will success give way to rude defeat,
And smiles, that told of peace for after-years,
By some unlook'd-for ruin fade to gloom,
In the dark silence of an early tomb!

Yet why should we repine, who hold our fate
By such frail tenure as to man is given?
Since 'tis by disappointment's narrow gate
That the tried spirit seeks access to heaven,
Where, through all ages, one eternal spring
Shall ever cheer it with its blossoming.

Let not our hearts be fickle as our clime,
And we may safely see the seasons run
Through all vicissitudes of ebbing time,
Rough with the tempest, joyous with the sun.
Harmless round him the storms unheeded play
Who "keeps the noiseless tenor of his way."

ON SICKNESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF NUGÆ SACRÆ, HUMANITY, &c.

When from life's busy scenes awhile
 Sickness detains with grasp severe,
How soon the faded cheek its smile
 Yields for the tear!

Yet most we learn when most alone;
 And sickness oft the soul hath brought
Where many a heavenly truth is known,
 A lesson taught!

The brook, bright in the noontide rays,
 Picturing each object, glides along;
But in unbroken crystal strays
 The shades among.

So, oft, a vain reflected show
 Paints the mind's tide in health's gay beam—
That beam withdrawn, its course may flow
 In purer stream.

Hopes round the darken'd couch may bloom,
 That sprung not 'neath the prosperous sun;
As night-blown flowers that cheer the gloom
 The day-beam shun.

Chambers secured from solar glare
 Admit a radiance lovelier far—

Oft on the soul hath risen there
Its morning star *.

On earthly joy—that reed so frail—
Too oft, alas! it dares to lean,
Till Sickness comes and lifts the veil
From things unseen;

Shows the vain aim of human cares—
Clears a new course and points the goal—
For life, for death alike prepares
The tutor'd soul.

* I, Jesus, am the bright and morning star. Rev. xxii. 16.

THE SONNETEER.

He loves to lean against some aged tree
In forest green, and gaze upon the deer,
Which gaze in turn on him; by fountain clear,
Trickling from moss-grown rock, oft sitteth he;
Oft on some crag o'erlooking the wide sea
He lays him down, the splashing waves to hear;
Or walks the woodlands when the leaves are sere,
Listening the stripping blast moan mournfully.
The yellow moon, the floating clouds, the sky,
The twinkling stars, a fair girl's face, eye, lip,
The fresh flower, whence the bee doth honey sip—
These loves the sonneteer, these charm his eye;
And these, in tiny lay and language quaint,
With moral saws inwrought, he loves to paint.

R. J.

EASTERN APOLOGUES.

BY JAMES HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

THE DIVINITY OF SONG.

As Sadac, the son of Azor, was sitting at the door of his pavilion in the cool of the day, he saw a man approaching, who soon riveted his whole attention. The man was lame, for he had lost a limb; and that limb was replaced by an awkward and unpolished piece of sycamore-wood. When he came nigher, Sadac perceived that he had also lost an arm and one of his eyes; and yet that man, as he came halting along, was singing a strain of so much mirth and gaiety, that he not only appeared to possess a share of happiness, but to be happiness itself personified.

Now Sadac, the son of Azor, was prince of Cathema, and governor over all that country, from the confines of Persia to the great desert of Amerabia; and when he saw this mutilated man of mirth passing by, he called to him to come; but the man regarded him only with a slight glance and a nod, and skipped away over his crutch, singing his song with increased vigour and glee.

Then Sadac called his servants, and said unto them, "Go, bring that cripple back unto me; for what is he, or what is his father's house, that he should despise the order of Sadac, prince of Cathema?"

And the servants followed the lame man; and the first that overtook him strove to detain him, but he

struck the servant of Sadac on the head with his crutch until he fell down, and then the lame man went on singing: and the second and the third came up, and, lo! he did unto them even as he had done to the first; and the men were greatly astonied, and they rose up and returned to their master; and the cripple went on his way, singing as before.

And Sadac was very wroth with the men; and he said, "Why have ye not detained him and brought him back?" But they answered and said, "Lo! he struck us on the head and on the hands, and we had no power to stand before him, but fell down as dead men." And they said, "Perhaps he is an angel sent from Mahomed;" but Sadac laughed them to scorn.

And he sent out other servants, who were more in number, and mightier than the first; and he said unto them, "Bring back the man;" and they brought him. And Sadac communed with him, and said unto him, "Why didst thou not come when I called thee? How daredst thou disobey the command of thy prince and ruler?"

"Because I was then singing to myself a song," said the lame man; "and rather than have stopped short in my song, without finishing it, I would that thy head had been struck off and mine to boot."

And Sadac said, "Thou shalt surely suffer death for speaking in this manner to the son of Azor, thy prince, and also for lifting up thine hand against the messengers that he sent unto thee."

And the lame man said, "If my life will oblige my prince, I shall be exceedingly happy to give it up to him. It is but half a life; for I have given up one half of my body for him and his family already, and the poor remainder is at his service whenever he shall see meet to require it. I will give him up my life, but not my song."

And Sadac said, "Was it that wild and foolish strain which thou wert singing as thou passedst along, and which made thee caper as with ecstasy, and extend thy voice unto strains of happy delirium? Now, by the life of Mahomed! thou shalt sing it before thou stirrest from that spot."

"Nay, that I shall never do at the behest of mortal man," said the cripple. "My prince may take my life, for it is his right; but my song is mine own, and in it he has neither right nor portion."

And Sadac said, "How can that be?"

And the lame man said, "Because it is the child of the soul, and over the soul of man and its lineage thou hast neither power nor dominion. Knowest thou not that the gift of song is an emanation from the Deity? that it is a ray of paradise, enlightening and endowing the immortal part of man with the qualification of angels? that it enriches the soul with a measure of the capabilities of those seraphs who hymn their everlasting hallelujas around the throne of heaven? O thou divine and hallowed gift! what are all the gratifications of sense; what is might or dominion; what are thrones,

principalities, and powers, compared with thee, thou sublime intellectual radiance, that connectest man with the hosts above? It was thy holy flame that poured from the mouths of Moses, of David, of Isaiah, and of Mahomed; therefore, hallowed be thy essence, and may no human ruler ever claim dominion over thee!"

And Sadac was greatly astonished, and he gazed upon the lame and mutilated figure as on some superior being; and he thought within himself, "Why did it not please God and our prophet to endow me, Sadac, the son of Azor, with the gift of song?"

And he said unto the lame man, "What is thy name?" And he answered, "Ismael, the son of Berar, thy servant." And Sadac said, "Verily thou art wise as thou hast proved thyself valiant; come within the cover of my tent, and sit thee down here on my left hand, that I may converse with thee about many things:" and the man did as Sadac had commanded him.

THE BEAUTY OF WOMEN.

And Sadac said unto Ismael, the son of Berar, "Wherein consists thy great happiness?—for of all the men whom these eyes have ever beheld thou appearest to me to be the most perfectly happy. I have been in search of it all the days of my life—and, oh, how eagerly I have pursued it!—but evermore has it fled from my grasp, and left me the more unhappy on every new enjoyment. So often hath disappointment sickened my soul, that I have resolved again and again to change

conditions with the first happy man whom I should meet; and were it possible for me to part with my limb, my arm, and mine eye, I would pleasantly change conditions with poor Ismael, the son of Berar: I would resign to him all my power and all my dominions, with all the riches of Cathema, all my wives, and all my concubines, save one, and with her would I traverse different lands, and try if happiness would follow, for overtaken it will not be."

And Ismael, the son of Berar, laughed exceedingly, until he even fell backward upon his seat by reason of his laughter, it was so great, and he said, "O Sadac, thou son of Azor, great art thou in power, and great is accounted thy wisdom, but there is folly with thee, for thou hast been seeking happiness where it is not to be found. But long, long will it be, before the poor son of Berar exchange conditions with thee!"

And he said furthermore: "After the siege of Bahara, which belonged to Persia, when all the fields and vineyards were laid waste and abandoned, an ox that had been left alive found his way into them; and he gloated over the riches and fertility of the soil, and he consumed, and ate up, and devoured, of all the good and pleasant things, until he was so encumbered with his own fatness that he found it impossible to make his escape from the enclosures; and his soul sickened within him even to loathing, so that he yearned for the liberty of the forest, to browze again on its leaves and dry herbage. But to the forest he could not win, for he

was involved in labyrinths of luxury, and the smallest fence could he not surmount, even though but a few feet in height; so that there was he condemned to wallow on in luxury and discontent.

"And the ox observed that every day a wild goat came from the forest which skirted the desert; and the goat was lean and haggard in his appearance, and he skipped lightly over the fences, and browzed greedily on such herbs as he liked for a short space of time; and he would gambol among the flowers, and butt down the young vines and olives as with disdain, and then, bounding over the fences, escape again into the forest.

"And the ox languished exceedingly, and greatly did he envy the goat, whom before he had held in derision; and he watched his approach, and waylaid him, and tried to bring him into conversation, which he at last effected; for the goat fled not from this overgrown victim of luxury.

"And the ox said, 'Why liest thou not still in these rich pastures and among the vineyards, to feed on all the delicacies of the earth? Why shouldst thou remain so lean, when the fat of the land is before thee?' The goat returned him no answer, but fell a-skipping and dancing round the ox in all the madness of frolic; and he leaped upon the highest walls, vanishing beyond them; so that the ox thought the madcap had gone off to the forest. Then would he appear again, running upon the walls, and bounding over every impediment, until the ox became greatly chagrined; but yet he wished

in his heart to change places with that bearded mountebank. Then he called unto him again, and said, 'Tell me, I pray thee, why thou wilt not remain amongst these luxuries?' And the goat said, 'Because it suits not with my nature and delight to feed myself fat, so as to be coveted for a prey by man, and likewise render myself incapable of escaping from his hand.'

"And the ox groaned in spirit, for he perceived that the hint applied to him; and he said, 'Lo, I will exchange places with thee; remain thou here, and eat, and drink, and rejoice; and conduct me hence, that I may go into the desert in thy stead.' But the wild goat refused, and said, 'It lists me not to do so with thee; for were I to remain here I should surely die, and wert thou banished to the desert, after thy feasting and luxury, thou wouldst pine away and die also, even by a death the most tedious and deplorable. Therefore, since thou hast not been able to discern this truth, that a moderate portion of the good things of this life is better than unrestrained luxury and unlimited fulness, in that labyrinth of sloth and sensual gratification must thou remain until thou perish.' And while he yet spoke, a band of forayers appeared, and they said one to another, 'Behold, what a prey!' And they bent their bows, and took their javelins in their hands, and rushed upon the twain; but the wild goat skipped over the wall, and ere they could let fly their arrows he had bounded away to the forest. But the unwieldy ox became their victim, and fell dead, utter-

ing many grievous and repentant groans, and pierced with a thousand wounds."

And Sadac, the son of Azor, was grieved in spirit, and his countenance fell, and he hung down his head, and laid his hand upon his breast, and sighed very deeply, and he said, "Thy story hath made me sad; nevertheless tell me wherein thy great happiness consisteth, and peradventure I may find means of sharing it with thee; for, of all men I ever beheld thou seemest to me to have the least cause of rejoicing, since thou hast lost a limb, an eye, and a hand, and moreover thou art poor, and hast none of the enjoyments of life."

And Ismael said, "O my prince, it is because thou hast not learned to discern wherein the enjoyment of life consists. Thou hast not learned, like thy servant, to be pleased with mankind as they are, and with events as they occur; and, when evil befalleth thee, to be thankful that it is not worse. When I lost one of my limbs, fighting in the camp of thy father, I thanked Allah that I had not lost them both. When I lost an eye, fighting in my own cause, I conquered my inveterate enemy, and rejoicing said, 'I shall see the clearer with the eye that is left.' And when I lost an arm, fighting under thee in the great battle of Bahara, in which the pride of Persia sank before our might, the men who bound up my wound said unto me, 'Ismael, thou art sorely wounded and lame besides; retire thou into the tent.' But I refused, and said, 'I have one hand left, and with it will I fight for my prince until

I fall, or the battle be gained.' We conquered, and I rejoiced. I know of no man who has more reason to be thankful to God and our prophet than poor Ismael, the son of Berar."

"I cannot for my life perceive wherein it consists," said Sadac, "unless it be in deprivations, which are contrary in their nature to happiness. Tell me one of the chief enjoyments of the heart."

And Ismael said, "The highest enjoyment of which my frail nature is capable has been in the endearments of one beloved object—in the society of Abra, my beloved wife, my only spouse, and the darling of my heart. She has proved to me the light of my soul, my crown of rejoicing, my stay and comfort in affliction, and the affectionate sharer in all my joys and sorrows. Ismael, the son of Berar, has had no earthly felicity that can be compared with the love and society of that beautiful, blessed, and divine, creature."

And Sadac marvelled exceedingly, and he said, "I have thirty and six wives, and seventy and two concubines, the most beautiful women in the world. They are all pure and without blemish; arrayed in the silken gauze of Cashmere, covered over with jewels and perfumes, and all ready to bestow their smiles and favours on the son of Azor; yet, instead of being my chief joy, from them proceed my greatest earthly plagues and torments. O Ismael, bring thy Abra before me, that I may look upon that beauty which is sufficient to confer such happiness on the possessor."

But Ismael said, "Shouldst thou covet and take her from me, thy servant's chief happiness in this world would be extinct."

But Sadac swore unto him, that though he admired her ever so much, yet would he not deprive him of what he held so dear. "For I have sufficiency of female beauty already," added he; "which when thou seest thou shalt acknowledge." And he led the lame Ismael away to the apartments of the women, and caused every one of them, amounting to more than a hundred, to pass by before him, and to unveil themselves. They were all beautiful as roses, for they were from beyond the river, and fair of complexion. And Sadac said, "Thou seest how lovely they are; wouldst thou not exchange thine Abra for any of these?"

And Ismael answered and said, "No, prince; I would not exchange my Abra for any of these, nor for all, beautiful though they are, which I deny not, though thou shouldst add the wealth of Cathema to boot."

And Sadac marvelled greatly, and said, "O Ismael, let me see this wonder of my dominions, whose beauty, single and alone, can ravish and delight a man, and render him completely happy from year to year." And Ismael did as his prince and ruler commanded, and he brought his wife, and she stood before Sadac the son of Azor. And Sadac said, "Is this thy wife, even thy beloved Abra?"

And Ismael said, "It is."

And Sadac lost all power, and fell from his seat

down upon the floor of his pavilion; but it was not with love for the wife of Ismael, but with laughter at the style of her beauty. For the woman was old and homely in the extreme, with a broad brown face, and gray eyes of a heavy and mild lustre. And the servants of Sadac tried to lift him up and to set him on his seat, but they could not, for he had no power either to rise or to support himself thereon; and they said one to another, "What shall we do for Sadac, the son of Azor, our lord?"

And Sadac laughed seven days and seven nights at the beauty of Abra, the wife of Ismael.

And it came to pass after these days that he called Ismael unto him, and said, "O Ismael, son of Berar, how hast thou mocked me by asserting thy happiness with thy Abra, in derision of all the beauty in my harem, collected from the great river Euphrates even to the borders of Media for my pleasure and happiness, which all that beauty has yet failed to produce! But, trust me, Ismael, should we change conditions, thou shalt keep thy Abra for me; for I would as soon think of taking to my embrace the great snake of the desert. If happiness is not to be found with beauty, how is it to be found with woman? Therefore, Ismael, dare not thou any more to mock thy prince."

And Ismael said, "Far be it from me to mock my prince, or to tell him any word that is not downright truth. I agree with him, that without beauty there can be no happiness with woman; but of female

beauty there are many kinds and degrees; as many as in the whole range of nature besides. There is one beauty of the flowers of the field, another of the storms of heaven, and another of the sun shining in all his glory and strength. So in woman there is one beauty of the skin, and another of the soul; but the one is as superior to the other, as the sun shining in his glory and strength is to the short-lived and fading flowers of the valley. These perish and decay, and fall down in the dust, and are succeeded by others. What striking emblems of the beauty of women, of that beauty of the skin which alone is admired by the son of Azor! But the beauties of virtue, mercy, and benevolence, and all the other glorious qualifications of the soul, have no decay, but continue to advance onward and onward in strength and splendour through time and eternity. Thou, O Sadac, seekest only for selfish gratification, deeming that there happiness is to be found. How certain the event that thou wert to be disappointed! So shall all those be who expect to find true happiness in the pleasures of sense and the vanities of time. But I have sought and found a union of souls that began in youth, has strengthened with age, and will continue to improve and brighten for ever and ever."

And Sadac went home into his house heavy and concerned, and he said unto himself, "I would instantly go in search of that union of souls if I wist what it was."

MAXIMS OF SADAC, THE SON OF AZOR.

And Sadac gave unto Ismael a house near to the palace, and a maiden to wait on Abra; and Ismael became a favourite counsellor to his master, who conferred many benefits on him, and conversed with him daily; and the latter days of the old soldier and son of song glided on in happiness. But the nobles of the land envied him exceedingly, and they consulted together and said, "We must banish this fantastic old man from about our court, else our dignity shall depart from us, and the mean and the vile shall have the dominion." And one said after this manner, and another after that; but at last it was agreed that out of his own mouth they would condemn him, by reason of the freedom of his expressions. So they forced him into argument, and drove him to wrath by their wrangling, and he uttered words unadvisedly against the divinity of the prophet.

Then they rejoiced in heart, and gnashing with their teeth, as in great wrath, they seized him and carried him before the tribunal of Sadac to receive sentence of death; for there were not wanting abundance of witnesses, who said, "He hath blasphemed God and his prophet Mahomed." And Sadac was exceedingly grieved for his friend, for he perceived that there had been a conspiracy against him, and he devised how to save him out of their hands.

And he said unto them, "O ye nobles and men of Cathema, I perceive the truth of your accusation, and

believe that this man's heart is not right as it ought to be with the Lord and with Mahomed his prophet. But, know ye not, O men, and believe ye not, that our holy prophet has all power under God to punish the transgressors of his law and the unbelievers in his doctrine?" And they said, "We know and believe it."

Then said he unto them, "Perceive ye not, also, that our prophet hath vindicated his cause in the eyes of all men? for, lo! hath he not punished this man already for his errors and unbelief as never man was punished before? Hath he not first deprived him of a limb, then of an eye, and latterly of an arm? And since it is so that our supreme prophet hath taken up the vindication of his own cause, it would be unmeet for man to intermeddle between the aggressor and his righteous judge. The cause now lies between them, and let us leave the culprit to the terrible chastisement which the injured Mahomed shall see meet to inflict. I will punish injustice and offences committed against men; but with those committed against God I dare not to interfere. He can punish if he will; but if he sees meet to bear with the offences and contumely of an erring creature, well may I."

And the men said, "Our prince hath spoken that which is just and right;" and they went to their houses, and Ismael, the son of Berar, also went unto his house.

And Sadac sent for him afterwards, and said unto him: "O son of Berar, beware how thou again ven-

turest out of thy proper sphere; for as a lamb is among young leopards, or a roe among the cubs of the lion, so is a poor man entering the ranks of the great. Is it not better for thee to be at the head of those of thy own degree—to thrill them with thy songs, to astonish them with thy adventures, and to tell unto them tales that instruct in the beauty of virtue, than to mingle with the nobles of the land, who abhor every excellence in humble life, and among whom thou wilt find thyself like the buffalo among wild oxen, every one having his horn in thy side? Thou art brave in spirit, brilliant in imagination, and intelligent in the virtues of the soul of man; but of the rules of life thou knowest no more than a babe at the breast; yet it is by these that society is directed, and in these can I be thy monitor. Fear thy God, and reverence all his statutes. Honour and obey thy ruler, for a good ruler is the greatest blessing bestowed on a nation; know thy place, and pay deference to all who are above thee in rank and learning, for self-conceit is the mark of Cain stamped on those of low origin. Love all who depend on thee for comfort; do good as far as thou art able; and wish well to the whole human race. These, O Ismael, are the rules of Sadac, the son of Azor; and in the name of the most merciful God and his prophet he strives to observe them."

And Ismael grew in favour with his prince until the day of his death, and those are his songs that are chanted through all the coasts of Arabia unto this day.

THE MATRIMONIAL RULE.

INSCRIBED IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG LADY ON THE EVE OF MARRIAGE.

'T is morning!—o'er the new-waked earth
The sun his brightest radiance flings,
And nought is heard save sounds of mirth,
And all around with gladness rings.

Anon light clouds begin to rise,
While eddying breezes sweep along;
Dark, and more dark, they veil the skies,
And storm-winds drown the voice of song.

So, lady, do we often see
The morn of matrimonial life
All smiles, all joy, all gaiety,
Its noon obscured by feuds and strife.

But would you know a charm of power
To assure the sunshine of the heart,
To break the tempests that will lower,
To blunt the point of discord's dart—

BEAR AND FORBEAR!—no wiser given
Than this short rule, which, practised well,
Makes marriage e'en on earth a heav'n;
Neglected—turns it to a hell.

F. S.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

BY THE REV. GEORGE WOODLEY.

Thou gorgeous insect! flow'r of air!
  Whose velvet robes, of brilliant dye,
Transcend the trappings monarchs wear
  To captivate the vulgar eye;

Canst thou—whose elegance bespeaks
  Life that might Eden's bow'rs adorn—
Whose dainty dots and graceful streaks
  The pow'rs of imitation scorn;

Canst thou—still in the solar ray
  Fluttering confused—thy journey miss?
And (born 'midst loveliest scenes to stray)
  Gaze on a spot so wild as *this?*

Here are no buds to court thy sight;
  No blossoms, redolent and pure;
No balmy shrubs—no verdure bright—
  That may thy curious search allure:

A barren soil—a stunted heath,
  Are all this dreary tract supplies:
Where genial zephyrs never breathe—
  Where Ceres pines, and Flora dies!

Away then! trifler!—Fly in haste
  To scenes more fit for joy and thee;
And leave the unproductive waste
  To desolation—and to me!

St. Mary's, Scilly.

LAST LINES.

BY CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

By Affection's torturing power
In that fatal, final hour:
By my waking on the morrow
To the consciousness of sorrow;
Grief which far exceeded sadness,
Love which still approaches madness:

By the tones which, as thou speakest,
Make the firmest heart the weakest;
Charms too fatally beguiling,
Pensive grace, or playful smiling;
Looks with which thou still delightest,
All expression's best and brightest:

By my tears, represt, but starting,
At the moment of our parting:
By the love which yet adores thee,
By the pride which thus implores thee,
Pangs that torture, cares that fret me,
Doubly loved and lost! *forget me!*

FAREWELL TO A FRIEND

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

To souls less form'd than thine to feel,
Less idle were the tale
How feebly words the heart reveal!
Expression's power how frail!
But thee the voiceless pangs that rend
Thine own warm bosom tell
How vain, how poor, the aid these lend
To speak the heart's farewell.

The clouds that on the future rest,
And ardent hope restrain;
The thoughts that mem'ry *will* suggest,
And parting turns to pain;
The fear that doubts all other love,
Save that we 've proved so well:—
Oh! these, expression's power above,
Embitter a farewell!

A long farewell!—The feeling mind
Will own a tinge of sorrow,
Though, sure, the friend it has resign'd
'Twill meet in smiles to-morrow.
Then what the pang when years must roll,
And life's stream cease to swell,
Nor bring the dear one of our soul,
To whom we bid farewell!

Farewell!—whatever may remain
  Of fitful change for me,
Be not the oft-breathed prayer in vain,
  For weal to thine and thee.
Too late we met, too soon we part,
  And friendship's dreams dispel;
Doom'd just to know each other's heart,
  And say—a long Farewell!

J. F.

TO BEAUTY.

BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

Beauty! when intellectual charm is thine,
And kindling features eloquently speak
Soft sensibility and temper meek,
I fondly turn and worship at thy shrine.
But when these gifts, that make thee all divine,
Ennoble not the soul, nor bloom of cheek,
Nor radiant eye, nor skin as damask sleek,
Shall win a single wreath from hand of mine.
Nor mean my service, nor though chasten'd, cold,
To gaze unseen, unknown, wakes more delight
Than misers feel when brooding o'er their gold.
Then the attempt to picture thee aright!
To shape thy absent form in fancy's mould!
Imagination takes no sweeter flight.

THE COUNTRY KITCHEN.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Is there not comfort by the country fire?
Ay! look how cosily the weary sire,
With book in hand, and spectacles on nose,
Sits gently dosing, snatching short repose
After long labour; yet prepared to cry,
When supper comes, he hath not closed an eye!

Is there not glee beside the country hearth?—
Why, only hearken to the troubled mirth
Of yonder tiny pair upon the floor,
Whose steed—the one that guards the cottage-door—
Hath rashly overset their mimic wain,
And given the elves fresh sport to load again.

Is there not plenty in that country home?—
Gaze but around the wide and ample room:
The rack above, the table on the ground,
With snow-white cloth, and joint, and home-brew'd crown'd,
Each jutting wall in trim utensil rich,
The garnish'd dresser, and the crowded niche.

Is there not to that rustic dwelling lent
Peace, industry, and beauty, and content?
Yes; where the sunbeams cast a flickering shade,
Look but on yonder simple country maid,
Her fair face bending o'er her work, and see
Contentment, beauty, peace, and industry.

THE WISH.

'Tis sweet along the pebbled shore
  The solitary path to trace,
To list the billows' endless roar,
  To witness their eternal chase.

'Tis sweet—how sweet!—at dewy eve,
  'Neath jessamine and woodbine bow'rs,
Where Fancy loves fair scenes to weave,
  To muse away the moonlight hours.

But sweeter far to gaze, I ween,
  On Woman's soul-illumin'd eye,
When heav'nly thoughts light up her mien
  With more than earthly ecstasy:

To watch the gems of pity start,
  And on that eye's soft fringes hang—
Mute language of the tender heart,
  Pure as the fount from which they sprang:

To drink with greedy ear the stream
  Of music from her witching voice,
That melts the soul to sorrow's theme,
  Or bids its ev'ry nerve rejoice:

To find in pain, in weal, in woe,
  A pillow on the one-loved breast—
Let me, ye Fates, such transport know!
  Take wealth, and fame, and all the rest!

F. S.

THE GOLDSMITH OF WESTCHEAP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LONDON IN THE OLDEN TIME."

For, suche is the blyndnes of our mortal nature, that when we moste feare then are we in greatest surety, and when we reckon surest, the axe may be over our heads.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Although the venerable chroniclers of old London would have lifted up their hands and eyes (albeit, from their own account, well used both to miracles and marvels) at five hundred wonders now to be seen in this overgrown metropolis, and although the present indispensable improvements of Macadamized carriage-ways, granite foot-paths, gas lamps, and plate-glass windows, were neither seen, nor even dreamt of, at the close of the fourteenth century; yet did old London present a noble and picturesque appearance. The eye was not then wearied with unbroken lines of brickwork, pierced full of squares for windows; but the streets displayed rows of lofty houses, lifting their sharp-pointed gables, adorned with many a fanciful and grotesque device; and the massive stone mansions of the superior class of citizens emulated the castellated dwellings of the nobles of the land. And then, enriched with all the decorations of gothic architecture, arose the various religious establishments, each with its fair chapel and spacious refectory, surrounded by its wide and well-cultivated garden, and overshadowed by century-aged trees; while,

on every side, the stately churches, with their pinnacled towers or tall airy spires, stood proud trophies of an era most unjustly termed barbarous.

One of the handsomest and most frequented of the streets, at the period when the following tale commences (although its Goldsmith's-row, subsequently the boast of the old city, was not yet built), was Westcheap, the Cheapside of modern times. As the inhabitants were mostly dealers in delicate and costly commodities, being mercers, embroiderers, and goldsmiths, and as at this period too (1399), according to the united testimony of all contemporary historians, luxury had attained a greater height than had ever been anticipated, "alle exceedinge in gorgeous and costly apparel, farre above theyr degre; yeomen and grooms clothed in silke, saten, and damaske, bothe doublets and gownes—and hadde theyr garments cutte farre otherwise thanne it hadde beene before, withe broidered worke, ryche furres, and goldsmythes worke," as Master Robert Fabian sets forth; it is easy to imagine the splendid appearance of the different shops. Here, a mercer displayed to view damasks, satins, and velvets—even that costly fabric, forbidden to all but the highest order of nobility, "cloth of gold;" and beside him the broiderer exhibited his hoods, girdles, purses, and ecclesiastical vestments embellished with the most delicate needlework; while the precious stores of the goldsmith, from the jewelled buckle for the head to the silver chain that fastened the long-peaked shoe to

the knee; from the postel-spoon given by the godmother to the infant, to the large silver dish, or enamelled chalice, given by the noble to "holy church," —all courted the admiring gaze of the passenger, from beneath the overhanging penthouse of the low unglazed window.

It was a stirring and a lively scene that this street presented one autumn evening, between vespers and complin; for there walked the city dame in bright-coloured sweeping mantle, her gold-hafted knife and tasselled purse hanging from her broad girdle; and the city damsel with silken kirtle and laced bodice; and the sober citizen, warden perchance of his company, or common-councilman of his ward (proud offices in those early days), wrapt in his sad-coloured long gown, and fingering with a kind of quiet ostentation the well-filled velvet purse, or adjusting the rich enamelled brooch that fastened his hood; while, in that strangely grotesque dress, the silken long coat with hanging sleeves that swept the pavement, the tight party-coloured hose, and shoes which turned up "six inches at the end," and his hood worked with popinjays, appeared the exquisite of the fourteenth century. Nor were the common people wanting. There, close beside the conduit, was a crowd of apprentices, vociferously joining chorus to a ballad sung by a green-coated minstrel, which asserted with laudable patriotism that undoubted fact, in their estimation, that London was the first of cities, and her citizens the first of men. A little farther on, a more quiet

and elderly group surrounded another minstrel (or rather *disour*), who stood detailing in a kind of monotonous recitative the prowess of king Brut and his very apocryphal descendants, from that ancient compendium of metrical history, "The Chronikyl of Englande." Still farther on, mounted on the shop-board of one of his zealous disciples, a portly gray friar, with stentorian voice and vehement action, recounted to a large and greatly edified auditory some outrageous miracles from the life of his founder, St. Francis of Assisi, not forgetting, in the pauses of his long narration, to send round the bag for the contributions of the faithful.

In the midst of this lively scene, two men closely wrapt in those large coarse cloaks which formed the common travelling-dress of the period, and were often used for purposes of concealment, appeared near the conduit, apparently engaged in deep conversation, and making their way through the crowd in a manner that betokened either a haste which admitted no delay, or a pride which brooked no opposition. Whatever were the cause, it was not without many an angry look and angry word that the multitude gave way; and the strangers, on their arrival opposite to the conduit, inquired of some of the apprentices, in a tone of command, where Arnold de Rothing resided.

"Two worthy personages to ask after goldsmiths!" answered one of the 'prentices, irritated at the haughty manner of the inquirer: "and what do ye lack?—

an enamelled brooch, a jewelled thumb-ring, a forty-mark girdle to match your goodly mantles—eh, lordings?" And a loud laugh burst from his well-pleased companions.

"Nothing but a plain answer to my question," retorted the stranger peremptorily.

"Well, then, master questioner," sullenly replied the 'prentice, "as Master de Rothing is not looked upon by his fraternity, I should like to treat him to two such goodly customers as ye. Yonder 's his house, next to old Forster's, the mercer, who hath turned the white hart of king Richard into that spotted antelope, in honour of our good king Henry, by cutting off his horns and collar and spotting him all over."

"Alas, the goodly white hart!" said the other stranger, in a suppressed tone; but low as was the ejaculation it did not escape the quick ears of the 'prentices.

"Ay, my good master, no wonder ye lament for the white hart," cried one; "ye ruffled in silks and damasks then, perchance, instead of your goodly mantle; but these days are gone, I trow."

"Come on!" whispered the other stranger.

"Ay, on with ye!" cried the first 'prentice, "with the malison of all true English hearts on ye and the white hart too!—Up with your caps, boys, for king Henry of Lancaster, the friend of the commons, who hath driven pilling and polling clean out of the land! Saint Mary, though, I should like to know what yon

two scatterlings can want with de Rothing. An I had thought their pouches had been lined with rose-nobles, I had sent them to the Silver Unicorn."

"Trust not to outside, Symond," replied his companion; "ye may have lost your master two good customers:—see, there they go!"

"Ay, there they go!" responded a stern voice; "but the cunning shall be taken in his craftiness."

As this was said in Latin, and as the valiant 'prentices were no "Latiners," the solemn denunciation excited not the surprise which was caused by the sudden appearance of the speaker, who was instantly addressed with every mark of the profoundest respect. He seemed to be a very old man; yet it was not his white locks or flowing beard that excited their spontaneous homage; but his shaggy long coat, iron-shod staff, the large wallet, and high-crowned broad hat, bearing the escallop shell—each part of the appropriate garb of pilgrimage—that caused the 'prentices to gather round and pray a blessing from the holy man, whose weary feet had traversed many a far-distant land, and who had, perchance, even beheld the deep blue skies, and breathed the spicy airs, of heaven-favoured Palestine. The pilgrim hastily pronounced a blessing, and proceeded onward, keeping his eyes steadily fixed on the two men, who now entered a shop, where the meagre show of "vessayle of golde and sylvere" contrasted most disadvantageously with the splendid appearance of its neighbours; and, taking

his stand opposite, he seemed as though he intended to keep watch until they should come out again: but it was in vain. The news that a pilgrim so venerable in appearance was to be seen spread rapidly among the crowd. The minstrel was left to finish his song alone; the reciter of the "Chronykil of Englande" was deserted by his auditors, even in the midst of his description of king Bladud's marvellous works at Bath; and the portly gray friar found himself superseded in his vocation—the fickle congregation at the first intelligence having scampered off, nothing doubting that they should feast their eyes on some veritable relic, a tooth, or thumb-nail at least, of some wonder-working saint. Nothing of this kind did the pilgrim produce—no marvels nor miracles had he to detail; but, apparently vexed at being made the object of unwished-for attention, pronouncing a few words of counsel to the assembled throng, he disappeared from view so suddenly and so completely, that the populace, ever fond of wonders, were almost inclined to affirm that he had vanished away.

This great attraction removed, the throng, warned by the darkening twilight, and the ringing of the complin bells, quietly took their way to their respective homes; and the heretofore crowded street was deserted, save by two or three 'prentices, who lingered near Arnold de Rothing's door, anxious again to see the two strangers; but in vain: so, marvelling what their errand might be, and determining not to rest until they knew

somewhat about it, they reluctantly returned to their habitations.

The following morning an unwonted smoke was seen issuing from the workshop of the unfortunate goldsmith; his only assistant seemed bustling about with looks of importance, and the care-worn features of de Rothing himself seemed to have assumed a more satisfied expression.

"I should wonderfully like to know the meaning of all this," said the goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn to his 'prentice, "for, an I find those two strangers ye told me of have given de Rothing a good order, I'll swinge ye soundly for your rudeness to them. Had ye been more mannerly, and told them the best of work could be done at the Silver Unicorn, perchance they might have come to me."

"St. Mary! a likely story, for such beggars to give an order," replied the 'prentice:—"two scatterlings, forsooth, who were most likely some of the disbanded Cheshire-men, and who, having mayhap but one groat between them, wanted it changed into rose-nobles by the craft of multiplication, and so went to de Rothing" —for this unlucky goldsmith, in addition to his other troubles, had the misfortune to be addicted to the "beggarly pursuit of alchemy."

"Ay, boy," returned the master, "see what comes of book-learning and being wiser than our neighbours: had Master de Rothing never read Latin, he had never been seeking after new things; but, seeking after new

things, he must needs go abroad, and there must find out, forsooth, that the Lombard goldsmiths understand polishing and enamelling better than we—a thing not to be thought of—and then must he seek to bring a Lombard among us, even to our very hall. I knew it would be his ruin, and so it was."

"Ay, truly," said the 'prentice, "for none of the guild will even speak to him, and our Lady knows had I thought these men had brought an order, they should never have carried it to him. No, no; if Master de Rothing be so fond of outlandish men, let them help him."

"They have helped him but scantily, it seems," returned the master; "for, methinks, he must soon take up his lodging in Ludgate. Soothly though, I 'm sorry for Sybilla; she was brought up to different expectations, and a fairer or better nurtured damsel ye may not meet in a long summer's day. Well, boy, mind this one thing whatever else ye forget, never seek after book-learning, and never consort with foreigners."

"That will I," returned the 'prentice. "Saints know I had liefer hammer by the day than spell the Chriscross-row for an hour, and far liefer welcome an outlandish man with my club than with my hand."

"'Tis a good lad, after all," said the master, as he went out; "ay, 'tis a good lad, for he speaks like a worthy citizen."

But a few days passed away, and a new marvel was prepared for the wondering inhabitants of Westcheap. On de Rothing's shop-board, lately so bare, were placed

six gold chains and two enamelled brooches, of such delicate workmanship that a reluctant tribute of admiration was extorted even from the lips of the goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn. "'Tis an excellent workman," said he, addressing the alderman of the ward, who stood admiring these beautiful specimens of 'ye arte of ye goldsmythe;' "but I marvel who gave him the order."

"So do I," returned the alderman, "for de Rothing says they are quite unknown to him; but they will bring the money and take them away to-night."

The goldsmith of the Silver Unicorn went his way, determined to give his 'prentice a pleasant taste of his cudgel for his rudeness to men who seemed likely to prove such good customers, and the alderman entered de Rothing's shop, to order a gold chain of a similar pattern, and a parcel-gilt salver. The poor goldsmith, overjoyed at this second piece of good fortune, now began really to believe that prosperity was about to revisit his long-deserted dwelling, and with grateful heart returned thanks to Heaven.

The same evening de Rothing, wearied with the labours and anxiety of the day, had gone out to solace himself with that usual recreation of the Londoners at this period, a walk in the adjacent fields, leaving his daughter Sybilla (their altered fortunes not permitting them to retain a single domestic) in charge of the house. Suddenly there was a loud and peremptory knocking at the door, and Sybilla, cautiously opening it, per-

ceived two men wrapt in large coarse mantles, who inquired if de Rothing were within. The answer in the negative seemed greatly to perplex them, but, after some conversation, carried on in too low a tone to enable her to hear a single word, they demanded the chains and the brooches, producing at the same time a purse, so well filled with marks and nobles, that it might have purchased the whole stock of the shop twice over.

"I would we could see Arnold de Rothing," said the first, entering and closing the door, "for our errand brooks no delay, and the city is not the best place for us to sojourn in—but what must we do?" continued he, addressing his companion; and again they commenced a low and earnest conversation, from time to time casting their eyes on the goldsmith's daughter, as though she were the subject of it.

At length, counting out the sum agreed upon for the chains and brooches, and placing them in his purse, the first speaker, in a voice and manner very different from his first address, said, "Well, young maiden, ye must lead a merry life here, for ye have a goodly view of all the shows and ridings in Cheap. Didst see the earl of Salisbury last tournament? 'tis said he went in gallant array—dost know him?"

"In sooth I do not; we have little pleasure in jousts or ridings," was the maiden's answer, surprised at the abrupt and apparently unimportant question.

"Dost know the duke of Exeter?—the earl of Huntingdon?—surely ye must know *him*?"

"Truly, I know none of them save by name," returned she.

"Nor your father? Surely so good a workman must have been often employed by them?"

"I know not whether my father know them, but they have never employed him," was her answer.

"Well, young maiden," said the first, resuming his commanding and haughty air, "ye seem discreet; so we must even leave our errand with you—now, mark it well: Bid de Rothing make twelve gold rings, each enamelled with this device; a gauntleted hand stretched out, and around it this motto, 'PREST A FAYRE.' Now, bid your father keep counsel, and show the rings to no one, as he values our favour; for tell him, if he be careful to do our will, he shall ere long see himself placed among the first of his fraternity. So remember, a gauntleted hand stretched out, and the motto, 'PREST A FAYRE.'"

The speaker again closely muffled himself in his cloak, and taking the arm of his companion, with a haughty step departed. With a feeling of curiosity she could not resist, Sybilla watched the mysterious strangers until they were lost in the misty distance, when, turning round, she perceived an old man in the garb of a pilgrim close beside the door, apparently like herself anxiously gazing after them.

"Alas! my fair maiden, ye little know the danger

that threatens you," said he; and his solemn melancholy tone struck ominously on her ear.

"Danger?" replied she; "holy father, wherefore say ye so? Surely Heaven hath sent these men to us;" and she glanced an emphatic look at the heap of gold that gleamed with such tantalizing brightness on the board.

"Ah! trust not to the red gold when it shineth," continued he, in the same mild but solemn voice; "and yet how shall I give ye such counsel, when I well know how much ye lack money? Take, then, advice of me, and follow my bidding." Sybilla raised her eyes to the face of the pilgrim, anxious to scan his meaning. There was nothing in the countenance that betokened either fraud or deceit, while the kindly yet mournful expression with which he regarded her gained greatly on the feelings of one, who, though so young, had already learned the bitter lesson, that friendly counsels and kind looks are seldom bestowed on the unfortunate. "Now, be counselled by me," he continued; "ye remember the twelve rings with the gauntleted hand, and the motto, "'PREST A FAYRE.'" The astonished girl started at these words:—how could the pilgrim have become acquainted with this? The door had been closed the whole time the strangers were within, and they had spoken in so low a tone that it was utterly impossible for any one standing outside to have heard them. Apparently regardless of her wonder the old man went on.

"Now, bid your father make *thirteen* rings, carefully and secretly as they ordered you; let them be left in readiness for these strangers; then do you take out the thirteenth, and convey it whither I shall direct. Now, take heed to this; for your father's safety depends on closely following my advice: take strict heed; and the blessing of Heaven be on you!" Astonished at the strange events of the evening, and absorbed in vague conjectures of impending danger, Sybilla mechanically bent her head and folded her arms to receive the pilgrim's benediction; but when she raised her eyes he was gone.

It was not with those feelings of delight which his daughter had fondly anticipated that de Rothing, on his return, beheld the heap of gold; for the vague news that some unexpected good fortune had befallen him had reached the quick ears of his creditors, rendering them doubly importunate for payment, while the one to whom he owed most had that evening threatened to send him to Ludgate, unless he repaid two hundred marks by the morrow of St. Martin, to which little more than a fortnight was now wanting. With intense eagerness, therefore, even as the shipwrecked mariner seizes the rope on which his safety depends, or the dying man drains the chalice that is to restore him to life and health, did the friendless goldsmith listen to his daughter's account, and devoutly thank Heaven that such good fortune had so unexpectedly been thrown in his way. Days passed on; the furnace smoked;

de Rothing was evidently busily employed, and the neighbours looked anxiously for the result, but in vain.

"Ye were right, Symond," said the goldsmith at the Silver Unicorn; "de Rothing is at his old trade of multiplying, and with his usual success, for we see nothing but smoke."

"Well, whatever he be after, I'll find it out," returned the 'prentice. "St. Mary! I shall never rest till I know who those two men can be." It was in vain that, in pursuance of this laudable intention, Symond, to the great loss of his master's time, was constantly standing at the door, or lingering about the conduit, hoping that chance might again throw in his way the two mysterious strangers.

Two weeks had elapsed, the thirteen rings were completed, but no one came for them. Martinmas drew near, and the short sunshine of de Rothing's prospects again became overclouded with fear. It now wanted but three days to the feast of St. Martin; and collecting all the money he possessed, which however did not amount to half the requisite sum, de Rothing set out in the evening to endeavour to propitiate his chief creditor, and obtain a farther extension of the time of payment. As though his mysterious visitants had watched for his absence, scarcely had he departed, when they entered and demanded the rings. Favoured in her project by the absence of her father, Sybilla, securing the supernumerary one, presented the twelve.

"We have more work for de Rothing," said the first; "but he must closely keep our counsel, for there will be sômewhat of risk; though what of that? he shall be well paid; and we well know what need he hath of money; so bid him——" But here his arm was caught with an expression of great anxiety by his companion, and the unfinished sentence died away on his tongue. There was again a low and earnest conversation; at length, producing his purse, the first speaker counted out a hundred marks, and pushing them toward the astonished girl, said, "You see, my fair maiden, we can well reward those who fulfil our bidding; so tell de Rothing to be ready; for ere long we shall need him."

The strangers departed, when, like their evil genius compelled to track their footsteps, or rather like some guardian spirit commissioned to watch over the friendless goldsmith and his daughter, the pilgrim appeared. "Follow my bidding, fear not, and waver not," said he; "but ere the bell summons to morning service to-morrow, take that ring to the chapel of St. Thomas on London Bridge; stand on the right, beside the second pillar, and give the ring to a man whom ye shall see holding a white greyhound by a red and blue leash."

"Alas, holy father!" said Sybilla, "'tis a perilous errand, and we are surrounded by dangers; how can ye ensure our safety?"

"My fair girl, I could well show ye how your father's only security lies in following my counsel," replied

he, "but I may not—however, by this ye may judge I know more about your concerns than you or even your father. Ye know he is gone to old Fitz-Martyn to pray his charitable forbearance for a few days; now, that cunning old usurer will dismiss him with hard words and an utter refusal—but afterward, this very night, will he send a wondrous kind message, bidding your father use his own convenience, and pay when he pleases. When ye find this, methinks ye will not fear to follow my counsel;" and then again repeating his directions, he retired.

All came to pass precisely as the pilgrim had foretold; and, fully determined strictly to follow the counsel of one so much better acquainted with their affairs than herself, Sybilla, ere the thick darkness of a November morning had been wholly chased away by the struggling light, wrapped herself in her mantle, and quitting the house unobserved, took the back road to the Bridge. Threading many an intricate passage, where the tall overhanging houses combined to prevent the admission of the little light already perceivable, and fording many a perilous stream, the united tribute of the neighbouring springs and the neighbouring sewers, she at length entered the beautiful little chapel of St. Thomas. It was empty, and taking her stand beside the second pillar, she anxiously awaited the arrival of the unknown object of her mission. In a little time a man, leading a white greyhound by a blue and red leash, his hood

drawn so closely over his face that but a very imperfect view could be obtained of his countenance, entered from the door leading to the river. She presented the ring, which the stranger narrowly examined, and commending her conduct, and assuring her that the danger which threatened her father could only be averted by her giving him, from time to time, such information respecting the two mysterious visitants and their proceedings as chance might throw in her way, he departed, and Sybilla, with mingled feelings of hope and fear, returned home.

——"By the shrine of St. Erkenwald! ye get worse and worse, like the old woman's parcel-gilt spoon—Two hours only going into Fish Street, ye losel!" was the salutation of master Denny of the Silver Unicorn to his 'prentice, a few days after. "St. Mary! but I'll swinge ye soundly."

"Not so fast, good master," answered Symond, tóo well accustomed to his master's objurgations to feel them very keenly, and well aware that on this occasion he brought a sufficient excuse to hold him harmless in the cargo of news which he thus proceeded to produce. "St. Mary! but methinks you should give me a sup of clary, or a cup of charneco, master, for all the news I've got to tell you: here was I ready to come back full an hour ago, walking along Cornhill 'in the peace of God and the king,' as the petitioners say, when, behold you, methought I caught a glimpse of those two men; so I ran after them, and got close be-

hind them; and sure enough in they went to de Rothing's—but who, think ye, went in after?"

"Sweet Lady! if I can tell," replied the master; his short-lived anger all evaporated at the very thought of some wonderment; "so let 's have it."

"Why, there, creeping along in the dark like a bat, came old Fitz-Martyn, and the door opened, and in he went; so there I stood outside, wishing I could get in, somewhat like the knight in the donjon; only he wished to get out: so, after a while, as I could hear nought, and as my eyes cannot pierce through thick walls, I went over to master Twyford's; and sure enough there was Martin, that tall 'prentice of his, on the look-out also. 'Symond,' saith he, ''tis a mad world we live in; ye mind how old Fitz-Martyn quarrelled with Master de Rothing, and how he swore by the holy rood, and St. Peter, and St. Paul, that he would clap him up in Ludgate to keep Christmas?' 'Truly I do,' said I; 'for 'tis as well known as Bow steeple.' 'Well, now, look you,' saith he; 'this same old Fitz-Martyn hath lent him now another two hundred marks, and told my master to-day that he would lend him three times as much more. But there are strange doings over yonder, without question or lesing,' quoth he. 'Do you see yon man?' so out I looked, and, as the moon gave some little light, I saw some one standing, methought, dressed like a pilgrim. 'He yonder is alway prowling about,' quoth he, 'and I would give my best kersey jerkin to know wherefore.

Moreover,' saith he, 'de Rothing hath had the two quarries of glass in the best room put in, and the cracked one mended, and hath ordered a scarlet in-grain kirtle for his daughter, and a sad-coloured gown for himself, and spoke somewhat about hangings.'"

"Our sweet Lady be gracious!" ejaculated master Denny; "it must be through the craft of multiplication—ay, that it must—or he would never have turned old Fitz-Martyn into a friend. I would I had a notion of it; for saints know I'd soon lay aside tongs, hammer, and graver."

"No, no," replied Symond, "'tis not by multiplication. We 'prentices think he is making goldsmith's work for some outlandish people, for he but yesterday bought fifty marks worth of fine gold. 'Tis no good that he is after, for nobody can see aught he does; well, we 'll keep close watch on him, and observe what comes to pass."

Notwithstanding all the efforts of de Rothing's neighbours to discover his occupation, his affairs were still wrapt in impenetrable mystery, and Christmas drew near; not in the quiet and almost unperceived manner in which it now steals upon us, but in all that preparation and solemn observance becoming a festival, which beyond every other our forefathers determined

> "That it in golden letters should be set
> Among the high tides (ay, highest) of the calendar."

And with a lighter heart and less care-worn countenance

did de Rothing anticipate the holy tide, and by many little domestic arrangements did he give proof to his marvelling and suspicious neighbours that bitter and hopeless poverty was no longer his lot.

"Here, girl," said he, entering the room where Sybilla, with many an anxious thought that would not be banished, sat beside the cheerful hearth, engaged in the homely labour of the distaff; "here, girl," throwing a purse on her lap, "blessings on the saints! I'm a free man again; all my debts paid, and somewhat to put in the coffer; so lay aside your distaff, and bring forth your gittern, for Master Fitz-Martyn and I will take a cup of clary together, and have a merry evening; and ye shall don your brave new kirtle, Sybilla, at Christmas; and methinks we must get new hangings," glancing a look at the faded and moth-eaten tapestry. "Ay, we will not do as of yore, blessings on the saints! why, good Master Fitz-Martyn, methinks I seem raised from the dead."

While the joyful goldsmith, released from that heavy pressure of poverty and anxiety which for so many years had bowed him down, was thus giving utterance to his grateful feelings, the old usurer, with the eye of a basilisk, kept alternately watching his host and his daughter, and starting at even the lightest sound, while Sybilla, laying aside the distaff, took up her long-relinquished gittern, and, with a mind filled with melancholy, though vague, forebodings, commenced the following song:

Dost thou ask what life can be?
Soothly, well I'll answer thee:
'Tis a coil of joy and sorrow,
Smiling eve, and cloudy morrow;
A changeful web to fancy's sight,
With warp of black and woof of white;
A chalice strange, commingling still
Sweet and bitter, good and ill;
Or, likeliest, an April sky,
When swift the passing shadows fly,
And now is darkness, now is light,
And the sunbeam glanceth bright;
Then a dark cloud saileth on,
And the golden light is gone:—
Such is life to thee and me,
Such hath been, and so will be.

"Grammercy, girl! but that song likes me not," interrupted de Rothing, "though, soothly, 'tis true enough; but we must have somewhat merrier, and more suited to Christmas, to merry Christmas. Come, pledge me, Master Fitz-Martyn, to a merry Christmas; and Sybilla will sing us somewhat more pleasant." Again Sybilla tuned her gittern, and, with feelings little suited to her song, commenced:

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in blithe spring-tide,
When flowers are blooming on every side;
And the hawthorn buddeth, and skies are clear,
And all things rejoice in the morn of the year;
And knights and fair dames to the tourney ride:
'Tis merry, ay, merry, in blithe spring-tide.

'Tis merry, ay, merry, in summer hours,
For brighter the sky and sweeter the flowers;

And with hound and horn, and mickle glee,
The hunter hies to the greenwood tree,
Chasing the hart 'mid his leafy bowers:
'Tis merry, ay, merry, in summer hours.

And merry it is when autumn sere
Cometh to tell of the closing year,
When the joyful villagers' gladsome din
Telleth the harvest is gathered in,
And the vintage is ripe—though frosts appear:
'Tis merry, ay, merry, in autumn sere.

But merry, most merry, when winter's snow
Spreads his mantle of white on the plains below,
For then is the midnight minstrelsy,
And the wassail-bowl decked with carol and glee;
Ay, merriest, when yule-logs blaze clear and high,
For sport-loving Christmas draweth nigh.

"Lady Mary! what noise is that?" cried de Rothing, starting up. "Be not fearful," replied Fitz-Martyn, at the same time moving toward the door with a quicker step than his bent and feeble figure might have warranted. Ere he reached it, however, a party of men-at-arms rushed in and seized the unfortunate goldsmith.

"What means this? on what charge am I taken?" cried he, looking with terrified wonder at the well-armed company that now filled the room.

"What charge, you scatterling, and disgrace to our good city?" returned their leader: "is it not for imagining and compassing the death of the king—ay, for high treason?"—

"St. Paul and St. Erkenwald watch over us!" ejaculated Master Denny of the Silver Unicorn, the following morning; "alack! who had thought of plots and conspiracies, and one of the guild and fraternity of goldsmiths among them? Saints know, that though I had but a sorry opinion of de Rothing, yet I never thought him so bad as this."

"Ay, master," retorted Symond, "methinks you should give me somewhat for the cudgelling ye treated me with, because I did not ask these scatterlings to come to the Silver Unicorn. Truly, they might well give a high price for their rings, when the man worked with a halter about his neck for them."

"And how came it to pass?" cried old Master Forster, the mercer: "I saw the gold chains, but methinks there could be no treason in them."

"No, truly," returned Symond; "but he made rings with a device and motto; and those very rings, they say, have been sent to those lords who joined in the conspiracy to kill our good king Henry at the masquing that is to be held at Windsor—the fiend confound them!—for who ever heard of treason and foul murder at Christmas?"

"And there are some of the first nobles in the plot," said Master Denny; "the duke of Exeter, and the earls of Huntingdon and Salisbury."

"St. Mary confound them all, and pay off on them the murder of the good earl of Arundel and the good duke of Gloucester!" responded the bystanders.

"But, Master Fitz-Martyn, ye can tell us all about it?" cried Master Forster; "for I mind ye were with de Rothing but yester-even."

"I have but scant to tell ye," returned the old usurer, "save that he will be hanged, and rightly so."

"Alack, poor soul!" cried master Denny, his hostility to his rival in trade giving way before his feelings of commiseration; "he was hardly put to it, or he would not have done so; but we all know, when coin is scant, a man is fain almost to take Sathanas' money rather than go penniless."

"But we know de Rothing of old," returned Fitz-Martyn with a malicious grin; "did he not try to bring in foreigners among ye? was he not always seeking after new things? Nought 's too bad for him to do. Why, if it was said he were a worshipper of Mahound I would believe it."

Alas for poor de Rothing! Hated by his fraternity, and an object of suspicion for so many years to his neighbours, it was in vain that he protested his innocence of treason, his attachment to Henry, and his total ignorance of this deeply-laid plot—He had taken money of the traitors, he had worked at their bidding, and though, with the exception of the rings, there was nothing in the nature of the work (it being chiefly ornaments to be worn at the ensuing masquing) to have excited his suspicions; yet all his protestations were received with indignant scorn, for every one seemed determined to find him guilty.

In the mean time nothing was thought or talked of throughout London save this discovered plot. The green-coated minstrel's salutation of "Good morrow, merry gentlemen!" passed disregarded; the portly fraternities, "black, white, and gray," chanting, on their gift-seeking perambulations, some saintly carol, found few to listen to their melody; and when, to "startle the dull ear of night," the city waits came forth, in their anxious converse about "treasons, stratagems, and death," the worthy householders forgot to bring forth the spiced tankard, as of yore, and reciprocate "wassail" with these wandering musicians.

As the ill-omened usurer had predicted, de Rothing was speedily put on his trial, and, as a matter of course, found guilty. Although nothing was proved against him, save his having made ornaments which were afterwards traced to the possession of the principal movers of the plot; although the names and abode of the two mysterious strangers were wholly unknown to him; and although old Fitz-Martyn, who now took upon himself the credit of being the first discoverer of the plot, appeared as a principal witness against the man whom he had evidently trepanned into it; yet such was the hostility of the citizens against any one who should seek again to place upon the throne a monarch from whose rapacious exactions and arbitrary conduct they had formerly suffered so severely, that the intelligence that the unfortunate goldsmith was to take his last journey to Tyburn the following morning was re-

ceived, if not with joy, certainly without any expression of sorrow.

But where was Sybilla? and with what feelings did she behold all her dismal forebodings realised? From the fatal night when de Rothing was conveyed from his home, even to the morning of his trial, she remained calm, for she felt confident of his ultimate acquittal; the mysterious pilgrim having assured her of his safety: but now, when sentence of death was passed, and his execution ordered for the following morning, her anxiety knew no bounds. The name, the dwelling, of the pilgrim were alike unknown; and yet she felt that on seeing him her only chance of success depended.

At length, as evening closed in, uncertain what course to pursue, she bent her footsteps toward London Bridge, hoping (for who, even in the most desperate circumstances, hath not some faint hope, some shadow of expected succour, to which the mind clings with a pertinacity as strong as, often, it is vain?) that Heaven might throw in her way the pilgrim, or that equally mysterious stranger to whom, in the chapel of St. Thomas, she had delivered the ring. As she approached the bridge-foot, there was a confused murmur of voices, the tramp and neighing of horses, and the clank of armour, while the broad ruddy glare of the cressets, borne by a numerous company of the city watch, gave to view a confused assemblage of citizens, apprentices, and men-at-arms, all with eyes anxiously

cast up to the turreted gateway extending across the entrance to the bridge, where two gory heads frowned grimly even in death on the appalled, yet apparently gratified, multitude. Sickened at this unexpected sight, and fearful to encounter the rude pressure of the crowd, Sybilla drew back, when the firm grasp of an unseen hand arrested her, and, turning round, she beheld the very object of her anxious search, the venerable pilgrim.

"Come hither," said he, drawing her nearer to the gateway. "Look up: know ye not these faces?"

The shuddering girl glanced one look, and started back, exclaiming, "Too well!—they are the very strangers who have brought us into this sore jeopardy."

"Ay," continued the pilgrim, fixing his eyes on the pale, blood-stained countenances, where the impress of fierce passions yet remained, adding a deeper horror to the ghastliness of death: "ay, and such is the end of wealth, and power, and high ancestry—of the earls of Salisbury and Huntingdon!—Yes," continued he, and a smile of triumph seemed to light up his placid features; "and here is motive for ye to place firm trust in Providence. These two wicked men pursued the good earl of Arundel to death; and the cup they prepared for him have they not drunk?—Did not these very eyes see the earl of Huntingdon when, with that perfidious Richard, he feasted at Plashey with the good duke of Gloster, and the next day led him forth and embarked him for Calais, where he was foully

murdered? And what did these eyes behold but yester-even?—that very earl of Huntingdon, driven back in his frail bark on the coast of Essex, and seized and led to the very spot where he arrested the good duke of Gloster, and there was his head stricken off. Now, be not cast down, Sybilla de Rothing: if Heaven so surely tracks the wicked to destruction, will it suffer the innocent to perish?"

"Alas! but to-morrow morning!" cried Sybilla.

"Fear not," replied the pilgrim, "all shall be well."

"But, holy father!—" cried she.—The sentence was not completed, for the pilgrim had vanished among the crowd; and, uncertain what course to pursue, she took the fatal resolution of proceeding to the lord-mayor's, and communicating to him her discovery of the names of the two strangers.

"My fair maiden," said he, with a look of deep commiseration, "it is all in vain; for even had I been able to do aught for your father, your own confession would put it out of my power. It now appears that he was actually in communication with the leaders of the plot; and your assertion, that he knew them not, would have no chance of belief. Alas! ye must seek succour of Heaven, for nought can avail you."

The last morning that Arnold de Rothing was to behold broke slowly but clearly on his sight. It was the depth of winter, yet the sun shone forth with a clear and steady lustre from the faint blue sky, as though to repeat that lesson so often given in vain,

that the material world, though made for man, sympathises not (as the visionary has so often and so fondly imagined) in his joys or his sorrows; and a look of mournful reproach did the hapless goldsmith glance up to that bright sky which seemed shining as in mockery, and many a lingering gaze did he cast on the fair landscape that stretched before him, as, with his only attendant, the worthy priest of his parish, he proceeded on the fatal road to Tyburn. And along Holborn, then a road bordered with hedgerows, and scarcely exhibiting a single house, the procession passed, until at length the hurdle stopped before the gate of the hospital of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where, according to the benevolent yet strange custom of our ancestors, the porter had to present the frothing bowl of "good ale," the last draught of the condemned malefactor.

De Rothing turned away his head as he gave back the untasted bowl. "Onward," said he: "alas! all will soon be over." And yet, as the procession moved forward, he again gazed around at scenes on which he was soon to close his eyes for ever; as if a lingering love of life (though to him so clouded) yet held possession of his breast. A low murmur arose and gradually increased among the crowd that followed, and a horseman with breathless speed galloped forward to the sheriff and presented a sealed billet. The sheriff reverently doffed his bonnet and bowed his head as his eye glanced over its contents, for it

was an order, signed by the king's own hand, instantly to send Arnold de Rothing back to Guildhall.

Ere the astonished goldsmith could recover his self-possession, he was taken from the hurdle, placed on one of the sheriff's own horses, and, with a speed that left the marvelling crowd at an immeasurable distance, again conveyed to the city. There all was bustle and anxiety; for the lord Cobham had just arrived on a mission, it was said, of importance, and every citizen left his business, and every 'prentice his occupation, to welcome that nobleman, whose father (the earl of Arundel) was canonized in the memory of a grateful people as the martyr of their liberties, and who, himself, had been among the foremost to unsheath the brand in the cause of Henry of Lancaster.

"My good citizens," cried he, as he entered Guildhall, "it is to perform an act of justice to a worthy member of the brotherhood of goldsmiths that I now appear before you. Long since, from an unknown hand, I had notice of that plot now so happily discovered and put down, and I have sufficient reasons for knowing that Arnold de Rothing was neither art nor part in it. I know too that from his daughter information was obtained, and even a pattern of their rings. The pursuit and overthrow of those traitors hindered me from hastening earlier to rescue good Master de Rothing from the fate that seemed to await him; but I rejoice in having it now in my power to make some amends to a man to whom lady Fortune

hath been so strangely despiteous. King Henry hath commanded that five hundred marks be paid to the person who gave the first notice of the plot: this, therefore, is due to Sybilla de Rothing, his daughter; and I shall add to it other five hundred marks, as some scant reparation to her father for all that he hath suffered."

"My lord! my very good lord!" exclaimed old Fitz-Martyn, pushing forward; "that reward is mine; did not I give the first intelligence?"

"Ho! Master Fitz-Martyn," returned lord Cobham, "the master ye have so long served hath doubtless sent you here. St. Mary! but I was e'en about offering a reward for your head. Know ye this letter?" holding up a small piece of parchment. "O, ye are a worthy usurer! ye'll turn cat i' th' pan with Sathanas himself. Seize him, good people! as arrant a traitor as ever stretched halter! for he was in communication with lord Huntingdon while he so bitterly pursued Master de Rothing to death." Fitz-Martyn was quickly seized, and ere the week's end took the same road from which de Rothing had so unexpectedly returned.

Who shall describe the joy of the goldsmith and his daughter at this sudden revolution of fortune? Bowed to by the very men who but one short hour before had followed his hurdle with execrations; welcomed home by neighbours who for years had looked on him with suspicion; and (more grateful than all besides) warmly greeted by that fraternity from whose friendly com-

panionship he had been so long exiled, Arnold de Rothing returned to his home the happiest man in all London. It need not be said, that his after-life was marked by uninterrupted prosperity. If any thing were wanting to complete his felicity, it was the circumstance, that, notwithstanding the most sedulous inquiries, no tidings could ever be obtained of the mysterious pilgrim: from the evening when he met Sybilla at the bridge-foot he was never seen again. Many were the conjectures respecting him: some thought he had been a servant of the duke of Gloster's, who, subsequently to his master's death, had gone on pilgrimage, and returned just in time to witness the retribution of Heaven (perhaps to aid it) on his murderers. This opinion, which derived considerable plausibility from the intimate knowledge he certainly possessed of all the actors in the plot, and also from the joy and gratitude he expressed when the gory heads of Salisbury and Huntingdon were exhibited to the view of the citizens, did not, however, suit the wonder-loving taste of a generation that considered supernatural agency as necessary to the succour of an individual as to the salvation of an empire, and invoked and expected the assistance of superior intelligences to perform that to which mere human agency was perfectly adequate. Another party, therefore, and it was by far the most numerous, since it comprehended all the servants of the church and all the city apprentices, maintained that he was nothing less than some saint, who, won

by the sincere devotion of the unfortunate goldsmith, and the unprotected loveliness of his fair daughter, had condescended to quit the realms of bliss and assume the humble garb of a pilgrim, to succour those for whom all hope of human aid was vain. The only obstacle to complete uniformity of belief on this momentous subject was the difficulty of determining to which of the crowd of saints in the Roman calendar this honour should be assigned. The most devout vehemently supported the claims of St. Martin, whose real benevolence gave him a far better right to canonization than at least two-thirds of "the blessed host," whose protection each morn and evening they duly invoked; while the 'prentices, unwilling that a Londoner should be rescued save by the intervention of some indigenous saint, strenuously maintained the claim of St. Erkenwald, reminding their opponents, that it was on the very eve of his translation (that festival so devoutly kept by all good citizens), that the pilgrim for the last time appeared. Long did these conflicting opinions continue to agitate the minds of the good people of London, even until Arnold de Rothing, full of years and honours, slept in peace. But long afterwards, and through many generations, was his singular tale handed down; and many a desponding mind was encouraged to hope, and many a sorrowful heart urged to a more firm reliance on Providence, by the eventful history of "The Goldsmith of Westcheap."

THE BLIND PIPER *.

BY DELTA.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKSPEARE.

I LOVE to hear the bagpipe sound;
The tones wind magically round
The heart, which they subdue
To pain or pleasure; yes, they raise
Deep memories, and departed days
Glide sweetly in review.

'Tis soft—the low note speaks of love.
Lo! the blue lake; the birchen grove
Almost from view conceals
A maiden and a youth, for whom
Elysium, in its pictured womb,
Futurity reveals.

* There are some interesting circumstances attached to the annexed print. It is engraved from a painting by Clennell, an artist of deserved celebrity, who, from too great anxiety in the pursuit of his profession, was some years since deprived of reason, which he has never recovered. His wife, from grief and devoted attention to him, was afflicted in a similar manner, and died; and the state of his helpless children excited such commiseration, that a considerable sum was raised by private subscription for their maintenance and education.—ED.

'Tis wild—hark! how the storms rejoice
Among the rocks; the cataract's voice
Is mighty; and the breeze
Sweeps like a hurricane along,
Singing its fierce demoniac song
Amid the wondering trees.

'Tis harsh—the battle onset's come;
With bray of trump, and beat of drum,
In deadly combat meet
The soldier and his foe—the cry
Of "onward—on to victory!"—
Of quarter—and retreat.

And now the wild and wailing tones
Seem sighs, and shrieks, and dirgeful groans;
And now their hurrying force
Re-echoes like the tramp and tread,
Athwart the dying and the dead,
Of horseman and of horse.

And who is he, the wizard, who,
Whose music conjures up to view,
In Fancy's ranging eye,
The soft, the beautiful, the wild—
Dark tempests o'er the mountains piled—
Or the clear evening sky?

Behold him—Day to him is dark;
And age, in furrows, hath its mark
Graved on his manly brow;

How changed from when, a peasant-boy,
Mayhap, through Connaught's vales in joy
He whistled at the plough!

Ah, then, as merry as the lark,
While the red day-star chased the dark,
He gazed the purpling sky;
Till lightning smote him—and blue day
Pass'd, like the sight of heaven away
From Jacob's dreaming eye.

All destitute and poor, he sate
Helpless, lamenting his lorn fate,
Beside his humble shed
For many a day—then thought, perchance,
That lays, which were his pastime once,
Might now supply him bread.

So with proud, independent mind,
He idless all and sloth resign'd,
Yea, left his native plains,
Led by a filial hand and true,
Darkling to roam the country through,
And pipe his Doric strains.

Nor joyless is his lot; the breeze
That whispers through the leafy trees—
The murmur of the stream—
The genial sunshine—and the rain—
Speak to his heart, and not in vain,
Of boyhood's raptured dream!

'Tis thus that Fancy would create
The wandering minstrel's wayward fate,
Nor of his craft complain;
He who can wake the smile and sigh,
Or bring heaven's light to beauty's eye,
Hath lived not quite in vain.

ON THE WRECK OF A VESSEL

WHICH THE WRITER HAD SEEN LAUNCHED.

She is launch'd on the bosom of ocean,
To show the dominion of man,
And the waters recede in a turbid commotion
Where lately their deep courses ran.

She is gone in the pride of her splendour,
To ride o'er the turbulent main;
And she sinks from the wave as the vast waters send her,
So lowly, to rise up again.

Ah! man, on thy mightiness dwelling,
A pillar thou thinkest secure,
Rely not so strongly; the waters deep swelling
May tell thee it will not endure.

She went through an echo of voices
Respondent, that spoke to the sea,
Like the sound of a number whom pleasure rejoices,
Light-hearted, and dreaming of glee.

She went, but no eye has e'er seen her
  Return, though her season is o'er,
And the numbers that hail'd ere the tempest had
    blown her
  Shall look on her beauty no more.

The ocean has ta'en in its distance
  The vessel, a tribute of earth,
And the waves, overpowering her leader's resistance,
  Roll on as they did ere her birth.

MONTAGUE SEYMOUR.

THE ROVER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MISTRESS.

BY MISS SUSANNAH STRICKLAND.

AWAY!—away!—o'er the sparkling tide,
In the light of hope shall our vessel glide;
The signal is given by the fairest hand
That ever waved bark from its native land.

By the light of those eyes, so coyly hid
Beneath the dark fringe of each snowy lid,
I swear, that my love, like the waves at sea,
Shall flow on rejoicing eternally!

When the tempest gathers, and winds are high,
And the billows are raging tumultuously,
Thy signal shall beam o'er the foaming track
Of the pathless waters to guide me back!

OVID IN PONTUS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

HARD by the banish'd Euxine (a black doom!)
Haunted the poet Ovid. He was sent,
With love upon his soul, to banishment,
And sank, an amorous meteor, quench'd in gloom.
Bright tears were lost when Ovid died. A man
Who loved and mourn'd so sweetly, well might win
Melodious sorrow for his unknown sin.
All ages wept his fate: Politian
Developed his brave wrath in ten-foot verse,
And many a nameless scribbler rhymed a curse:
Only Augustus, in his timorous pride,
Exiled the poet from his beauty's side,
Sending him, fetter'd, to the banish'd sea.
—But who may chain the poet's spirit free?
He thought and murmur'd—Oh! and late and long
Bestow'd the music of his soul in song;
Bequeath'd to every wind that kiss'd that shore,
Sighs for lost Rome, which he must see no more;
Regrets, repinings, (of all hope bereft),
And tears for Cæsar's daughter, loved and left!

And so it was he wept long years away
By savage waters; so did he rehearse,
Throughout the paleness of the winter's day,
The many sorrows of his love-crown'd verse,

Until, in the end, he died. His grave is lost:
Somewhere it lies beyond all guess—all reach—
Though bands of wandering lovers, passion-cross'd,
Have sought to find it on that desert beach.

THE MANIAC*.

BY THE REV. J. HOBART CAUNTER.

Beneath a blasted pine, alone, reclin'd
A wither'd, wild, and venerable, man,
Whose wretched plight proclaim'd his wreck of mind.
O'er his scarr'd cheek the streams of sorrow ran,
Check'd by mad laughter or the mutter'd ban.
As the broad moon chas'd each careering cloud
Which o'er her disk its gloomy course began,
With gesture grim he'd rave his griefs aloud,
Seize his worm-eaten staff with trembling span,
And with vain rage distort his visage spare and wan.

Mocking the horrors of the midnight storm,
His wrinkled temples naked to the blast,
In night's chill dews he'd drench his wasted form,
And on the flint his wounded members cast.
Oft would the wretched man, unconscious, fast,
Till weaken'd nature could endure no more,
Then take the proffer'd crust, his sole repast,
And to the winds his dismal wailings pour,
Nor seek, till quite o'erspent, his low and lonely door.

* This is not altogether a fiction. The scene is supposed to occur in the Isle of France.

But Quiet mock'd his seeking; Mem'ry there
Mapp'd on his thoughts the past: when the hot tear
Half chok'd the frantic ravings of despair
Which fell, with horrid note, on pity's ear.
The casual passenger, who wander'd near,
O'ercome with wonder at the strange lament,
Quicken'd his pace, oppress'd with sudden fear,
And cross'd his blanching forehead as he went,
Lest hell, on mission vile, some horrid imp had sent.

Thine was the very deadliest draught of wo;
A life of thriftless toil, and care, and pain—
Of griefs which wrought thy reason's overthrow.
That mind, once stor'd with all a mind *could* gain,
Has burst its bonds, and the neglected rein
Is snapt for ever. Misery's blasting stroke
Has paralyz'd the heart, convuls'd the brain,
And left thee, like a scath'd and branchless oak,
To wither on the root—thy spirit wrench'd and broke.

Yonder beneath the night-star's pallid beam
He sits, o'ershadow'd by that sapless tree
Which lightning storms have blasted: not a gleam
Of mental sunshine lights the troubled sea
Of fancies wild that mar his memory.
That eye's dilated stare too sadly speaks
A mind o'erthrown in its maturity.
Through the time-fretted channels of his cheeks
Still rolls the tear-drop, unrestrain'd and free,
And tells its eloquent tale of secret misery.

Now mark the wretched, melancholy man,
On yonder rivulet's precarious brink,
Whilst winds with rude salute his temples fan,
Stoop his spare body to the wave to drink.
He rises now, now gravely stops to think,
As with some vast design his fancy teem'd;
Then from the half-form'd purpose seems to shrink,
As a scar'd child at night from what he dream'd,
When Fiction's monsters dire life's actual pictures
seem'd.

He draws in silence towards the water's side
And gazes on its surface, calm and clear,
Whereon the smiling moon, in conscious pride,
Shows her reflected figure, bright and sheer,
To sober thought, to melancholy dear.
With idiot laugh he plunges in the stream
To catch the lustrous orb, which seems so near;
The quivering waters interrupt its beam,
When rage dilates his eye, his mutt'ring lips blaspheme.

He struggles with the waters, calm and cold,
Nor till their spray has drench'd him seeks the shore;
Still shines the fair resemblance, broad and bold,
Its brightness interrupted now no more.
The chaste original, with silvery oar,
Glides, like heaven's goddess, down her native sky,
Nor heeds the wretch, whose wandering feet explore,
Whilst o'er his naked head the storm is high,
Wilds, where no human footstep meets the anxious eye.

Across his path the bat, on leathern wing,
Betwixt the glimpses of the moon appears:
He gazes at the desultory thing,
As in eccentric flight its course it steers.
Now it holds onward, now obliquely veers
Beyond the casual compass of his eye;
He laughs aloud, in mockery of his tears,
And, as his gaze is fix'd upon the sky,
His idiot-laugh renews whene'er it passes by.

Before him, towering monarch of the wood,
The freighted mango rears his giant form:
Oft had his trunk and lofty crest withstood
The crashing horrors of a tropic storm.
When the hoarse thunder spread its wild alarm
And lightnings scatter'd desolation round,
He wav'd, defying, each assaulted arm,
And, tho' his verdant honours strew'd the ground,
Brav'd the long desp'rate strife, but yet no victor found.

The hapless subject of my song drew nigh,
And rais'd his head, to scan the mighty tree;
The winds had paus'd awhile, and not a sigh
Disturb'd the moment's fix'd tranquillity.
With shoulders downward stoop'd and bended knee
He spann'd the trunk, and strain'd with might and main,
Till breath and vigour did together flee,
To cast its ponderous body on the plain,
Then groan'd in baffled rage and gnash'd his teeth in vain.

Now tries the maniac his sepulchral voice
In the wild flow of voluntary song.
If taste be absent, feeling guides the choice,
And float the sad notes plaintively along,
Until they die the neighbouring hills among.
The prowling jackal listens to the tone,
Though hunger in his rabid breast be strong,
And stops and pricks his ears, whilst, all alone,
The unconscious warbler makes his melancholy moan.

Alas! poor sufferer! a portion thine
Alike the needy and the rich may dread!
Who shall interpret Fate's mysterious line?
In doubt's uncertain path we blindly tread,
Till in the "lap of earth" we rest our head.
Let us for those at least reserve a sigh
Who eat from Wo's spare hand their daily bread,
Nor, self-secure, all future ills defy,
For dangers often lurk where least we think them nigh.

Life's may-day may be jocund, and its eve
Of summer close auspicious, whilst the sun
Of pleasure shines unclouded. Few perceive,
When dangers are remote, the risks they run;
All hope the goal of happiness is won,
Till o'er them Misery rears her marring arm;
Hope and reality are never one;
Experience soon dissolves the dreamy charm
Which ardent fancies work, that least have known
alarm.

Observe the stern vicissitudes of time!
Each hour is loaded with its separate share
Of good or ill, of virtue or of crime;
And, though the pow'r that governs all may spare
Some few light bosoms from the thorns of care,
Small is the lot thus portion'd: Wretchedness
Treads in our path, and meets us ev'ry where;
Want pines in mournful silence; whilst Distress
Proclaims herself twin-born with human Happiness.

Do riches purchase bliss, or fame content?
Mark those vast stores of gold that only gild
The dust in which they 're buried. Adamant
The heart that hoards, from which has ne'er distill'd
The dew of charity; where never thrill'd
One keen emotion of requiting love.
Peace dwells not in the coffer richly fill'd,
Nor in the breast of Fame secures her dove;
She holds no league with man: her empire is above.

Go, where the maniac woos thee to perpend
The deep intensity of mortal care,
Where not one ray of happiness can blend
With the benighting horrors of despair;
Go, and receive an awful lesson there!
Ah! what a check to tame the swell of pride!
Man's form is here, but heav'n's bright image where?
No gleam of sunshine flashes o'er the tide
Of darken'd intellect, now madden'd and destroy'd.

Behold the wilder'd object of my song,
Still tiring with his moans the ear of night;
The woodland warblers, as he strolls along,
Take from the rocking spray reluctant flight.
Their reckless troubler heeds not their affright,
But still pursues his solitary way;
And, as fresh objects pass before his sight,
Resumes his sad but desultory lay,
And shakes, with motion wild, his tresses silver gray.

"Bertha!" he cries, "my child! alas, my child!
Dost thou not know me, though I'm thin and spare?
Though all men shun my sight, declare me wild,
Believe them not; for I can laugh at care
When thou art nigh me; ay, and will forswear
All future commerce with that deathly race,
Who made our tranquil cot a tiger's lair.
Come, let me gaze upon that angel face,
Where oft mine eye hath fix'd its fondest resting-place.

"My Bertha! ha! and is not Bertha dead?
Did I not see her golden tresses trail
Along the glebe on which her Edgar bled?
Howl, ye malignant demons of the gale!
Let havoc loose! your blasting breath exhale!
May heav'n and earth in dire concussion meet!
How would the strife my joyless heart regale!
Man is my foe accurs'd: ye lightnings fleet,
Wing on his head your bolts—revenge is ever sweet!

"And I will gulp its poison, till my heart
Grow black and morbid with the festering bane.
Restore my girl, ye bloodhounds! shall we part,
Because her injur'd father is not sane?
The lustre of his mind is on the wane;
Who once was Bertha's sire is counted mad!—
Approach, my child, expunge the damning stain,
Greet but my sight once more, and make me glad,
For now the old man's heart is solitary—sad.

"Dead! dead!" The voice in smother'd whispers died:
He paus'd and shudder'd; then, with doleful yell,
Dash'd to the earth his staff, and deeply sigh'd.
Hearing at length the distant matin bell,
The sound arous'd him; and, as by a spell
Awaken'd from a trance of horrid thought,
He rais'd his head and smil'd. Ah! who shall tell
What sad expression from that eye was caught
When to his mind remembrance some dark image brought.

Morning had fully dawn'd upon him now,
And from the hills dispers'd their mists of gray:
The squalid hue of vigil on his brow
Disclos'd new terrors at the rise of day.
There deep the traces of distraction lay;
Its fires at intervals illum'd his eye,
Which glar'd with vacant and "lack-lustre" ray,
Like the pal'd sun in a November sky,
Peering thro' murky clouds when the fierce storm is high.

The matin choristers above his head
Pour out their liquid notes to hail the morn,
But to their harmony his soul is dead:
Care from his heart the social link hath torn.
The playful lambkin, as it crops the thorn,
Stops to explore the melancholy man;
The tuneful lark springs blithely from the corn
And hovers nigh: still nought in nature can
Light to a gleam of joy those features wild and wan.

Behold him on the fragment of a rock
Plucking the ivy from its sides of jet!
He wreathes a leaf in ev'ry straggling lock
That fans his brows, and forms a coronet
Of rude fantastic seeming: still beset
At intervals, with dark imaginings,
Past sorrows, which he never can forget,
To mem'ry rush; upon his feet he springs,
And, rage-possess'd, resumes his frantic wanderings.

Towards the bright sun the lowering madman turn'd;
Its glowing beams upon his temples play'd;
Within his brain the fires of frenzy burn'd,
Nor had the damps of night those fires allay'd:
His flashing eye a dire intent betray'd.
Onward at length he rush'd, with vig'rous bound,
To the near mountain's brow; thence, undismay'd,
Casting one wild, distracted glance around,
Plung'd from the "cloud-capt" height, and headlong
sought the ground.

LYDFORD BRIDGE*.

BY N. T. CARRINGTON,

AUTHOR OF "DARTMOOR," &c.

STREAM of the mountain! never did the ray
Of the high summer pierce the gloom profound
Whence rise the startling and eternal sounds
Of thy mad, tortured waters! Beautiful
Are all thy sister streams—most beautiful—
And rill and river lift their sweet tones all
Rejoicing; but for thee has horror shaped
A bed, and cursed the spot with cries that awe
The soul of him who listens! From the brink
The traveller hies, and meditates, aghast,
How e'en when winter tenfold horrors flung
Around the gulf, a fellow-being here
Through darkness plunged to death!

His fate is still
Fresh in the memory of the aged swain,
And in the upland cottages the tale
Is told with deep emotion; for the morn
Of life rose o'er that suicide in rich
And lovely promise, as the vernal day
O'er nature oft; though thus it closed, abrupt
As the shades drop upon Ausonian fields

* For the incident upon which this poem is founded the reader is referred to *Warner's Walk in the Western Counties.*

When rains the black volcano! Hapless youth!
The demon that in every age has won
Millions of souls—won thine. If GAMING hold
On high her fascinating lure, let man
Beware;—to conquer is to flee. He heard
Who perish'd here—he heard the tempter's tale
Bewitching; and from PLAY's short dream awoke
To misery. Swift through the burning brain
Shot the dread purpose, and remorse and shame
Heated his blood to madness. Should he dare
The world's dread sneer, and be a loathed mark
For its unsparing finger?—rather rush
To death and to forgetfulness;—thus breathed
The lying fiend. In vain that fatal night
Raged the loud winter storm—the victim fled
From friends and home. The lightning o'er his path
Flash'd horribly—the thunder peal'd—the winds
Mournfully blew; yet still his desperate course
He held; and fierce he urged his gallant steed
For many a mile. The torrent lifted high
Its voice;—he plunged not yet into the breast
Of the dark waters! By the cliff he pass'd—
He sprang not from it;—gloomier scenes than these,
And death more terrible, his spirit sought—
The caverns of the Lyd!

Why seeks the man
A-weary of the world to quit it thus?—
To leap through horrors to the vast unknown,

And haste to dread eternity by ways
That make the heart-blood of the living chill
To think on?—To the destined goal he swept
With eye unflinching, and with soul unawed,
Through the wild night; by precipice and peak
Tremendous—over bank, and bridge, and ford—
Breasted the torrent—climb'd the treacherous brink—
Scaled the rock-crested hill, and swept anon
Into the valley, where a thousand streams,
Born of the mountain-storm, with arrowy speed
Shot madly by. His spirit scorn'd them all—
Those dangers and those sounds—for he was strong
To suffer; and one master-aim possess'd,
With an unnatural and resistless power,
That lost, lost victim!—On he sternly plunged
Amid the mighty tumult;—o'er his brow
Quicker and brighter stream'd the lightning;—loud,
And louder spoke the thunder;—still, unnerved,
He press'd his steed:—the frightful gulf*, at last,
Was won—the river foam'd above the dead!

* A deep, rocky rent, presenting on each side a rugged perpendicular precipice of nearly one hundred feet, but of a very narrow breadth, opens from a glen at right angles with the road, through whose gloomy bottom the river Lyd urges its waters with irresistible fury. Over the narrowest part of this chasm a bridge is thrown, and the turnpike-road conducted.

The chasm cannot be regarded without shuddering, nor will the stoutest heart meditate unappalled upon the dreadful anecdotes connected with the spot.

THE RED FLAG AT THE FORE.

BY "THE OLD SAILOR."

Come, sit thee down by me, love! come, sit thee down by me,
And I will tell thee many a tale of the dangers of the sea;
Of the perils of the deep, love, when the stormy tempests roar,
And the raging billows wildly dash upon the groaning shore.

The skies are flaming red, love—the skies are flaming red,
And darkly rolls the mountain-wave, and curls its monstrous head;
Whilst clouds and ocean blending, and loud howls the bitter blast,
And the daring tar, 'twixt life and death, clings to the shatter'd mast.

MS. Ballad.

NEVER shall I forget my emotions on first ascending the side of the ship in which I commenced my career as a sailor. It was just about the time when Nelson and the Nile was the universal theme of conversation; our theatres echoed to the shouts of "Rule, Britannia," and the senate-house rang with plaudits for the achievements of naval valour. But, ah! how few who rejoiced in the triumphs of victory gave one thought to the hardships, privations, and oppressions, under which the gallant seaman laboured! Boy-like, I thought it was a jovial life; and, when standing on the deck, with the British ensign floating at the peak, and the bull-dogs (cannon) peeping from their port-holes, I felt, "ay, every inch a hero." Besides, there was my handsome uniform, with bright gilt buttons bearing the impress of the anchor, and my dirk, just long enough to spit a partridge, swinging like a cook's skewer by my

side, and a leathern belt with two fierce lions' heads in front, and, that summit of a schoolboy's ambition, the cocked hat and gold rosettes. What child of twelve years could resist the temptation? So I e'en kissed my poor mother—who used to compare the rattling of the rain, as it ran down the spout into the water-butt to the roaring of the waves, and for whom gilded buttons and cocked-up hats had no charms—shook my father by the hand, as he gave me the bill for my outfit, to make me (by calculating the expense) more careful of my clothes—threw my arms round the neck of my weeping sister, whilst she slyly thrust something into my waistcoat-pocket, which I afterwards found was all her own private little store of cash—and away I started, with glory in my eye, to leave "home, sweet home," far, far behind me.

The ship which I was going to join was a fine dashing frigate, commanded by a friend of my father's friend, to whom I received the most handsome recommendations. I say friend of my father's friend, for such he was represented to me; but the fact is, my worthy dad was a freeman of no contemptible borough, besides holding a considerable influence over a certain number of *independent* voters; and one of the candidates, whilst canvassing for the general election, had declared that "I was cut out for a sailor"—that "he had interest at the Admiralty," and made no doubt that, by diligence and attention, I should soon carry the "red flag at the fore." I thought so too; but what the "red flag at

the fore" meant, I was just as ignorant as I was of cuckoo-clock-making. Nevertheless it sounded well; the candidate became an M. P., and I was sent on board, a stranger among strangers, and about as much patronized as a widow's pig upon a village-green.

I had never seen a ship—I had never seen the sea; and when the wide ocean burst upon my view, rolling its mighty billows in majestic grandeur, I began to think that they were not the most pleasant things in life to play with, particularly for such a little fellow as myself; but when the stupendous bulwarks of Britain appeared, as they lay at anchor in the bay, with their shining sides reflected in the waves, and their bright ensigns flashing in the sun, fear gave way to admiration, and I began to sing—

> "I'm a jolly roving tar,
> Fearing neither wound nor scar,
> And many a tightish breeze, then, have I seen."

But, bless your heart! I had seen nothing then; nevertheless, I thought of the "red flag at the fore;" and as the boat lightly skimmed the surface of the dark-blue waters, a feeling of honest pride swelled in my little breast—henceforth I was to be devoted to my king and country.

The first lieutenant received me very graciously. The wonders which every where presented themselves almost overwhelmed me with astonishment and delight. But, alas! this was not of long duration; for a youngster about my own age accompanied me to the

cockpit, where I was to take up my abode. The dark cavern which formed the mess-berth, where a ray of daylight never entered, seemed rather horrible to my imagination, and the motley group of all ages, from ten to twenty-five, that filled it, did not inspire me with much confidence.

At the door stood a stout negro, scarcely visible, except by his white teeth and his rolling eyes, which strongly reminded me of Robinson's Crusoe's monster in the cave, and a little sprig of a midshipman was venting imprecations on him for not having the dinner ready. Surrounding a table inside the berth, which was illumined by two *dwarf* candles, that appeared as if they had never reached their proper growth, sat eight or ten small officers employed in various ways. One was playing a difficult piece of music on the flute, with the notes placed before him, propped up by a quart bottle. A companion, to annoy and ridicule him, had put his pocket-comb between two pieces of paper, and, applying it to his mouth, produced a sound more execrable than the bagpipes, yet still endeavouring to imitate the tune. Two youths in the farthest corner had quarrelled, and were settling their dispute in a boxing-match. Another seemed totally abstracted from the scene, and, leaning his elbows on the table, was contemplating the miniature of a fair-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes beamed with love and constancy. On the opposite side of the table, two youngsters, with a treatise on seamanship before them, were arguing in

no very gentle terms on their own proficiency in naval tactics. At the head of the table an old master's mate was exercising his authority in preserving peace; but as he was engaged at the same time in mixing a good *stiff* glass of grog, his orders were either disregarded or laughed at. But there was one pale-faced lad, with a countenance full of intellectual expression, whom I shall never forget. He sat by himself, with a small writing-desk before him, and on it lay a letter, the writer of which, not satisfied with filling up each page with black ink, had crossed the lines with red; and this letter he was endeavouring to answer. The noise had disturbed him, for sheet after sheet had been torn up, and lay in a pile by his side. He looked at the combatants, and a gentle murmur escaped him; he turned to the musicians, and a smile lighted up his features; he cast his eyes towards the youth whose thoughts were with the pole-star of his affections, and a shade of melancholy sat upon his brow. At this moment he caught sight of me, as I stood at the door undetermined whether to advance or to recede, and his hand was instantly extended. He closed his desk, remarking that "his sister must wait another day," and —but why need I recount every particular?—from that hour we were friends.

Ay, how often, when the pale moon at midnight has thrown her silver beams upon the bosom of the wave, or when the star-gemmed canopy of heaven has glistened with its myriads of glories, have we two stood

together, holding sweet converse on the past, and picturing bright scenes of future fame! Yes! hand in hand, we have stood like brothers, talking of those sweet spots, endeared by every tie of fond regard, where first we revelled in our infancy. Yet, oh God! —the vision is even now before me—when I beheld that pale-faced youth struggling in the agonies of death —those features full of mild benevolence, still more deadly in their hue, and hideous in convulsive writhings —the hand, that I had so often pressed with real unabated friendship, dyed in the life-stream from his heart, as he worked his fingers in the deep wound that dismissed his noble spirit! It was in action, when rage and vengeance lashed the passions into fury. Yes! there he fell, and the ocean was his grave.

But to return to my introduction. Almost at the same moment that I entered the berth, the quarter-master came down, and inquired if Mr. Moriarty was below. A fine handsome young man, about two and twenty, immediately answered in the affirmative. "Here's a letter for you, sir," said the quarter-master, "with the Admiralty seal on the back, and a direction full of sheep-shanks and long splices in the front."

"Eh, eh, Johnson!" replied the young officer; "the old story, I suppose. The door of promotion is shut, and, by and by, I dare say, they will send me word that the key's lost. But let us see, you old sea-dragon, and don't stand turning it over and over there, like a Lapland witch at her incantations!"

The veteran was examining the letter with rather an inquisitive eye; for his other eye was on an equally inquisitorial visit to a full bottle of rum that stood upon the table; and he hesitated to give up his charge to the young officer, who, I now perceived, had his right arm in a sling, in consequence, as I afterwards learned, of a wound received in the battle of Aboukir.

"Cantations, or no cantations, sir," replied the old quarter-master; "this here letter weighs heavy, and I 've been close-hauled for these two days past; and it 's dry work, sir, that tack and half-tack."

"Well, well, Johnson," rejoined the midshipman; "you want a glass of grog, and you shall have it; so, steward, give him one, d' ye hear? And now hand over the scrawl."

"Eh, eh, sir!" said Johnson; "and if it arn't freighted with a pair of white lapelles—put some more rum in, you black angel!—then call old Johnson a lubber, that 's all." Moriarty laughed; but it was evident that he took the letter with some degree of tremor, especially as one of the youngsters jocosely addressed him as "*Lieutenant* Moriarty."

"Hold your prating, simpleton!" said he; "you won't find commissions so plentiful when you come to my age, unless you happen to be a stray slip of nobility, or have strong parliamentary interest to back you."

The old quarter-master had been wrangling with the black steward for another drop, and then, holding up his grog, exclaimed, "Your health, Lieutenant Mo-

riarty! and I hope I shall live to see you carry the 'red flag at the fore.'"

"With all my heart, Johnson," replied Moriarty, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, for the letter was now unfolded; "and see here is the first step up the ratlines, sure enough; whether I shall ever reach the mast-head or not is another thing."

It was an order from the Admiralty to go on shore and receive his commission; and every one crowded round him full of congratulations.

I cannot say but I felt a little jealous about the "red flag at the fore;" for I considered *that* as my exclusive right, though utterly ignorant what it meant. But I was soon enlightened on the subject; for, being naturally communicative, I mentioned my expectations of getting the "red flag at the fore" during dinner, and several of the little midshipmen nearly choked themselves with laughing at me. I then learned that "the red flag at the fore" was the distinction of a vice-admiral of the red; a station that not more than one officer in five thousand ever attained, and even then only through very distinguished merit or peculiar good fortune. Nevertheless I was nothing daunted, and "the red flag at the fore" urged me on.

We sailed a few days afterwards with a convoy for Bombay and China, but destined to cruise ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Cape of Good Hope. We had not quitted port more than a week when we encountered a very severe gale. It was the first time I

had beheld the sea in such commotion, and the spectacle was awfully grand. The noble ship was borne like a weed upon the ocean, at the mercy of the tempest, which howled through the rigging, so as to deaden the shouts of the seamen, while furling the heavy sails upon the yards. Billow after billow beat over us; and as the rolling waves dashed up their frothy crests to heaven, roaring in the wildness of their fury, I could not help thinking how different the noise was from the comparison of my poor mother, when she heard the rain patter into the water-butt. The convoy, too, heavy-laden Indiamen and transports with troops, were scattered in every direction; but now and then we could distinguish one or two, as they appeared for a moment on the summit of the foaming surge, like dim specks upon the verge of the horizon.

Night came, and brought its frowning horrors—a pitchy darkness, which seemed almost palpable to the touch, hung with a funereal gloom above, whilst the wild waves, lashed by the raging tempest into sparkling foam, served but to render the blackness of the heavens more dense and horrible. At the commencement of the gale the wind was dead against us, and the ship was hove-to under a close-reefed main-top-sail; but towards midnight the wind veered in our favour, and we flew through the liquid element with astonishing rapidity. The shifting of the gale had produced a still wilder commotion in the waves, which seemed to be struggling for the mastery. Wave after wave

came raging after us, and threatening to ingulf the frigate; but, like a bird upon the wing, the gallant vessel lifted to the swell, and rushed down the steep abyss, tracking her path with brilliancy and light.

I cannot say but the spectacle rather terrified me, and I more than once wished the "red flag at the fore" at the——

"Stop!" says the reader, "and do not conclude the sentence."

But really, gentle reader, I must—for I was merely going to say that I wished the "red flag at the fore" at the mast-head, and myself snug in my own little bed-room, with my poor mother to tie my night-cap, and to tuck me in.

Ossian, or Byron, I forget which, says: "Once more upon the waters, yet once more, and the waves bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider;" but I found a vast deal of difference between mounting the speckled waves and riding my own pretty little piebald pony.

Morning at length appeared; the wind had again changed, and the ship was once more hove-to. But, if the gale of the preceding night had been furious, it now came with redoubled violence, and the stately vessel, which had so lately steered her course in majesty and pride, lay writhing and groaning between the billows, like the soul of the mighty struggling with the last pangs of mortality.

Orders were given to furl the foresail, and about sixty of the best seamen sprang aloft to execute the

command. Already had they extended themselves upon the yard, and were gathering up the folds of the heavy canvas, when a tremendous sea came, like an Alpine mountain, rushing towards us. As the poor wretch, when the fierce eye of some famished beast of prey is glaring on him, stands fixed and immoveable; so did the seamen suspend their labours when they saw the waters of destruction approaching. No human voice could warn them of their danger, no hand could be outstretched to save. There seemed to be a momentary stillness in the storm, and a shuddering instinct crept through every spirit—a horrible dread of they knew not what.

Still onward rolled the wave—it struck the vessel on the bows, and threw its ponderous burden on the deck. A crash, mingled with a wild, tumultuous yell, ensued, and when the spray had cleared, it was found that the foremast had been swept away, and upwards of fifty brave fellows were buried in the waves. Some still remained entangled in the rigging, but man after man was washed away, till one alone was left. We could see him—we could speak to him—but only that Power who holds the tempests in his hand could rescue him from death. There he struggled—blank despair in every feature, as his strong limbs writhed round the shattered mast, and with convulsive agony he buffeted the waves. Of what avail was human strength in such an hour of peril? His hold relaxed—it became weaker, and slowly he settled in his watery grave.

I need not describe the effects which such a scene produced upon the mind of a boy not thirteen years of age; and even at this moment, so strong are first impressions, the crash, the yell, and the agonised contortions of that drowning man, are present to my mind in all their horrors.

The wreck was cleared, the storm abated. A jury-mast was erected, and once more the stately frigate held her way upon the glassy surface of the azure wave. The first duty was to collect the convoy, and heavy forebodings of their fate were whispered among the crew. One by one, however, they gathered round us, showing manifest indications of the recent storm.

There is something peculiarly interesting to a seaman in the assembling of ships after a gale of wind. It occasions a sensation which a landman can never feel, unless it is that sort of melancholy satisfaction when friends meet who have surmounted adversity together, but with the apprehension of similar calamity still before them. Several of the convoy were yet undiscovered, and as the evening was closing in, the heavy report of a distant gun came booming on the waters. Another and another followed in rapid succession, and the frigate's course was directed towards the spot whence the sounds proceeded.

The sun went down in glory—its radiance tinged the bosom of the liquid element, but it never rose again on those whose signals of distress we heard. They must have seen his last beams arching the hea-

vens with their golden brightness, and light and hope must have expired to them for ever.

The wind opposed our progress, and the swell still rolled against us, though now it was only the heaving of the sea, without its breaking violence. Still we approached nearer to the object of our search, as the noise of the guns was more distinct, and the flashes were plainly visible. At length, about midnight, by the help of glasses, a dismasted ship was distinguished rolling like a log upon the waters. Every nerve was strained, every effort was made to intimate that assistance was at hand, and the boats were prepared to give succour, or to snatch from destruction. The sight was eagerly bent towards the spot where the clear horizon was broken by the dark object of our good intentions. Suddenly the curve appeared connected—in vain the eye sought the vessel in distress; for nothing obstructed the union of sky and ocean, and "She's gone! she's gone!" was simultaneously exclaimed by officers and men.

Yes, she was gone, and the gallant ship that had endured the fury of the tempest, sunk when its wrath was spent. But that tempest had doubtless shaken her stout frame, and rent her joints asunder. Yet it was hard to perish almost within the grasp of safety.

Hopes were still entertained that some, if not all, had escaped in the boats. Our own were hoisted out, and having neared the supposed spot, were immediately dispatched. The morning dawned in magnificence and splendour—the sun rose in glorious majesty, but his

earliest beams glanced on a scattered wreck, that told a tale of death. The boats were actively employed in passing to and fro, but no appearance of human being could be discerned. The launch was discovered bottom upwards, and another boat broken nearly in two. The truth was soon disclosed, for the name ATLAS on the stern of the launch informed us that nearly two hundred victims had perished in the deep. How the catastrophe had happened could only be matter of conjecture.

One of our boats fell in with some floating spars, which were lashed together so as to form a kind of floating raft; and, on turning them over, a scene presented itself that filled every soul with anguish. A young female, apparently about twenty-two, with an infant fastened round her body, had been secured to the timber—perhaps the last sad office of a tender husband, who, in the affectionate solicitude of his heart, had vainly hoped to rescue them from death. They were taken on board the frigate, sewed up in a hammock, and again consigned to that element at once their destruction and their grave.

One other ship was still missing: what became of her I never heard; but, after waiting a proper time, we pursued our way to the island of St. Jago, the place of rendezvous. A succession of fine weather soon deadened the remembrance of the past, and by the time of our reaching the Cape de Verds, the "red flag at the fore" had once more gained the ascendancy.

The novelties which presented themselves at Port Praya, the oranges, the cocoa-nuts, and, above all, the monkeys, sporting in their native cunning, unrestrained, among the green foliage, were delightful; whilst the waters in the bay were so clear and transparent, that fish could be distinctly seen at the depth of from thirty to forty feet, swimming above the silver sand that covered the bottom.

Having refitted and watered, the anchor was once more weighed, and we again directed our course to the place of destination. At the latitude appointed we parted from our convoy, and then were left alone. Days, weeks, passed on, and no sail ever appeared in sight to change the dull monotony. It was still the same unvaried scene of sky and ocean, and not unfrequently severe and boisterous weather. At the end of five weeks we were gratified by the sight of a ship steering towards us, and in a few hours had retaken a fine Indiaman, prize to a French frigate. No time was lost in securing her; but the irreparable devastation among our crew rendered it necessary to proceed with our recapture to Madras; and thither we hastened.

On our arrival, fresh scenes, that appeared like enchantment, opened upon me. The natives on their catamarans, formed of three or four logs lashed together, dashing without dismay through the tremendous surf that rolled upon the beach with everlasting roar, and the manners and habits of the people, filled my young mind with wonder and admiration. I regret

that my first letter to my poor mother is not forthcoming: in fact, the worthy soul considered it such a concentration of genius and talent—I much question whether there was not some little exaggeration in my descriptions—that she wore it completely out by carrying it in her pocket to show to all her friends and neighbours.

We remained three years in the East Indies without any thing material occurring, and then the cry was—"Huzza, for old England!" But it would be an almost endless task were I to enumerate all my adventures, perilous and humorous, and sometimes a combination of both, in my strenuous endeavours to attain to the "red flag at the fore." Before my six years had expired I had been in seven different engagements, received three wounds (one of them severe), been once shipwrecked, and once taken prisoner, but escaped. Storms I had weathered many; had visited the coast of Africa, South America, and New South Wales; but still I endured every thing for the sake of the "red flag at the fore."

At the expiration of six years I passed my examination for lieutenant, and received my certificate of qualification, which, after waiting a modest time, I forwarded with a memorial to my patron, who had been elevated to the house of peers. His answer was, that "things were materially changed since I first went to sea; the same individuals were not now in office, and he much questioned whether he could obtain my pro-

motion; indeed he hinted that it would be better for me to quit the service, and apply myself to some other profession." I cannot describe my disappointment and vexation. Through the representations of this man, I had given up the sweets of childhood, to endure the severest hardships and privations. I had toiled unflinchingly in my duty; I had fought the battles of my country, and could show my honourable scars; and thus to have the "red flag at the fore" torn down by the hand I expected to raise me!—my pride and every feeling of my heart revolted against it. I was determined to persevere.

Other six years passed away, in which I was a partaker of some of the most brilliant achievements of the war, when I was honoured, after thirteen years' servitude, with a lieutenant's commission. But even then it was not gained by any desperate act of valour, or by those feats which are dear and precious to every British sailor's heart; but simply by obtaining (through the present of a handsome Cashmere shawl) the interest of a fair lady highly esteemed by the first lord of the admiralty. However, I got the white lapelles; and that was, as Moriarty observed, "the first step up the ratlines" towards the "red flag at the fore."

After this things went on tolerably ill, among some sharp fighting and many hard knocks. My poor mother slipt her cable for the blessed haven of eternal rest. My sister got married to a pirate, who plundered my father's property, and then cast her adrift upon the

world. The old gentleman's gray hairs were brought with sorrow to the grave; my sister's coffin was soon placed upon his breast; and I was left desolate.

Still the "red flag at the fore," like a will-o'-the-wisp, lured me on. I conducted one of the fire-ships at Lord Cochrane's attack upon the French fleet in Basque Road; had the command of a gun-boat at the storming of Saint Sebastian; and was with the army at the sortie from Bayonne, in which I got a crack on the head—not big enough to jump in, to be sure; but it set my brains spinning for a month. I commanded a fast-sailing schooner, charged with dispatches for Wellington, when he was expected to occupy Bordeaux, and entered the Garonne in the dead of the night, lighted on my way by the flames of a French eighty-gun ship, that had been set on fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the English; and, having anchored in a secure position, left my vessel in a four-oared boat, passed the batteries undiscovered, and executed my orders, as the brave marshal stood in the great square, with white flags and beauty greeting his arrival.

Peace came: Bonaparte was elbowed off to Elba; and the "red flag at the fore" was as far off as ever. My vessel was paid off, and after many years of activity I entered upon a life of indolence. But, as Dr. Watts very wisely observes, in one of the hymns which I was compelled to learn at school when a child,

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do"—

so I e'en got married. The fair lady (she is now peeping over my shoulder) attracted my attention at church by the broad and bright red ribands that graced the front of her bonnet. They reminded me of the "red flag at the fore," and an inglorious sigh escaped. Now, every body knows that a sigh is the beginning of love, for Byron says—

> "Oh, love! what is it in this world of ours
> That makes it fatal to be loved? Ah why
> With cypress dost thou wreath thy bowers,
> And make thy best interpreter a sigh?"

Well, but to make short of it, I got married; but, no sooner had Napoleon returned from Elba than I was again at my duty. I was sent by Sir Pulteney Malcolm, then naval commander-in-chief at Ostend, with a party of seamen, to man the great guns in the army under Wellington on the plains of Waterloo, and the "red flag at the fore" once more opened on my view. It was on the very morning after the decisive battle that, between Brussels and Bruges, I met the first detachment of prisoners coming down, and was ordered to take charge of them to Ostend. There were about two thousand, officers and men, most of them wounded, and without a single application or dressing to the mangled parts; yet their devotion to Napoleon was unabated; and with their stiffened limbs sore with laceration, and their bodies gashed and scored with sabre-cuts, they still shouted "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The battle of Waterloo ended the war, Bonaparte

was dispatched to Saint Helena, and all prospects of promotion are over. My noble patron has accomplished the number of his days, and no "red flag at the fore" will ever fall to my lot, unless indeed I include a certain Bardolphian tinge to the most prominent feature of my face, which has been "*red at the fore*" for some years past; but, excepting the half-pay of a lieutenant, a small remnant of prize-money, and a wife and seven children, I am as poor as a churchwarden's charity-box.

SONNET.

COMPOSED OFF ÆTOLIA, IN 1820.

BY CHARLES BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

I HEAR gay tones from every joyous Greek,
  I feel fresh breezes favourably blow,
I see white waves impel our light caïque,
  Heaven's blue above, dark ocean's green below;
A glorious sunshine kindling sky and sea,
  Actium ahead, and Sappho's leap in sight—
Ætolia's barriers towering on the lee,
  Ithaca's shores extending to the right—
Yet nature's noblest scenes and loveliest hour,
  And e'en a future, like the all-hallowed past,
Brilliant with hopes for Greece, have lost their power
  To shed some sunshine o'er my soul at last.—
Again I vainly roam, by grief opprest,
Each day more useless still, but not more blest.

ALICE.

BY W. H. HARRISON, ESQ.

Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown.

SHAKSPEARE.

In royal Bessy's days, that doughty maid,
  Who scorn'd her freedom for a spouse to barter;
When England's rod of sov'reignty was sway'd,
  As China's is at present, by a Tartar—
I cite the instance of the luckless peer
Who sought her hand, and got it on—his ear;
  Which proved she pitied much her slave's condition,
  And wish'd to make him free by manumission.

Touching her character, the learned vary,
  As they do always, and relate their stories,
Just as they happen to be whigs or tories:
  I only know she slew the lovely Mary,
Which some call'd policy, and others murther:
  It might be either, and p'rhaps both—the line
  Which separates the two is oft so fine,
That, faith, 't were best to moot the point no further.

Well, in those days, upon the banks of Tees,
  Which roar'd and foam'd some hundred feet below,
As lofty and romantic as you please,
  Was perch'd sir Timothy De Broke's chateau.
A noble wood of oaks the stream o'erhung,
And form'd as sweet a spot as bard e'er sung.
  My readers, should a love of roaming stir 'em,
  Will find some pretty scenery in Durham.

He was a man of acres and of cattle,
  And had a decent share of gold and glory;
But, though a very Trojan in the battle,
  He fought not, as some heroes, *con amore*,
And rarely turn'd out on occasions trivial;
  Preferring much the arts of peace, and though
  He shunn'd no meeting or with friend or foe,
He 'd rather the engagement were convivial.

Our knight for hospitality was notable;
  And, when he entertain'd, display'd no lack
Of guests, or vivers edible or potable.
  He loved his glass, too, and deem'd sherris-sack
The *summum bonum*; but the gout, his foe,
Would often fix so sharply on his toe,
  That, crippled like a coach-wheel that a drag hath on,
  He 'd scarce be the possessor of *to agathon* *.

He had a beauteous daughter, Mistress Alice,
  To whom the Graces had been all propitious:
Had each man such a sweet drop in his chalice
  The draught of life would be indeed delicious.
She had an eye—you ne'er saw an acuter;—
  Oh for a type of something bright and keen!
  'T was like an awl—it pierced the soul †;—she 'd
      been,
Beyond all price, a treasure to a *sutor*.

* Tο αγαθον—a good toe—(free translation).

† Quære—sole?

Alice had two eyes—that last word has none—
  I own that with an *I* it had look'd better,
But if you see the spirit of my pun,
  We will not quarrel much about the letter.
Oh! she was all that mortal could desire,
  E'en in his wildest day-dreams of felicity,
And, as became her beauty, her attire
  Was like her mind, a model of simplicity.

The damsel was beleaguer'd on all hands,
  And pester'd by each beau in her vicinity,
Whom her own beauty and her father's lands
  Made most solicitous of the affinity.
Of all her host of lovers, leal and losel,
That swore their lives were at the dame's disposal,
(So much upon her charms or wealth they doted)
Sir Peter Primrose was the most devoted.

'T is true he ne'er had seen her, but her fame
Had set his bosom's tinder in a flame;
He swore, (his oath would scarce adorn my metre)
In spite of fate, he 'd make her Lady Peter;
And then, incontinent, sat down to write
  (A fairer autograph you never saw)
A missive, craving of his neighbour knight
  Permission to become his son-in-law.

This was in olden time;—but in our day
The gallants have contrived a shorter way

To damsel's hearts, and first their suit prefer,
Not to the lady's father, but to her.
This is the age of intellect and science;
  We have short cuts to learning and the Indies;
Art setting nature wholly at defiance,
  We navigate, nor care which way the wind is.

You 'd doubtless wish to know what mould of man
Sir Peter was: I 'll paint him if I can:—
Though his face show'd a slight dash of avidity,
Its prevalent expression was stupidity;
And, though full tall, he stoop'd as if his nose
Would scent the huge red roses on his toes—
Which ornaments (this, reader, you 'll agree in)
Made his cheeks' paleness quite antipodean.

He was indeed a most ungainly elf,
As, reader, you could picture to yourself.
As for his hair, you never saw its match;
It rested on his cranium like a thatch;
So straight each capillary tube was laid,
  As if the reeds, as told in classic metres,
That erst the Phrygian's asses' ears betray'd,
  Had clubb'd together to conceal Sir Peter's.

A Vestris' skill had been quite wasted o'er him,
  He was so clumsy; he 'd no sort of notion
  Of ease or elegance in locomotion,
But walk'd as if he kick'd his legs before him.

His dress seem'd scarcely for his person made,
 So awkwardly about him did he roll it;
And though he wore a right Toledo blade,
 'Twas stuck beneath his cloak as though he stole it.

Next morn Sir Peter hied him to the donna,
To plead his cause *in propriâ personâ.*
She 'd never seen the knight; but common rumour
 Regarding his accomplishments some prating made;
And thus it sorted with the damsel's humour
 To pass herself upon him as her waiting-maid;
Their never having met the scheme befriended,
And Peter took the bait as she intended.

Our hero, deeming most of her vocation
 (Supposing her a waiting-maid) assailable,
Resolved to prove the power of temptation
 To make her aid to his designs available.
The earnest of his knightly liberality
Was met by such a show of cordiality,
That poor Sir Peter, without reservation,
Disclosed at once his plan of operation.

"And when," continued he, "I 've gain'd possession,
 Although I 'd scorn myself to be a spy on her,
I should have need of one of your discretion
 (You understand me) just to keep an eye on her.
There are, in these loose times, some graceless fellows—
And love, true love, you know, is always jealous."

She heard, and gravely thank'd him for the honour
His courtesy proposed to lay upon her.

Quite charm'd with his ally, he with a kiss
  Had seal'd the treaty of co-operation
Thus happily concluded on; but this
  Made no part of the damsel's calculation:
She put aside his arm that had embraced her,
And cried, "Sir knight, I'm not my lady's taster."
He, in his amatory ardour check'd,
Now left the maid to seek his sire elect.

He found him, in his hall of ample space,
Booted and belted, broiling from the chase;
Close at his elbow there was placed a beaker
Of sherris-sack, Sir Timothy's own liquor.
He nodded to Sir Peter, and then quaff'd
A goblet of the nectar at a draught;
Pronounced it of the vintage no bad sample,
And press'd his guest to follow his example.

Sir Peter, with a bow, declined to take it—
  His thirst was such that love alone could slake it.
He told his tale in language periphrastic,
  With here and there a touch of the bombastic.
"I vow, Sir Timothy, I love the maid,
  And dote upon her many charms ecstatically!
I swear by all that's dear to me!"—he laid
  His hand upon his stomach most emphatically.

The senior listen'd to the prosing elf
With all attention, saying to himself,
"Though a queen's dower were settled on each limb
o' thee,
If Alice e'er consents, my name 's not Timothy;"
Then, speaking out: "Although I feel the honour
Such high alliance would confer upon her,
I 'll neither make nor mar; if Alice choose thee,
I will not, on a true knight's word, refuse thee.

"We 'll summon her. What, ho! who waits there?—
Paul,
Tell Alice to attend me in the hall!"
She came (no introduction could be neater)—
"Sir knight—my daughter.—Alice, girl—Sir Peter.
But, hey-day! whence this Abigail's disguise?"
A richer scene 't would puzzle you to show me:
There Peter stood in stupified surprise,
As Virgil hath it, "*steteruntque comæ.*"

He look'd first on the knight, and then the maid,
In whom he saw his late ally reveal'd;
And, finding out at last he 'd been betray'd,
He faced about and fairly fled the field;
While Alice, who for laughing scarce could stand,
Exclaim'd, as after him she flung his crown,
"When next, sir knight, you 'd gain a lady's hand,
Take my advice and do not show your own."

ON THE RECITATION OF "PALESTINE,"

A PRIZE POEM, BY REGINALD HEBER, IN THE THEATRE AT OXFORD, ON THE 15TH OF JUNE, 1803.

BY MISS LÆTITIA JERMYN.

None who heard Reginald Heber recite his "Palestine" will ever forget his appearance. His old father was among the audience, when his son ascended the rostrum; and the sudden thunder of applause so shook his frame, weak by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Mag. v. xxii. p. 619.

Hush'd was the busy hum; nor voice, nor sound,
Through the vast concourse mark'd the moment near;
A deep and holy silence breathed around,
And mute attention fix'd the listening ear;

When from the rostrum burst the hallow'd strain,
And Heber, kindling with poetic fire,
Stood 'mid the gazing and expectant train,
And woke to eloquence his sacred lyre.

The youthful student, with emphatic tone,
(His lofty subject on his mind impress'd),
With grace and energy unrivall'd shone,
And roused devotion in each thoughtless breast.

He sang of Palestine—that holy land,
Where saints and martyrs, and the warrior brave,
The cross in triumph planting on its strand,
Beneath its banners sought a glorious grave.

He sang of Calvary, of his Saviour sang,
Of the rich mercies of redeeming love;

When through the crowd spontaneous plaudits rang,
  Breathing a foretaste of rewards above.

What means that stifled sob, that groan of joy?
  Why fall those tears upon the furrow'd cheek?
The aged father hears his darling boy,
  And sobs and tears alone his feelings speak.

From his full heart the tide of rapture flows;
  In vain to stem its rapid course he tries;
He hears th' applauding shouts, the solemn close,
  And sinking, from excess of joy, he dies!

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY F. MULLER.

Mine own loved star!—thou art come again,
To yon fields of blue o'er the western main:
I have watch'd for thee from yon rocky steep,
Since the day-god sunk to his golden sleep;
Since his last pale ray gleam'd faint and dim,
Fading away o'er the water's rim;
And now thou art come, and I'll sing of thee,
  Of thy sweet and silent hour,
Of thy first faint dawn o'er the twilight sea,
  From yonder ocean bower!
For often in dreams have I watch'd thee till
Thou hast shone afar o'er the distant hill,
What time the mists and their shadows threw
Their veil over earth and ocean too.

I love thee!—I love thee!—sweet evening star!
And the spirit that dwells in thy pearly car;
For thine eye is too bright, and its beam too fair,
For aught but a spirit's dwelling there;
And thine own sweet hour, so calm and clear,
Is the hour when spirits are whispering near.
At thy coming the dark clouds fade away,
  And the sky spreads out her blue;
And the waves in their ocean-music play,
  And reflect its azure hue;
Then thou shinest, and nought but thy ray is seen,
Like a diamond hung in yon sapphire sheen:
A fit home thou art for a spirit's shrine,
All lovely and fair as is aught of thine!

I know thee!—I know thee!—sweet evening star!
Thou comest to herald Night's dusky car:
Too soft and too fair is thy vesper-ray
For the garish light of the clear noon-day,
And the sun-lit hour!—oh! it may not be!—
Thou art form'd to shine o'er the darkling sea,
At the still sweet hour of the daylight's fall.
  When all earth is gone to rest,
And the twilight comes with her purple pall,
  O'ershadowing ocean's breast:
Yes, this hour is thine, for I see no ray
But thine own, far over the ocean's spray;
And no twinklings gleam or from hall or bower,
But thine in the sky at this fairy hour!

My task is ended—my song is o'er—
For the pale moon is rising o'er yonder shore;
And hark! the far voice through the moonlight dim,
'Tis the holy chant of the midnight hymn;
And the distant stars are clustering high,
Like dew-drops hung in the shining sky;
And thou, fair star! art fading away,
All lone and all lovely still;
Thy light is gone from the ocean-spray,
And thy lamp from the distant hill.
For the shades of night they have flung a veil
O'er each twilight star and minstrel tale;
And each dewy eye, and each floweret's bell,
They are sleeping still. Farewell! farewell!

REMEMBRANCE.

BY MISS E. H. KEATING.

My childhood!—those were joyous days!
I have not yet forgot
The peasant minstrel's cheering lays;
Our mountain-shelter'd cot:
Those heights, too, where the wild rose blush'd,
And hung its graceful wreath
Across the rippling stream, that rush'd
In silver threads beneath.

My youth, too, was a happy time,
And I remember well
I loved the merry village chime,
And peaceful sabbath bell,

Mellow'd by distance, as it stole
 With measure sweet and clear;
Those sounds were music to the soul,
 I ne'er again shall hear.

I recollect my happy home,
 My pleasures as a child;
The forest where I used to roam,
 The rocks so bleak and wild.
That home is tenantless; the spot
 It graced is rude and bare;
The loved ones gone, our name forgot,
 And desolation there.

My mother's smile I recollect,
 Her voice I can recall;
And there is *one* I would forget,
 The best beloved of all.
She too is gone, no hallow'd earth
 Marks where her ashes rest;
Far from the country of her birth,
 Her lone grave is unblest.

All, all I cherish'd now are dead,
 The daring and the brave,
Who, side by side, in battle bled,
 And shared a soldier's grave.
How sweet 't will be, when Nature ends
 Life's pilgrimage of care,
To rest in peace with well-loved friends,
 And slumber with them there!

REMORSE.

Threading the dance along the merry green,
No more gay crowds of villagers are seen;
The drowsy bells have ceased their jingling chime:
The watch-dog's bark, and hoarse, from time to time,
The owlet's moan from high Saint Ebro's tower,
Alone disturb the calm and solemn hour.
Soft o'er that spire the trembling moon-beams fall,
And silver o'er the abbey's old gray wall;.
The tombs gleam white: what form is seen to pass,
Silent and slow, along the shadowy grass?
Broad waves his plume, and dangling hangs his sword—
'T is the gay heir of yonder high-born lord.
What doth he here? He seeks the grave of one
Who died, alas! by his false love undone.

No gentler maid, can each fond rustic tell,
Than Juliet, lived in Ebro's peaceful dell;
Beside the stream her father's cottage rose;
There pass'd her days of stillness and repose.
To lead her kids along the' enamell'd plain,
Cull the wild flowers, or wake the lute's sweet strain,
Her sole employ: her foot ne'er wished to roam;
A world enough that vale and cottage-home.
Lovely and innocent her years stole by,
Like some smooth stream, o'er whose breast never fly
The ruffling winds, till, ah, too fatal hour!
Her beauties caught the wanton gaze of power.

From the first moment proud Valerio eyed
Her charms, late hid like pearls beneath the tide,
He mark'd her his, and swore, 'neath passion's sway,
Nor earth nor heaven should bar him from his prey.
Tow'rds his warm suit at first her scorn was shown;
But, ah! to her the false world's arts unknown,
Each day more weak, less cold, the maiden grew:
She listened—sigh'd—thought all he said was true.
"And wilt thou raise me from my humble lot,
Make me thy bride, and in yon lowly cot
Shall my poor aged father toil no more?"
The false one smiled, and faith eternal swore.
Thus was her heart enslaved by that gay lord;
Wildly she loved him, passionately adored,
And, unsuspecting, to his guileful arms
Consign'd her hopes, her innocence, her charms.

His aim was won. Another blooming flower
His wasteful hand had torn from Beauty's bower.
From him he cast the maid with scornful brow;
Her sighs, her tears, were nothing to him now.
His fancy changed. He left his native land
For other climes, and other pleasures plann'd.
Time pass'd. In fight Valerio's sire was slain,
And he's returned to claim his wide domain.
Sleeping her last sleep in that quiet vale
He finds poor Juliet, hears her mournful tale;
Hears how she sigh'd and wept the weary day,
Forsook her flocks, and slowly pined away.

Ah! doth he feel? A flashing pang comes o'er
His hard, cold bosom; now she is no more,
He cannot rest, though striving thought to brave,
And here to-night he seeks her lonely grave.

The moon-beams play upon a pale gray stone,
Arising near, his glance is tow'rd it thrown;
'Tis hers!—he stops—with fix'd and ardent stare,
Like a still statue stood he gazing there.
What maddening thoughts alternate throng'd his breast!
Crime ne'er before had his dark soul oppress'd.
He call'd to mind the happy, innocent hours,
Juliet once pass'd in sweet Saint Ebro's bowers;
Gathering gay broom, she strays along the dell,
While softly tolls the distant vesper-bell;
Now 'mid her kids, before the cottage-door,
She smiling sits, and bends some light page o'er.
Oh, that her life's sweet vision should be broke!
Such beauty marr'd! and he should deal the stroke!
Then, how she loved him! e'en when from his arms
He rudely spurn'd her, mock'd her weeping charms,
She did not curse him, speak one angry word;
And when in death, from stander-by he heard,
She only wept, and sigh'd his cruel name,
Said hers was all the weakness, all the blame,
Valerio started. 'Thwart his feverish brow
Pass'd his damp hand, that trembled ne'er till now.
What tore his bosom with such racking force?
'Twas thy keen pangs, dark child of crime, Remorse!

His feelings soften'd. O'er the quiet grave
He calmly bent; his plumes the light winds wave.
His arm lay resting on the humble stone,
Where, graven rude, her gentle name was shown.
"Poor Juliet!" faint he utter'd with a sigh;
Again recall'd days past for ever by.
"Alas, poor Juliet!" For long, rolling years,
He had not wept, but now gush'd forth his tears.

NICHOLAS MICHELL.

SONG.

BY JAMES KENNEY, ESQ.

Over thy cheek,
So pale and meek,
Where joy's unwonted flush hath spread,
Faintly it glows,
Like that sweet rose
That tenderly blends the white and red.
That rose alone shall deck my bower,
It is thy modest sister flower.

Thy smiles are as rays,
In the wintry days,
That the festal march of spring invade—
Thine accents soft
As winds that waft
Love's midnight strain to list'ning maid.
Bruis'd by the storm, the sunny hour
Slowly uprears thee, drooping flower!

WORKS OF ART, LATELY PUBLISHED

BY R. ACKERMANN,

BOOK AND PRINT-SELLER AND SUPERFINE WATER-COLOUR MANUFACTURER TO HIS MAJESTY.

ACKERMANN'S PICTURESQUE TOUR OF THE RIVER THAMES, from the Source to its Mouth: illustrated by 24 coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes, from Original Drawings taken on the spot by Messrs. WESTALL and OWEN, with copious Letter-press. Forming a Companion Work to Ackermann's Picturesque Tours of the Rhine, the Seine, and the Ganges. Elephant 4to. 4*l*. 4*s*. boards. A few copies on atlas 4to. 6*l*. 6*s*.

THE WORLD IN MINIATURE,
Containing a DESCRIPTION of the Religion, Manners, Customs, Diversions, &c. &c. of various Countries, with coloured Plates. To be had together or separate.

1. ILLYRIA and DALMATIA, 2 vols. 32 coloured plates, 12*s*.
2. WESTERN AFRICA, 4 vols. 47 coloured plates, 21*s*.
3. TURKEY, 6 vols. 73 coloured plates, 42*s*.
4. HINDOOSTAN, 6 vols. 103 coloured plates, 48*s*.
5. PERSIA, 3 vols. 30 coloured plates, 16*s*. 6*d*.
6. RUSSIA, 4 vols. 72 coloured plates, 32*s*.
7. AUSTRIA, 2 vols. 30 coloured plates, 12*s*.
8. CHINA, 2 vols. 30 coloured plates, 12*s*.
9. JAPAN, 1 vol. 20 coloured plates, 8*s*.
10. The NETHERLANDS, 1 vol. 18 coloured plates, 8*s*.
11. The SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, 2 vols. 26 col. plates, 12*s*.
12. THE ASIATIC ISLANDS and NEW HOLLAND, 2 vols. 26 plates, 12*s*.
13. THIBET and INDIA BEYOND THE GANGES, 1 vol. 12 plates, 6*s*. 6*d*.
14. SPAIN and PORTUGAL, 2 vols. 27 plates, 12*s*.
15. ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and IRELAND, 4 vols. 83 coloured plates, 32*s*.
16. SWISSERLAND, 1 vol. 18 coloured plates, 8*s*.

A Miniature Edition of the TOURS OF DOCTOR SYNTAX, in 3 vols. price 21*s*. or separately at 7*s*. per volume.

CHRISTMAS TALES, price 7*s*.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF FERDINAND FRANK, in one pocket volume. Price 4*s*.

SIX VIEWS OF GIBRALTAR, from Drawings by Lieutenant H. A. West, 12th Infantry. Small folio, India paper, 15*s*.

A Second Series of Ditto, by Ditto, same size and price.

RETZSCH'S OUTLINES TO SHAKSPEARE. First Series, HAMLET, 17 Plates, 4to. Price 21*s*.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING: twenty-one humorous Illustrations of Old Sayings. 5*s*. plain, 9*s*. coloured.

GOTHIC FURNITURE; consisting of twenty-seven coloured Engravings, from Designs by A. Pugin; with Descriptive Letter-press, 4to. half-bound, 25*s.*

ASIATIC COSTUMES: a Series of forty-four coloured Engravings, from Designs taken from Life; with a Description to each. 12mo. in boards, 18*s.*

CHARACTERS AND DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND FANCY BALL given by the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, at Vienna, at the conclusion of the Carnival 1826. Thirteen coloured plates, demy 4to. 12*s.*

TOM RAW, or, THE ADVENTURES OF A CADET IN INDIA; a Poem, written and designed in India, with 24 coloured Engravings. Royal, boards, 21*s.*

VIEWS OF THE GREAT FALLS OF NIAGARA: from Drawings by W. Vivian, Esq. Six plates, India paper, 21*s.*

MUSEUM OF PAINTING AND SCULPTURE; or, Collection of the principal Pictures, Statues, and [illegible] Reliefs, in the Galleries of Europe. Drawn and etched by Reveil, [illegible] descriptive, critical, and historical Notices. Nineteen Numbers, to be continued. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

MEMOIRS OF PAINTING, by W. Buchanan, Esq. Two vols. 26*s.*

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING: consisting of 28 coloured Designs for Garden Buildings, useful and decorative; with Observations. By J. B. Papworth, Author of "Rural Residences," to which this Work forms a Second Part. Imperial, 31*s.* 6*d.*

NEW PRINTS.

THE DELUGE. Painted and engraved by Mr. Martin. Size, 30 inches by 21. Price, proofs, 5*l.* 5*s.*; prints, 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST. Painted and engraved by Mr. Martin. Size, 30 inches by 21. Price, proofs, 7*l.* 7*s.*; prints, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

JOSHUA COMMANDING THE SUN TO STAND STILL. Painted and engraved by Mr. Martin. Size, 27 inches by 17. Price, proofs, 6*l.* 6*s.*; prints, 3*l.* 3*s.*

TIVOLI, A COMPOSITION. Painted by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A.; engraved by Goodall. Size, $23\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $15\frac{3}{4}$. Price, proofs, 4*l.* 4*s.*; prints, 2*l.* 2*s.*

THE PARTING HOUR. Painted by H. Corbould; engraved by J. Bromley. Size, 16 inches by $12\frac{1}{2}$. Price, proofs, 30*s.*; prints, 15*s.*

THE CONTENTED CAPTIVE. Painted by H. Corbould; engraved by J. Bromley. Size, 16 inches by $12\frac{1}{2}$. Price, proofs, 30*s.*; prints, 15*s.*

PORTIA AND BASSANIO. Painted by H. P. Briggs, A.R.A.; lithographed by J. D. Harding. Size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $10\frac{3}{4}$. Price, proofs, 10*s.* 6*d.*; prints, 7*s.*

PORTRAIT OF MAD. SONTAG. Painted and lithographed by J. Becker. Size, 9 inches by $11\frac{1}{2}$. Price, prints, 5*s.*; proofs, India paper, 7*s.* 6*d.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND LADY PAGET. Size, 20 inches by 15. Price [illegible] 42*s.*; prints, 21*s.*